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FRESHMAN READINGS

COMPILED BY

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TO
FRANK A. PATTERSON
AND
DONALD LEMEN CLARK
COLLEAGUES AND FRIENDS

PREFACE

In forming this collection of readings adapted to college classes in composition, I have had the following aims in mind:

The subject-matter should as far as possible be interesting.

The variety in the selections should enable the different members of a teaching staff to choose such materials as fit their own preferences and needs.

The teacher who is interested in the acknowledged classics of our literature will find here what he wants: Lamb, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Hardy, Shaw, Mark Twain, Stevenson, Meredith, Arnold, and Ruskin. Yet, except for Lamb and Hazlitt, there are no authors whose style might tempt the student to archaisms and obsolete modes of expression.

For purposes primarily of stimulating thought and thus provoking expression there have been included selections from Santayana, Mencken, James Harvey Robinson, Dean Inge, Francis Hackett, Scott Nearing, William James, Edmund Gosse, and Bertrand Russell. The most vital subjects of all — religion, sex, immortality, the distribution of wealth — have not been dodged because there are violent differences of opinion regarding them.

Roger Sherman Loomis

Columbia University

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FRESHMAN READINGS

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POETIC PEOPLE[1]

MAX EASTMAN

A SIMPLE experiment will distinguish two types of human nature. Gather a throng of people and pour them into a ferry-boat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have taken the trouble to climb upstairs, in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they cross over. The rest have settled indoors, to think what they will do upon reaching the other side, or perhaps lose themselves in apathy or tobacco smoke. But leaving out those apathetic, or addicted to a single enjoyment, we may divide all the alert passengers on the boat into two classes — those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across. And we may divide all the people on the earth, or all the moods of people, in the same way. Some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, and some with receiving experiences. The distinction of the two will be more marked when we name the first kind practical, and the second poetic, for common knowledge recognizes that a person poetic or in a poetic mood is impractical, and a practical person is intolerant of poetry.

We can see the force of this intolerance, too, and how deeply it is justified, if we make clear to our minds just what it means to be practical, and what a great thing it is. It means to be controlled in your doings by the consideration of ends yet unattained. The practical man is never distracted by things, or aspects of things, which have no bearing on his purpose, but, ever seizing the significant, he moves with a single mind and a single emotion toward the goal. And even when the goal is achieved you will hardly see him pause to rejoice in it; he is already on his way to another achievement. For that is the irony of his nature. His joy is not in any conquest or destination, but his joy is in going toward it. To which joy he adds the pleasure of being praised as a practical man, and a man who will arrive.

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[1] From *The Enjoyment of Poetry*. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

In a more usual sense, perhaps, a practical man is a man occupied with attaining certain ends that people consider important. He must stick pretty close to the business of feeding and preserving life. Nourishment and shelter, money-making, maintaining respectability, and if possible a family — these are the things that give its common meaning to the word "practical." An acute regard for such features of the scenery, and the universe, as contribute or can be made to contribute to these ends, and a systematic neglect of all other features, are the traits of mind which this word popularly suggests. And it is because of the vital importance of these things to almost all people that the word "practical" is a eulogy, and is able to be so scornful of the word "poetic."

"It is an earnest thing to be alive in this world. With competition, with war, with disease and poverty and oppression, misfortune and death on-coming, who but fools will give serious attention to what is not significant to the business?"

"Yes — but what is the *use* of being alive in the world, if life is so oppressive in its moral character that we must always be busy getting somewhere, and never simply realizing where we are? What were the value of your eternal achieving, if we were not here on our holiday to appreciate, among other things, some of the things you have achieved?"

Thus, if we could discover a purely poetic and a purely practical person, might they reason together. But we can discover nothing so satisfactory to our definitions, and therefore let us conclude the discussion of the difference between them. It has led us to our own end — a clearer understanding of the nature of poetic people, and of all people when they are in a poetic mood. They are lovers of the qualities of things. They are not engaged, as the learned say that all life is, in becoming adjusted to an environment, but they are engaged in becoming acquainted with it. They are possessed by the impulse to realize, an impulse as deep, and arbitrary, and unexplained as that "will to live" which lies at the bottom of all explanations. It seems but the manifestation, indeed, of that will itself in a concrete and positive form. It is a wish to experience life and the world. That is the essence of the poetic temper.

Children are poetic. They love to feel of things. I suppose it is necessary to their preservation that they should be, for by random exercise of their organs of feeling they develop them and make them fit for their practical function. But that is not the chief reason why they are poetic; the chief reason is that they are not practical. They have not yet felt the necessity, or got addicted to the trick, of formulating a purpose and then achieving it. Therefore this naïve impulse of nature, the impulse toward realization, is free in them. Moreover, it is easy of satisfaction. It is easy for children to taste the qualities of experience, because experience is new, and its qualities are but loosely bound together into what we call "things." Each is concrete, particular, unique, and without an habitual use.

Babies have no thought, we may say, but to feel after and find the world, bringing it so far as possible to their mouths, where it becomes poignant. They become absorbed in friendship with the water they bathe in. The crumple noise of paper puts them in ecstasy, and later all smells and sounds, brightness, and color, and form, and motion, delight them. We can see them discover light by putting their hands before their eyes and taking them away quickly, and again, at a later age, discover sound by stopping their ears and opening them again.

Who does not remember in his own childhood testing the flavors of things — of words, perhaps saying them over and over until he had defeated his own wish, for they became pulpy and ridiculous in his mouth? Anything which invades the sense like cinnamon, or sorrel, or neat flowers, or birds' eggs, or a nut, or a horn, is an object of peculiar affection. It is customary in books about children to say that they care little for the actual qualities of an object, and are able to deal with it as though it were anything that they choose to imagine. But I think only the positive part of this statement is true. Undoubtedly their imaginations are active in more various directions, and they draw the distinction between the real and the ideal in perception less clearly than grown-up people do. But the most pronounced characteristic of children is that they are perfectly free to feel the intrinsic qualities of things as they merely are. What we call objects are for the most part practically determined co-ordinations of qualities. And what we call the *actual* quality of an object, is usually the quality which indicates its vital use. When we say actual, therefore, we really mean practical. But so far as actuality from the standpoint of the things is concerned, the children come nearer to it, and care more about it, than we do. To us a derby hat is for covering the head, and that is about all it is; but to them it is hard, smooth, hollow, deep, funny, and may be named after the mixing-bowl and employed accordingly. And so it is with all things. The child loves a gem with its pure and serene ray, as the poet loves it, for its own sake.

Nor is it only such qualities as may be said to give pleasure that he seeks, unless pleasure be defined as seeking, for he wants all experience. He wants all that he can stand. He is exploring the whole world of sense, and not rarely upsets his stomach, and his entire system, in a zest for the reception of sensations that are instinctively abhorred. Two children of our neighborhood will wear to their graves the brand of a red-hot scarf-pin as a testimony to that first love of experience. They did not want torture, I suppose, but they wanted to see what it is to be tortured. And so it was in varying degrees with us all. It seems to me, when I look back, as if we were forever out behind the barn finding out what something or other was "like."

Love
Transition

It has been a vast problem for those concerned with æsthetic and other theories, why people love tragedy when they are not in it. But if their theories would only allow that these organisms of ours, which have been gnashing and struggling together God knows what billions of years for a chance to live, have really an interest in living, there could be no problem. The problem is, seeing this wild zest for life, and life so tragic — the problem is, why people do not love tragedy when they are in it. And in truth they do. From the pure sweetness of every romantic sorrow to the last bitter comfort of an old man bereft, who mutters to his soul, "This is a part of the full experience of a man!"— from first to last, up to the cannon's mouth and down to the midnight grave, the poetic impulse survives. We love to taste life to the full.

Problem
Tragedy
explanation

b

In energetic but idle hours it survives joyfully. And in youth these were the predominant hours. At all times we were ready

Youth; idle hours

for exuberant realization. We were not indifferent to the morning. We did not wake at the greeting of a last night's proposition in commerce or knowledge, but at the smile of the sun. The stuff of our thoughts was not sentences and numbers, but grass and apples and brown honey. Such excellent objects parading before our minds in a thousand combinations and colors left us no time to develop these general conclusions with which we are now filled. We could not banish our prairie thoughts from the schoolroom, though they liked it as little as we, and the hour of recess was the hour of life. And in the hours of life how greedy we were! Every sense was open with indiscriminate material flowing in. Our eyes trained for every seeing, our ears catching the first murmur of a new experience, we ran after the world in our eagerness, not to learn about it, but to taste the flavor of its being.

> "Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
> The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
> And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
> And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
> And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,
> And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
> That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
> How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"

This agility and fervor of realization extends early to the exercise of all the senses. And then as we grow a little older it comes inward, and we tremble to catch our own emotions on the wing. Fear, for instance, is a being of intense fascination, and even so impelling a power as the instinct of self-preservation is suspended by the poetic impulse — suspended in order that its own very nature may be experienced in feeling. Can you not remember the keen edge of a venture into the barn-yard, a tumultuous dash across to the corn-crib which offered a refuge impregnable to those mild-mannered cows? Anger is a moderate pleasure to most healthy persons, but in youth it is a thing to thirst after and brag of. It is life itself. Mulishness is an engaging state of being. Cruelty and mercy have often the same original charm.

I remember discovering insolence with exactly the same happy spirit of gratification with which I see babies discover light. I was profoundly interested in Nancy Hanks, who had broken the world's record by trotting a mile in 2.04. I believe that I *was* Nancy Hanks most of the time, and anybody who wanted to converse with me or put me in a good-humor would begin upon that topic. But at last I became aware that I could do something quite different from being gratified by all their talk, and I was carried away by the discovery. My opportunity came during supper, at the gracious hands of a maiden aunt:

"Do you know who Nancy Hanks was named after?"

"No," I shouted, "I don't know and I don't care a *darn* — see?"

My memory of the punishment which followed, and how I became aware that there are limits to profitable exploration in such fields, is dim, but of the excited pleasure of the adventure, and my underlying friendliness toward the old lady throughout, I am quite certain. They are great days when we first discern these powerful creatures in us, unnamed and meaningless monsters to challenge forth. Ghost-terror, and dizziness, and sickness at the sight of blood, are among them. Imagine the mind of a young man who knows that there lies a pile of corpses the other side of a smouldering factory wall, and he both hastens to them and flees away from them, until finally this lust after the intense conquers, and he goes and gazes his fill. Do not call that morbid, but an act of exuberant vitality. For there is high-spiritedness in those that are young, not for sensation only, but for emotion. And this too they carry with them, some more and some less, throughout life. Rancor and magnanimity, lust and romance, rapture and even melancholy — drink them to the dregs, for they are what it is to be.

"No, no! go not to Lethe —"

It is not only things of the sense and body that a child loves for their own sake, but at a certain age he learns to watch with wonder the paintings of his mind. When he is condemned into his crib, and has to face the loss of the whole lovely world in sleep, then this is the last resource. As long as God lets him he will devote his somnolescent power to sensuous memory or anticipation, or just the circus-antics of grotesque and vivid-colored creatures that dance in before him unbidden, uncreated, unexplained. Even if sometimes he does honestly try to think, he finds that he cannot very long cling to the meaning of his thought, because he is all curious to examine those garments of imagery that it wears.

To most adults, I suppose, it is a bare mechanical or rational process to count from one to a hundred; but to an alert child it hardly ever is. It is a winding and bending over a plain, over a prairie, a slow climb, a drip-drip, or an odd march of marionettes, or perhaps it is just the queer sound of the words at his ear. At any rate, the engrossing thing is to estimate the unique character of the process and of each member in it. Eight is a jolly fat man. Six is sitting down. Some people say that they never had any of these pleasures, that they have no mind's eye at all. They cannot see six sit down. Let them try to comfort themselves with the idea that they are more scientific than the rest, not having vivid images to confuse their meanings in the serious business of reaching a conclusion. They are like the people on the ferry-boat who stay downstairs where there are few distractions and they can be perfectly sure to get across. Luckier than they are the people who can enjoy the scenery of speculation, who bring with them out of childhood a clear and spirited fancy.

"— Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

The final appearance of the poetic impulse, its intellectual appearance is also at its height in youth. It is well known that at a certain period, if they are healthy and have a little self-dependence, young persons fall in love with all kinds of unusual ideas. They come forward with an amazing belief, a wise or foolish theory, which they attach to for its own sake, and not out of regard for its practical or real consequence. They take a taste of Atheism, Anarchism, Asceticism, Hindoo Philosophy, Pessimism, Christianity, or anything that offers a good flavor of radical faith. This is only the same zest for experience. And it will need but a glance at life and literature to prove that such attachment to ideas, with small regard for their meaning in conduct, is not confined to the young. It is a poetic pleasure that people bring with them perhaps farther than any of the others. For most of these pleasures, and especially the more simple and innocent, they soon leave behind, as though it were somehow unworthy to be childlike and love things for their own sake.

We have a superstition prevailing in our homes that the first thing to do upon the appearance of a child, is to bring it up. And we see children brought up in the utmost haste by persons who have purchased their own maturity at a cost of all native and fresh joy in anything available. But could we only realize how far the youthful pleasure in every poignant realization is above the accidents of fortune, we should take as great pains to preserve that, as to erect the man in our offspring. We should ourselves long to be born again, and maintain for the future a more equable union of the practical and poetic in our character.

That such a union is attainable, the lives of the greatest show. It is possible to keep throughout a life not wholly disordered, or idle, or cast loose from the general drift of achievement, a spirit fresh to the world. The thought brings us back to Æschylus, a man of heroic proportions, who achieved, in an age of turmoil and war, a life filled wonderfully with realizations that were final, the fruit of evolution, and yet not wanting the excellence of great action directed toward a further end. With the participation of that poetic hero in the campaign of defence against the Persians, and in the battles of Salamis and Marathon, it seems as if Nature had indeed achieved her aim. There experience was at its height, but purpose was unshaken. The little library and piazza poets and esteemers of poetry in these days of art, will do well to remember the great Greek, who died the most renowned literary genius of his age but had carved upon his proud tomb only this boast, that "The grove of Marathon could bear witness to his good soldierhood, and the long-haired Mede who felt it."

It would be foolish indeed to question whether or not the poetic are capable of purposeful achievement, and the practical capable of intense experience, for we are all, except those lost in apathy, in some degree both poetic and practical. But the example of the hero proves that it is possible for a man, who can think clearly and command the differences that lie within him, to be both poetic and practical in a high degree.

If we could but free our minds from a contamination with certain modern people who teach themselves that they are presided over by a pretty demon called an Artistic Temperament, we should not only cease cherishing by suggestion the tickle-brain condition into which they decay, but we should have for ourselves a sounder estimate of the place and dignity of the poetic. It is not an attribute of special, exotic, or disordered types, but a universal quality of our nature. No live man is without an arbitrary passion for some experience. Indeed, the defect of many of those most scornful of poetry is not that they are strong in the practical life, but that the attachment to some single state of being has got the better of them. There are fifty thousand morphine-takers in Paris, and all over the face of the earth how many million chewers, and breathers, and swallowers of what, far from being of practical value, is both costly and deleterious, bearing unconscious witness to the poetry of human nature.

The greatly poetic differ from them only in the healthy variety of their lives, prevailing everywhere and always. They are those who live variously as well as vividly in the present. This alone distinguishes them from the millions. This alone distinguishes them from all those excluded by our experiment at the beginning, who confine their enjoyment to smoke while they are crossing the river. They are not without realization. But it is only the child-like and the poetic who make the innumerable intimate acquaintances that are to be made, who welcome all living qualities and perfect them, and finally, perhaps, in a supreme moment of morning sunshine and mist over the city, realize what we may call the essence of crossing a ferry. Their breast thrills, and their eyes drink with rapture the million moving and dancing details of that pageant of life —

"— the white sails of schooners and sloops,— the ships at anchor,
The sailors at work in the rigging, or out astride the spars,
The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender serpentine pennants,
The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,
The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of the wheels,
The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sunset,
The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolicsome crests and glistening,
The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite storehouses by the docks,

On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd
on each side by the barges — the hay-boat, the belated lighter,
On the neighboring shore, the fires from the foundry chimneys burning
high and glaring into the night,
Casting their flicker of black, contrasted with wild red and yellow light,
over the tops of houses, and down into the clefts of streets."

THE DAILY THEME EYE[1]

ANONYMOUS

When I was an undergraduate at Harvard our instructors in English composition endeavored to cultivate in us a something they termed "The daily theme eye." This peculiar variety of optic, I fear, always remained a mystery to a majority of the toilers after clearness, force, and elegance. Clearness, force, and even a certain degree of elegance, may be acquired; but the daily theme eye, like the eye for the sights of a rifle, may be discovered, developed, trained — but not acquired. It comes by the grace of Heaven, not of the Harvard or any other English department, and its possession is often one of the marks of the man whose destiny compels him to write. The Harvard English department has but given it a name; it has no local habitation. It is found in Henry James and the police reporter of the New York *Sun*; it illuminates the pages of *The Harvard Monthly* (sometimes) and of George Moore. It winks at you in Heine and peers solemnly in Mrs. Humphry Ward. And it flashes and beams in a little lady I know who has written nothing save sprightly letters all the days of her life and never opened Hill's *Rhetoric* under the shade of the Washington Elm.

The fairy who stood over my cradle, though he forgot the gold spoon and much else besides, at least bestowed the gift of this wonderful optic. It brought me my college degree; for when other courses failed — which means when I failed in other courses — there was always English; it has brought me a living since; but more than all else it has brought me enjoyment, it has clothed the daily walk with interest, the teeming, noisy town with color and beauty, "the society of my contemporaries," to use Emerson's big phrase for my little purpose, with stimulating excitement. It has turned the panorama of existence into a play, or rather a thousand plays, and brought after sorrow or pain the great comfort of composition.

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[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly* and W. M. Tanner, *Essays and Essay Writing*. By courtesy of the Atlantic Monthly Company.

Daily themes in my day had to be short, not over a page of handwriting. They had to be deposited in a box at the professor's door not later than ten-five in the morning. A classmate of mine, when an epigram was called for, once wrote, "An epigram is a lazy man's daily theme written at ten-three A.M." And because of this brevity, and the necessity of writing one every day whether the mood was on you or not, it was not always easy — to be quite modest — to make these themes literature, which, we were told by our instructors, is the transmission through the written word, from writer to reader, of a mood, an emotion, a picture, an idea. I hate to think how few, in fact, of all the thousands that were poured into that yawning box were literature, how seldom the poor instructors could dip their pens into their pots of red ink and write the magic "A" on the back. Their sarcastic comments were surely excusable. I have even forgiven the young man with hair like yellow corn-tassels, who scrawled on verses of mine, required to be written in imitation of some poet, "This may be O'Shaughnessy, it isn't poetry." Did he think thus to kill two song birds with one stone? Well, the effort of those of us who were sincere and comprehending in our pursuit of the elusive power to write was to make our themes literature as often as possible; and to do this the first essential was the choice of a subject. Not everything one sees or does or thinks can take shape on a page of paper and reproduce itself for the reader. Selection was the first requirement.

It became needful, then, to watch for and treasure incidents that were sharply dramatic or poignant, moods that were clear and definite, pictures that created a single clean impression. The tower of Memorial seen across the quiet marshes against the cool pink sky of evening; the sweep of a shell under the bridge and the rush of the spectators to the other rail to watch the needle-bow emerge, and the bent, brown backs of the crew; the chorus girls, still rubbing the paint from their cheeks with a tiny handkerchief wrapped over the forefinger, coming out of a stage entrance into the snow; the first sharp impression of a book just read or a play just seen, — these were the things we cherished, for these we could put on a page of paper with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and with some show of vividness. What we came to do, then, was to keep a note-book of our impressions, and when in June our themes were returned to us we had a precious record for the year. By training the daily theme eye, we watched for and found in the surroundings of our life, as it passed, a heightened picturesqueness, a constant wonder, and added significance. That hardened cynic, the professional writer, will smile and say, "You saw copy." Yes, we saw copy; but to see copy is to see the significant, to clarify what the ear and heart and eye receive, to add light and shadow to the monochrome of life.

My college roommate, a blessed boy full of good humor and serious purpose, was as incapable of acquiring the daily theme eye as a cat of obeying the eighth commandment. His idea of a daily theme was a task, not a pleasure. If there was no chance to write a political editorial, he supplied an anecdote of his summer vacation. Once he described a cliff he had seen in Newfoundland, and, determined to be pictorial, he added, "tumbling waterfalls" and "sighing pines." Unfortunately, the instructor who read it had also been in Newfoundland, and he pointed out that his investigations of the cliff in question had failed to disclose either "tumbling waterfalls" or "sighing pines." My roommate treated the matter as a joke; he could not see that he had been guilty of any fault. And yet he is a much more moral man than I, with a far more troublesome conscience. Truth to his principles he would die for. But truth to the picture his mind retained and his hand tried to portray in the medium of literature, to him so trivial and unimportant, he could not grasp. What did it matter? So it would never occur to him to record in his themes the fleeting impressions of his daily life, to sit up half the night trying to pack into the clumsy frame of words the recollection of a strangely innocent face seen suddenly in the flash of an opened door down a dark, evil alley where the gusts of winter swirled. He went to bed and never knew a headache or jumpy nerve. Yet I could not help thinking then that there was something in life he was missing besides the ultimate mark in our composition course. And I cannot help thinking that there is something in life he misses still.

But perhaps that is only my fancy. George Moore says that happiness is no more than a faculty for being surprised; and it is the sudden vista, the beauty of a city square seen through falling snow, a street-car drama, the face of a passing woman, the dialogue of friends, which make the surprises for the man with the eye for copy. George Moore himself has a daily theme eye of preternatural keenness, and he may be speaking only for a class. Happiness for my roommate lies, I suspect, rather in his faculty for not being surprised. A sudden accession of emotion at the sight of an unexpected view, for instance, would probably be immensely disconcerting. And if he should go into an art museum, as I did the other day, and see a little marble boy with a slightly parted mouth wet his lips with his tongue, I truly believe he would rush off to the doctor's at once, very unhappy, instead of rushing joyfully home to try to put the illusion into a sonnet! Well, every class has its Pharisaism, which in reality isn't a form of priggishness, at all, but merely a recognition of difference. He thinks I am in practical, a bit odd, not quite a grown man. I think he is — a charming fellow. We are about quits on that!

SIGNS OF STORM[1]

THOMAS HARDY

Gabriel proceeded towards his home. In approaching the door, his toe kicked something which felt and sounded soft, leathery, and distended, like a boxing-glove. It was a large toad humbly travelling across the path. Oak took it up, thinking it might be better to kill the creature to save it from pain; but finding it uninjured, he placed it again among the grass. He knew what this direct message from the Great Mother meant. And soon came another.

When he struck a light indoors there appeared upon the table a thin glistening streak, as if a brush of varnish had been lightly dragged across it. Oak's eyes followed the serpentine sheen to the other side, where it led up to a huge brown garden-slug, which had come indoors to-night for reasons of its own. It was Nature's second way of hinting to him that he was to prepare for foul weather.

Oak sat down meditating for nearly an hour. During this time two black spiders, of the kind common in thatched houses, promenaded the ceiling, ultimately dropping to the floor. This reminded him that if there was one class of manifestation on this matter that he thoroughly understood, it was the instincts of sheep. He left the room, ran across two or three fields towards the flock, got up on a hedge, and looked over among them.

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[1] From *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers, publishers.

They were crowded close together on the other side around some furze bushes, and the first peculiarity observable was that, on the sudden appearance of Oak's head over the fence, they did not stir or run away. They had now a terror of something greater than their terror of man. But this was not the most noteworthy feature: they were all grouped in such a way that their tails, without a single exception, were towards that half of the horizon from which the storm threatened. There was an inner circle closely huddled, and outside these they radiated wider apart, the pattern formed by the flock as a whole not being unlike a vandyked lace collar, to which the clump of furze bushes stood in the position of a wearer's neck. . . .

Every voice in nature was unanimous in bespeaking change. But two distinct translations attached to these dumb expressions. Apparently there was to be a thunder-storm, and afterwards a cold continuous rain. The creeping things seemed to know all about the later rain, but little of the interpolated thunder-storm; whilst the sheep knew all about the thunder-storm and nothing of the later rain.

THE STORM [1]

THOMAS HARDY

A LIGHT flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first move of the approaching storm.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow swept to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the color of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving the darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

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[1] From *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers, publishers.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poniard, as it was indifferently called — a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling — into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack — smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running a risk, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk. He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish — Bathsheba? The form moved on a step: then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"Oh, Gabriel! — and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it — can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything!" she said resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica. Every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen — the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aerial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw, as it were, a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching — thunder and all — and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

"Hold on!" said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and they could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones — dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling all together in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand — a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall, straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portions remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air; then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom.

Description

THE SIERRA NEVADA[1]

JOHN MUIR

Making your way through the mazes of the Coast Range to the summit of any of the inner peaks or passes opposite San Francisco, in the clear springtime, the grandest and most telling of all California landscapes is outspread before you. At your feet lies the great Central Valley glowing golden in the sunshine, extending north and south farther than the eye can reach, one smooth, flowery, lake-like bed of fertile soil. Along its eastern margin rises the mighty Sierra, miles in height, reposing like a smooth cumulus cloud in the sunny sky, and so gloriously colored, and so luminous, it seems to be not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top, and extending a good way down, you see a pale, pearl-gray belt of snow; and below it a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests; and along the base of the range a broad belt of rose-purple and yellow, where lie the miner's gold-fields and the foot-hill gardens. All these colored belts blending smoothly make a wall of light ineffably fine, and as beautiful as a rainbow, yet firm as adamant.

ON THE TRANSPORT[2]

JOHN DOS PASSOS

The deck now slanted down in front of him, now rose so that he was walking up an incline. Dirty water slushed about from one side of the passage to the other with every lurch of the ship. When he reached the door the whistling howl of the wind through the hinges and cracks made Fuselli hesitate a long time with his hand on the knob. The moment he turned the knob the door flew open and he was in the full sweep of the wind. The deck was deserted. The wet ropes strung along it shivered dismally in the wind. Every other moment came the rattle of spray, that rose up in white fringy trees to windward and smashed against him like hail. Without closing the door he crept forward along the deck, clinging as hard as he could to the icy rope. Beyond the spray he could see huge marbled green waves rise in constant succession out of the mist. The roar of the wind in his ears confused him and terrified him. It seemed ages before he reached the door of the forward house that opened on a passage that smelt of drugs and breathed out air, where men waited in a packed line, thrown one against the other by the lurching of the boat, to get into the dispensary. The roar of the wind came to them faintly, and only now and then the hollow thump of a wave against the bow.

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[1] From *The Mountains of California.* Copyright by The Century Company, publishers.

[2] From *Three Soldiers.* Copyright, 1921, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

FIFTH AVENUE[1]

EDITH A. TROTTER

THERE are several ways of going to work. I may take the Elevated — although the word "take" is not expressive. For one is seized, mentally and physically, by a rush and a roar, and a dizzy grinding, till one is thrust forth, a bewildered fragment of something that whizzes, whirls and shoves, to gather entity out of confusion and proceed weakly on one's way.

Or one may drop into the depths of earth, to meet a mighty rush of wind and another roar, where a heavy throb from without pumps one's heart and the sidewise pressure of many tons tests the strength of bones and tissues.

Or one may climb the winding stairway of a little oblong turret and sail serenely, albeit clumsily, down the broad arbor that follows the curves of the shining river. Past glinting white launches and far hazy cliffs, under flying clouds, we plunge and jerk. This is by far the best way.

Serene among the shady spaces of the Drive, safe above the rush of Broadway, we turn at length toward Chanticleer mounted high in the glory of his slave, the sun. At his sign we lurch into The Avenue and the poetry of New York.

Ahead stretches a gray-lined pathway lost in mist. We hear of the lure of the open road, but what of the lure of the chasmed path, condensed and narrowing, irresistible to the eye? Across the path fall bands of sunlight, varying and constant. All else is shadow, picked out by the gleam of street lamps in the sun and the brilliant mosaic of windows — jewels, garments, velvets, silks, violins and silver. And always the tall, up-reaching, shining lines of marble and the thrill of Saint Patrick's double thrust into the sky.

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[1] By permission of the author.

We stop in traffic, and on the left tall buildings drop misty darknesses into the cross street, slanting layers of deepening shade. They fall athwart broad windows, nobly arched, that close the way, and the black-lined panes gleam liquid silver in the shadowed light. One would pause — but, with a jolt, we careen gaily onward and, suddenly, over the long low roof of the library gleam gold-limned towers. It bursts upon me, that tall black shaft, with intimate detail and strange remoteness known only in the tales of youth, for I see at last the undoubted home of the tragic King of the Black Isles lifted on far black mountains.

A glow of color draws my eye and spread almost at my feet are shawls of Spain, black with spread white blooms, vermilion roses on an ochre ground, buttercup, cerise, primrose and tanagra.

But a towered clock cuts short the glory of riotous, glamorous shades. It announces unequivocally, 8.45. I catch a wink of gold on the left. (It has been my experience that opinions differ.) A rival timepiece flourishes 8.50. Hopefully I glance back, but the reverse of the tower Janus holds even more advanced views, so I firmly shut my eyes.

Broken blocks now, and into the misty distance cuts the newly shined edge of the Flatiron Building. I must arise and lurch my way down to the pavement again. But into the duller part of the day I carry the lilt of rising lines and floating light and softly calling ways.

And at night I find again a place in the procession of beetles, gleaming black, each with a small red lamp under wing, that follow the jewelled hems of Night as she trails her robe of glittering dusk up the Avenue Beloved.

THE OISE IN FLOOD[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

We had a shower or two, but light and flying. The air was clean and sweet among all these green fields and green things growing. There was not a touch of autumn in the weather. And when, at Vadencourt, we launched from a little lawn opposite a mill, the sun broke forth and set all the leaves shining in the valley of the Oise.

The river was swollen with the long rains. From Vadencourt all the way to Origny, it ran with ever quickening speed, taking fresh heart at each mile, and racing as though it already smelt the sea. The water was yellow and turbulent, swung with an angry eddy among half submerged willows, and made an angry clatter along stony shores. The course kept turning and turning in a narrow and well-timbered valley. Now, the river would approach the side, and run gliding along the chalky base of the hill, and show us a few open colza fields among the trees. Now, it would skirt the garden walls of houses, where we might catch a glimpse through a doorway, and see a priest pacing in the checkered sunlight. Again, the foliage closed so thickly in front, that there seemed to be no issue; only a thicket of willows, overtopped by elms and poplars, under which the river ran flush and fleet, and where a kingfisher flew past like a piece of the blue sky. On these different manifestations, the sun poured its clear and catholic looks. The shadows lay as solid on the swift surface of the stream as on the stable meadows. The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves, and brought the hills into communion with our eyes. And all the while the river never stopped running or took breath; and the reeds along the whole valley stood shivering from top to toe.

A GLACIER MEADOW[2]

JOHN MUIR

Imagine yourself at the Tuolumne Soda Springs on the bank of the river, a day's journey above Yosemite Valley. You set off northward through a forest that stretches away indefinitely before you, seemingly unbroken by openings of any kind. As soon as you are fairly into the woods, the gray mountain peaks, with their snowy gorges and hollows, are lost to view. The ground is littered with fallen trunks that lie crossed and re-crossed like storm-lodged wheat; and besides this close forest of pines, the rich moraine soil supports a luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved grasses — bromus, triticum, calamagrostis, agrostis, etc., which rear their handsome spikes and panicles above your waist. Making your way through the fertile wilderness, — finding lively bits of interest now and then in the squirrels and Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or bear, — after the lapse of an hour or two, vertical bars of sunshine are seen ahead between the brown shafts of the pines, showing that you are approaching an open space, and then you suddenly emerge from the forest shadows upon a delightful purple lawn lying smooth and free in the light like a lake. This is a glacier meadow. It is about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. The trees come pressing forward all around in close serried ranks, planting their feet exactly on its margin, and holding themselves erect, strict and orderly like soldiers on parade; thus bounding the meadow with exquisite precision, yet with free curving lines such as Nature alone can draw. With inexpressible delight you wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of Nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself, free in the universal beauty. And notwithstanding the scene is so impressively spiritual, and you seem dissolved in it, yet everything about you is beating with warm, terrestrial, human love and life delightfully substantial and familiar. The resiny pines are types of health and steadfastness; the robins feeding on the sod belong to the same species you have known since childhood; and surely these daisies, larkspurs, and goldenrods are the very friend-flowers of the old home garden. Bees hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies wave among the flowers, and like them you lave in the vital sunshine, too richly and homogeneously joy-filled to be capable of partial thought. You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty. Sauntering along the brook that meanders silently through the meadow from the east, special flowers call you back to discriminating consciousness. The sod comes curving down to the water's edge, forming bossy outswelling banks, and in some places overlapping countersunk boulders and forming bridges. Here you find mats of the curious dwarf willow scarce an inch high, yet sending up a multitude of gray silky catkins, illumined here and there with the purple cups and bells of bryanthus and vaccinium.

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[1] From *An Inland Voyage*. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

[2] From *The Mountains of California*. Copyright by The Century Company, publishers.

Go where you may, you everywhere find the lawn divinely beautiful, as if Nature had fingered and adjusted every plant this very day. The floating grass panicles are scarcely felt in brushing through their midst, so fine are they, and none of the flowers have tall or rigid stalks. In the brightest places you find three species of gentians with different shades of blue, daisies pure as the sky, silky leaved ivesias with warm yellow flowers, several species of orthocarpus with blunt, bossy spikes, red and purple and yellow; the alpine goldenrod, pentstemon, and clover, fragrant and honeyful, with their colors massed and blended. Parting the grasses and looking more closely you may trace the branching of their shining stems, and note the marvelous beauty of their mist of flowers, the glumes and pales exquisitely penciled, the yellow dangling stamens, and feathery pistils. Beneath the lowest leaves you discover a fairy realm of mosses — hypnum, dicranum, polytrichum, and many others — their precious spore-cups poised daintily on polished shafts, curiously hooded, or open, showing the richly ornate peristomas worn like royal crowns. Creeping liverworts are here also in abundance, and several rare species of fungi, exceedingly small, and frail, and delicate, as if made only for beauty. Caterpillars, black beetles, and ants roam the wilds of this lower world, making their way through miniature groves and thickets like bears in a thick wood.

And how rich, too, is the life of the sunny air! Every leaf and flower seems to have its winged representative overhead. Dragonflies shoot in vigorous zigzags through the dancing swarms, and a rich profusion of butterflies — the leguminosæ of insects — make a fine addition to the general show. Many of these last are comparatively small at this elevation, and as yet almost unknown to science; but every now and then a familiar vanessa or papilio comes sailing past. Hummingbirds, too, are quite common here, and the robin is always found along the margin of the stream, or out in the shallowest portions of the sod, and sometimes the grouse and mountain quail, with their broods of precious fluffy chickens. Swallows skim the grassy lake from end to end, flycatchers come and go in fitful flights from the tops of dead spars, while woodpeckers swing across from side to side in graceful festoon curves, — birds, insects, and flowers all in their own way telling a deep summer joy. . . .

The summer life we have been depicting lasts with but little abatement until October, when the night frosts begin to sting, bronzing the grasses, and ripening the leaves of the creeping heathworts along the banks of the stream to reddish purple and crimson; while the flowers disappear, all save the goldenrods and a few daisies, that continue to bloom on unscathed until the beginning of snowy winter. In still nights the grass panicles and every leaf and stalk are laden with frost crystals, through which the morning sunbeams sift in ravishing splendor, transforming each to a precious diamond radiating the colors of the rainbow. The brook shallows are plaited across and across with slender lances of ice, but both these and the grass crystals are melted before midday, and, notwithstanding the great elevation of the meadow, the afternoons are still warm enough to revive the chilled butterflies and call them out to enjoy the late-flowering goldenrods. The divine alpenglow flushes the surrounding forest every evening, followed by a crystal night with hosts of lily stars, whose size and brilliancy cannot be conceived by those who have never risen above the lowlands.

Thus come and go the bright sun-days of autumn, not a cloud in the sky, week after week, until near December. Then comes a sudden change. Clouds of a peculiar aspect with a slow crawling gait gather and grow in the azure, throwing out satiny fringes, and becoming gradually darker until every lake-like rift and opening is closed and the whole bent firmament is obscured in equal structureless gloom. Then comes the snow, for the clouds are ripe, the meadows of the sky are in bloom, and shed their radiant blossoms like an orchard in the spring. Lightly, lightly they lodge in the brown grasses and in the tasseled needles of the pines, falling hour after hour, day after day, silently, lovingly — all the winds hushed — glancing and circling hither, thither, glinting against one another, rays interlocking in flakes as large as daisies; and then the dry grasses, and the trees, and the stones are all equally abloom again. Thunder-showers occur here during the summer months, and impressive it is to watch the coming of the big transparent drops, each a small world in itself — one unbroken ocean without islands hurling free through the air like planets through space. But still more impressive to me is the coming of the snow-flowers — falling stars, winter daisies — giving bloom to all the ground alike. Raindrops blossom brilliantly in the rainbow, and change to flowers in the sod, but snow comes in full flower from the dark, frozen sky.

The later snowstorms are oftentimes accompanied by winds that break up the crystals, when the temperature is low, into single petals and irregular dusty fragments; but there is comparatively little drifting on the meadow, so securely is it embosomed in the woods. From December to May, storm succeeds storm until the snow is about fifteen or twenty feet deep, but the surface is always as smooth as the breast of a bird.

Hushed now is the life that so late was beating warmly. Most of the birds have gone down below the snow-line, the plants sleep, and all the fly-wings are folded. Yet the sun beams gloriously many a cloudless day in midwinter, casting long lance shadows athwart the dazzling expanse. In June small flecks of the dead, decaying sod begin to appear, gradually widening and uniting with one another, covered with creeping rags of water during the day, and ice by night, looking as hopeless and unvital as crushed rocks just emerging from the darkness of the glacial period. Walk the meadow now! Scarce the memory of a flower will you find. The ground seems twice dead. Nevertheless, the annual resurrection is drawing near. The life-giving sun pours his floods, the last snow-wreath melts, myriads of growing points push eagerly through the steaming mould, the birds come back, new wings fill the air, and fervid summer life comes surging on, seemingly yet more glorious than before.

COMPIÈGNE TOWN HALL[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

My great delight in Compiègne was the town hall. I doted upon the town hall. It is a monument of Gothic insecurity, all turreted, and gargoyled, and slashed, and bedizened with half a score of architectural fancies. Some of the niches are gilt and painted, and in a great square panel in the center, in black relief on a gilt ground, Louis XII rides upon a pacing horse, with hand on hip and head thrown back. There is royal arrogance in every line of him; the stirruped foot projects insolently from the frame; the eye is hard and proud; the very horse seems to be treading with gratification over prostrate serfs, and to have the breath of the trumpet in his nostrils. So rides for ever, on the front of the town hall, the good king Louis XII, the father of his people.

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[1] From *An Inland Voyage*. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

Over the king's head, in the tall center turret, appears the dial of a clock; and high above that three little mechanical figures, each one with a hammer in his hand, whose business it is to chime out the hours and halves and quarters for the burgesses of Compiègne. The center figure has a gilt breastplate; the two others wear gilt trunk hose; and they all three have elegant, flapping hats like cavaliers. As the quarter approaches, they turn their heads and look knowingly one to the other; and then, *kling* go the three hammers on three little bells below. The hour follows, deep and sonorous, from the interior of the tower; and the gilded gentlemen rest from their labors with contentment.

I had a great deal of healthy pleasure from their maneuvers, and took good care to miss as few performances as possible: and I found that even the *Cigarette*, while he pretended to despise my enthusiasm, was more or less a devotee himself. There is something highly absurd in the exposition of such toys to the outrages of winter on a housetop. They would be more in keeping in a glass case before a Nürnberg clock. Above all, at night, when the children are abed, and even grown people are snoring under quilts, does it not seem impertinent to leave these gingerbread figures winking and tinkling to the stars and the rolling moon? The gargoyles may fitly enough twist their ape-like heads; fitly enough may the potentate bestride his charger, like a centurion in an old German print of the *Via Dolorosa;* but the toys should be put away in a box among some cotton, until the sun rises, and the children are abroad again to be amused.

THE KEEPER'S HOUSE[1]

THOMAS HARDY

It was a satisfaction to walk into the keeper's house, even as a stranger, on a fine spring morning like the present. A curl of wood-smoke came from the chimney, and drooped over the roof like a blue feather in a lady's hat; and the sun shone obliquely upon the patch of grass in front, which reflected its brightness through the open doorway and up the staircase opposite, lighting up each riser with a shiny green radiance, and leaving the top of each step in shade.

The window-sill of the front room was between four and five feet from the floor, dropping inwardly to a broad low bench, over which, as well as over the whole surface of the wall beneath, there always hung a deep shade, which was considered objectionable on every ground save one, namely, that the perpetual sprinkling of seeds and water by the caged canary above was not noticed as an eyesore by visitors. The window was set with thickly-leaded diamond glazing, formed, especially in the lower panes, of knotty glass of various shades of green. Nothing was better known to Fancy than the extravagant manner in which these circular knots or eyes distorted everything seen through them from the outside — lifting hats from heads, shoulders from bodies; scattering the spokes of cart-wheels, and bending the straight fir-trunks into semicircles. The ceiling was carried by a huge beam traversing its midst, from the side of which projected a large nail, used solely and constantly as a peg for Geoffrey's hat; the nail was arched by a rainbow-shaped stain, imprinted by the brim of the said hat when it was hung there dripping wet.

The most striking point about the room was the furniture. This was a repetition upon inanimate objects of the old principle introduced by Noah, consisting for the most part of two articles of every sort. The duplicate system of furnishing owed its existence to the forethought of Fancy's mother, exercised from the date of Fancy's birthday onwards. The arrangement spoke for itself: nobody who knew the tone of the household could look at the goods without being aware that the second set was a provision for Fancy, when she should marry and have a house of her own.

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[1] From *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers, publishers.

The most noticeable instance was a pair of green-faced eight day clocks, ticking alternately, which were severally two and a half minutes and three minutes striking the hour of twelve, one proclaiming, in Italian flourishes, Thomas Wood as the name of its maker, and the other — arched at the top, and altogether of more cynical appearance — that of Ezekiel Saunders. They were two departed clockmakers of Casterbridge, whose desperate rivalry throughout their lives was nowhere more emphatically perpetuated than here at Geoffrey's. These chief specimens of the marriage provision were supported on the right by a couple of kitchen dressers, each fitted complete with their cups, dishes, and plates, in their turn followed by two dumb-waiters, two family Bibles, two warming-pans, and two intermixed sets of chairs.

But the position last reached — the chimney corner — was, after all, the most attractive side of the parallelogram. It was large enough to admit, in addition to Geoffrey himself, Geoffrey's wife, her chair, and her work-table, entirely within the line of the mantel, without danger of even inconvenience from the heat of the fire; and was spacious enough overhead to allow of the insertion of wood poles for the hanging of bacon, which were cloaked with long shreds of soot, floating on the draught like the tattered banners on the walls of ancient aisles.

These points were common to most chimney corners of the neighbourhood; but one feature there was which made Geoffrey's fireside not only an object of interest to casual aristocratic visitors — to whom every cottage fireside was more or less a curiosity — but the admiration of friends who were accustomed to fireplaces of the ordinary hamlet model. This peculiarity was a little window in the chimney-back, almost over the fire, around which the smoke crept caressingly when it left the perpendicular course. The window-board was curiously stamped with black circles, burnt thereon by the heated bottoms of drinking-cups, which had rested there after previously standing on the hot ashes of the hearth for the purpose of warming their contents, the result giving to the ledge the look of an envelope which has passed through innumerable post-offices.

THE COSTUME WAREHOUSE[1]

EDNA FERBER

If your business lay Forty-Third Street way, you might have passed the building a hundred times without once giving it a seeing glance. It was not Forty-Third Street of the small shops, the smart crowds, and the glittering motors. It was Forty-Third lying east of the Grand Central sluice gates; east of fashion; east, in a word, of Fifth Avenue — a great square brick building, smoke-grimed, cob-webbed, and having the look of a cold-storage plant or a car barn fallen into disuse; dusty, neglected, almost eerie. Yet within it lurks Romance, and her sombre sister Tragedy, and their antic brother Comedy, the cut-up.

A worn flight of wooden steps leads up from the side walk to the dim hallway; a musty-smelling passage wherein you are met by a genial sign which reads:

"No admittance. Keep out. This means you."

To confirm this, the eye, penetrating the gloom, is confronted by a great blank metal door that sheathes the elevator. To ride in that elevator is to know adventure, so painfully, so protestingly with such creaks and jerks and lurchings does it pull itself from floor to floor, like an octogenarian who, grunting and groaning, hoists himself from his easy chair by slow stages that wring a protest from ankle, knee, hip, back, and shoulder. The corkscrew stairway, broken and footworn though it is, seems infinitely less perilous.

First floor — second — third — fourth. Whew! And there you are in Josie Fifer's kingdom — a great front room, unexpectedly bright and even cosy with its whir of sewing machines: tables, and tables, and tables, piled with orderly stacks of every sort of clothing, from shoes to hats, from gloves to parasols; and in the room beyond this, and beyond that, and again beyond that, row after row of high wooden cabinets stretching the width of the room, and forming innumerable aisles. All of Bluebeard's wives could have been tucked away in one corner of the remotest and least of these, and no one the wiser. All grimly shut and locked, they are, with the key in Josie's pocket. But when, at the behest of McCabe, or sometimes even Sid Hahn himself, she unlocked and opened one of these doors, what treasures hung revealed! What shimmer and sparkle and perfume — and moth balls! The long-trailed electric light bulb held high in one hand, Josie would stand at the door like a priestess before her altar.

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[1] From *Cheerful — By Request*, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. By permission of the author.

There they swung, the ghosts and the skeletons, side by side. You remember that slinking black satin snakelike sheath that Gita Morini wore in *Little Eyolf?* There it dangles, limp, invertebrate, yet how eloquent! No other woman in the world could have worn that gown, with its unbroken line from throat to hem, its smooth, high, black satin collar, its writhing tail that went slip-slip-slipping after her. In it she had looked like a sleek and wicked python that had fasted for a long, long time.

Dresses there are that have made stage history. Surely you remember the beruffled, rose-strewn confection in which the beautiful Elsa Marriott swam into our ken in *Mississipp'?* She used to say, wistfully, that she always got a hand on her entrance in that dress. It was due to the sheer shock of delight that thrilled audience after audience as it beheld her loveliness enhanced by this floating, diaphanous tulle cloud. There it hangs, time-yellowed, its pristine freshness vanished quite, yet as fragrant with romance as is the sere and withered blossom of a dead white rose pressed within the leaves of a book of love poems. Just next it, incongruously enough, flaunt the wicked froufrou skirts and the low-cut bodice and the wasp waist of the abbreviated costume in which Cora Kassell used so generously to display her charms. A rich and portly society matron of Pittsburgh now — she whose name had been a synonym for pulchritude these thirty years; she who had had more cold creams, hats, cigars, corsets, horses, and lotions named for her than any woman in history! Her ample girth would have wrought sad havoc with that eighteen-inch waist now. Gone are the chaste curves of the slim white silk legs that used to kick so lithely from the swirl of lace and chiffon. Yet there it hangs, pertly pathetic, mute evidence of her vanished youth, her delectable beauty, and her unblushing confidence in those same.

Up one aisle and down the next — velvet, satin, lace, and broadcloth — here the costume the great Canfield had worn in *Richard III;* there the little cocked hat and the slashed jerkin in which Maude Hammond, as Peterkins, winged her way to fame up through the hearts of a million children whose ages ranged from seven to seventy. Brocades and ginghams; tailor suits and peignoirs; puffed sleeves and tight — dramatic history, all, they spelled failure, success, hope, despair, vanity, pride, triumph, decay. Tragic ghosts, over which Josie Fifer held grim sway!

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL[1]

JOHN RUSKIN

AND now I wish that the reader . . . would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town; and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nursery maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

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[1] From *The Stones of Venice.*

BEATRIX ESMOND[1]

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House, in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping chambers; and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix — the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible; and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty — that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark, her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full; and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace — agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen — now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic: there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

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[1] From *Henry Esmond.*

So she came, holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

DR. SHRAPNEL[1]

GEORGE MEREDITH

The dreaded doctor was an immoderately tall man, lean and wiry, carelessly clad in a long loose coat of no colour, loose trousers, and huge shoes.

He stooped from his height to speak, or rather swing the stiff upper half of his body down to his hearer's level and back again, like a ship's mast on a billowy sea. He was neither rough nor abrupt, nor did he roar bull-mouthedly as demagogues are expected to do, though his voice was deep. He was actually, after his fashion, courteous, it could be said of him, except that his mind was too visibly possessed by distant matters for Rosamund's taste, she being accustomed to drawing-room and hunting and military gentlemen, who can be all in the words they utter. Nevertheless he came out of his lizard-like look with the down-dropped eyelids quick at a resumption of the dialogue: sometimes gesturing, sweeping his arm round. A stubborn tuft of iron-grey hair fell across his forehead, and it was apparently one of his life's labours to get it to lie amid the mass, for his hand rarely ceased to be in motion without an impulsive stroke at the refractory forelock. He peered through his eyelashes ordinarily, but from no infirmity of sight. The truth was that the man's nature counteracted his spirit's intense eagerness and restlessness by alternating a state of repose that resembled dormancy, and so preserved him. Rosamund was obliged to give him credit for straightforward eyes when they did look out and flash. Their filmy blue, half overflown with grey by age, was poignant while the fire in them lasted. Her antipathy attributed something electrical to the light they shot.

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[1] From *Beauchamp's Career*. Copyright, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

BABBITT [1]

SINCLAIR LEWIS

His name was George F. Babbitt. He was forty-six years old now, in April, 1920, and he made nothing in particular, neither butter nor shoes nor poetry, but he was nimble in the calling of selling houses for more than people could afford to pay.

His large head was pink, his brown hair thin and dry. His face was babyish in slumber, despite his wrinkles and the red spectacle-dents on the slopes of his nose. He was not fat but he was exceedingly well fed; his cheeks were pads, and the unroughened hand which lay helpless upon the khaki-colored blanket was slightly puffy. He seemed prosperous, extremely married and unromantic; and altogether unromantic appeared this sleeping-porch, which looked on one sizable elm, two respectable grass-plots, a cement driveway, and a corrugated iron garage. Yet Babbitt was again dreaming of the fairy child, a dream more romantic than scarlet pagodas by a silver sea.

For years the fairy child had come to him. Where others saw but Georgie Babbitt, she discerned gallant youth. She waited for him, in the darkness beyond mysterious groves. When at last he could slip away from the crowded house he darted to her. His wife, his clamoring friends, sought to follow, but he escaped, the girl fleet beside him, and they crouched together on a shadowy hillside. She was so slim, so white, so eager! She cried that he was gay and valiant, that she would wait for him, that they would sail —

Rumble and bang of the milk-truck.

Babbitt moaned, turned over, struggled back toward his dream. He could see only her face now, beyond misty waters. The furnace-man slammed the basement door. A dog barked in the next yard. As Babbitt sank blissfully into a dim warm tide, the paper-carrier went by whistling, and the rolled-up *Advocate* thumped the front door. Babbitt roused, his stomach constricted with alarm. As he relaxed, he was pierced by the familiar and irritating rattle of some one cranking a Ford: snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah. Himself a pious motorist, Babbitt cranked with the unseen driver, with him waited through taut hours for the roar of the starting engine, with him agonized as the roar ceased and again began the infernal patient snap-ah-ah — a round, flat sound, a shivering cold-morning sound, a sound infuriating and inescapable. Not till the rising voice of the motor told him that the Ford was moving was he released from the panting tension. He glanced once at his favorite tree, elm twigs against the gold patina of sky, and fumbled for sleep as for a drug. He who had been a boy very credulous of life was no longer greatly interested in the possible and improbable adventures of each new day.

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[1] From *Babbitt*. Copyright, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers.

He escaped from reality till the alarm-clock rang, at seven-twenty.

It was the best of nationally advertised and quantitatively produced alarm-clocks, with all modern attachments, including cathedral chime, intermittent alarm, and a phosphorescent dial. Babbitt was proud of being awakened by such a rich device. Socially it was almost as creditable as buying expensive cord tires.

He sulkily admitted now that there was no more escape, but he lay and detested the grind of the real-estate business, and disliked his family, and disliked himself for disliking them. The evening before, he had played poker at Vergil Gunch's till midnight, and after such holidays he was irritable before breakfast. It may have been the tremendous home-brewed beer of the prohibition-era and the cigars to which that beer enticed him; it may have been resentment of return from this fine, bold man-world to a restricted region of wives and stenographers, and of suggestions not to smoke so much.

From the bedroom beside the sleeping-porch, his wife's detestably cheerful "Time to get up, Georgie boy," and the itchy sound, the brisk and scratchy sound, of combing hairs out of a stiff brush.

He grunted; he dragged his thick legs, in faded baby-blue pajamas, from under the khaki blanket; he sat on the edge of the cot, running his fingers through his wild hair, while his plump feet mechanically felt for his slippers. He looked regretfully at the blanket — forever a suggestion to him of freedom and heroism. He had bought it for a camping trip which had never come off.

It symbolized gorgeous loafing, gorgeous cursing, virile flannel shirts.

He creaked to his feet, groaning at the waves of pain which passed behind his eyeballs. Though he waited for their scorching recurrence, he looked blurrily out at the yard. It delighted him, as always; it was the neat yard of a successful business man of Zenith, that is, it was perfection, and made him also perfect. He regarded the corrugated iron garage. For the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth time in a year he reflected, "No class to that tin shack. Have to build me a frame garage. But by golly it's the only thing on the place that isn't up-to-date!" While he stared he thought of a community garage for his acreage development, Glen Oriole. He stopped puffing and jiggling. His arms were akimbo. His petulant, sleep-swollen face was set in harder lines. He suddenly seemed capable, an official, a man to contrive, to direct, to get things done.

On the vigor of his idea he was carried down the hard, clean, unused-looking hall into the bathroom.

Though the house was not large it had, like all houses on Floral Heights, an altogether royal bathroom of porcelain and glazed tile and metal sleek as silver. The towel-rack was a rod of clear glass set in nickel. The tub was long enough for a Prussian Guard, and above the set bowl was a sensational exhibit of tooth-brush holder, shaving-brush holder, soap-dish, sponge-dish, and medicine-cabinet, so glittering and so ingenious that they resembled an electrical instrument-board. But the Babbitt whose god was Modern Appliances was not pleased. The air of the bathroom was thick with the smell of a heathen toothpaste. "Verona been at it again! 'Stead of sticking to Lilidol, like I've re-peat-ed-ly asked her, she's gone and gotten some confounded stinkum stuff that makes you sick!"

The bath-mat was wrinkled and the floor was wet. (His daughter Verona eccentrically took baths in the morning, now and then.) He slipped on the mat, and slid against the tub. He said "Damn!" Furiously he snatched up his tube of shaving-cream, furiously he lathered, with a belligerent slapping of the unctuous brush, furiously he raked his plump cheeks with a safety-razor. It pulled. The blade was dull. He said, "Damn-oh-oh-damn it!"

He hunted through the medicine-cabinet for a packet of new razor-blades (reflecting, as invariably, "Be cheaper to buy one of these dinguses and strop your own blades"), and when he discovered the packet, behind the round box of bicarbonate of soda, he thought ill of his wife for putting it there and very well of himself for not saying "Damn." But he did say it, immediately afterward, when with wet and soap-slippery fingers he tried to remove the horrible little envelope and crisp clinging oiled paper from the new blade.

Then there was the problem, oft-pondered, never solved, of what to do with the old blade, which might imperil the fingers of his young. As usual, he tossed it on top of the medicine-cabinet, with a mental note that some day he must remove the fifty or sixty other blades that were, also temporarily, piled up there. He finished his shaving in a growing testiness increased by his spinning headache and by the emptiness in his stomach. When he was done, his round face smooth and streamy and his eyes stinging from soapy water, he reached for a towel. The family towels were wet, wet and clammy and vile, all of them wet, he found, as he blindly snatched them — his own face-towel, his wife's, Verona's, Ted's, Tinka's, and the lone bath-towel with the huge welt of initial. Then George F. Babbitt did a dismaying thing. He wiped his face on the guest-towel! It was a pansy-embroidered trifle which always hung there to indicate that the Babbitts were in the best Floral Heights society. No one had ever used it. No guest had ever dared to. Guests secretively took a corner of the nearest regular towel.

He was raging, "By golly, here they go and use up all the towels, every doggone one of 'em, and they use 'em and get 'em all wet and sopping, and never put out a dry one for me — of course, I'm the goat! — and then I want one and — I'm the only person in the doggone house that's got the slightest doggone bit of consideration for other people and thoughtfulness and consider there may be others that may want to use the doggone bathroom after me and consider —"

He was pitching the chill abominations into the bath-tub, pleased by the vindictiveness of that desolate flapping sound; and in the midst his wife serenely trotted in, observed serenely, "Why, George dear, what are you doing? Are you going to wash out the towels? Why, you needn't wash out the towels. Oh, George, you didn't go and use the guest-towel, did you?"

It is not recorded that he was able to answer.

AN OXFORD LANDLADY[1]

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

It was a crisp October afternoon, and along Iffley Road the wind was chivvying the yellow leaves. We stood at the window watching the flappers opposite play hockey. One of them had a scarlet tam-o'-shanter and glorious dark hair underneath it. . . . A quiet tap at the door, gentle but definite, and in came Mrs. Beesley.

If you have been at our digs, you know her by sight, and have not forgotten. Hewn of the real imperial marble is she, not unlike Queen Victoria in shape and stature. She tells us she used to dance featly and with abandon in days gone by, when her girlish slimness was the admiration of every greengrocer's assistant in Oxford — and even in later days when she and Dr. Warren always opened the Magdalen servants' ball together. She and the courtly President were always the star couple. I can see her doing the Sir Roger de Coverley. But the virgin zone was loosed long ago, and she has expanded with the British Empire. Not rotund, but rather imposingly cubic. Our hallway is a very narrow one, and when you come to visit us of an evening, after red-cheeked Emily has gone off to better tilting grounds, it is a prime delight to see Mrs. Beesley backing down the passage (like a stately canal boat) before the advancing guest. Very large of head and very pink of cheek, very fond of a brisk conversation, some skill at cooking, slow and full of dignity on the stairs, much reminiscent of former lodgers, bold as a lion when she thinks she is imposed upon, but otherwhiles humorous and placable — such is our Mrs. Beesley.

She saw us standing by the window, and thought we were watching the leaves twisting up the roadway in golden spirals.

"Watching the wind?" she said pleasantly. "I loves to see the leaves 'avin' a frolic. They enjoys it, same as young gentlemen do."

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[1] From *Powder of Sympathy*, by Christopher Morley. Published and copyrighted by Doubleday, Page and Company.

"Or young ladies?" I suggested. "We were watching the flappers play hockey, Mrs. Beesley. One of them is a most fascinating creature. I think her name must be Kathleen. . . ."

Mrs. Beesley chuckled merrily and threw up her head in that delightful way of hers. "Oh, dear, Oh, dear, you're just like all the other gentlemen," she said. "Always awatchin' and awaitin' for the young ladies. Mr. Bye that used to be 'ere was just the same, an' he was engaged to be marrit. 'Ad some of 'em in to tea once, he did. I thought it was scandalous, and 'im almost a marrit gentleman."

"Don't you remember what the poet says, Mrs. Beesley?" I suggested:

> "Beauty must be scorned in none
> Though but truly served in one."

"Not much danger of you gentlemen bein' too scornful," said Mrs. Beesley. Her eyes began to sparkle now that she saw herself fairly embarked upon a promising conversation. She sidled a little farther into the room. Lloyd winked at me and quietly escaped behind her.

"Seeing as we're alone," said Mrs. Beesley, "I come to you to see about dinner to-night. I knows as you're the father of 'em all." (That is her quaint way of saying that she thinks me the leading spirit of the three who dig with her.) "How about a little jugged 'are? Nice little 'ares there are in Cowley Road now. I thinks 'are is very tender an' tasty. That, an' a nice 'ot cup o' tea?"

The last 'are had been, in Tennyson's phrase, "the heir of all the ages," so I deprecated the suggestion. "I don't think hare agrees with Mr. Williams," I said.

"'Ow about a pheasant?" said Mrs. Beesley, stroking the corner of the table with her hand as she always does when in deep thought. "A pheasant and a Welsh rabbit, not too peppery. That goes well with the cider. Dr. Warren came 'ere to dinner once, an' he had a Welsh rabbit and never forgot it. 'E allus used to say when 'e saw me, ''Ow about that Welsh rabbit, Mrs. Beesley?' Oh, dear, Oh, dear, 'e *is* a kind gentleman! 'E gave us a book once — ''Istory of Magdalen College.' I think he wrote it 'imself."

"I think a pheasant would be very nice," I said, and began looking for a book.

"Do you think Mr. Loomis will be back from town in time for dinner?" asked Mrs. Beesley. "I know 'e's fond o' pheasant. He'd come if he knew."

"We might send him a telegram," I said.

"Oh, dear, Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Beesley, overcome by such a fantastic thought. "You know, Mr. Morley, a funny thing 'appened this morning," she said. "Em'ly and I were making Mr. Loomis's bed. But we didn't find 'is clothes all lyin' about the floor same as 'e usually does. 'I wonder what's 'appened to Mr. Loomis's clothes?' said Em'ly.

"'P'raps 'e's took 'em up to town to pawn 'em,' I said. (You know we 'ad a gent'man 'ere once that pawned nearly all 'is things — a Jesus gentleman 'e was.)

"Em'ly says to me, 'I wonder what the three balls on a pawnbroker's sign mean?'

"'Why don't you know, Em'ly?' I says. 'It means it's two to one you never gets 'em back.'"

Just then there was a ring at the bell and Mrs. Beesley rolled away chuckling. And I returned to the window to watch Kathleen play hockey.

FRISCO, THE TRAMP ROYAL[1]

GLEN MULLIN

ONCE on the way to Boston Frisco and I rode in a box-car half filled with wire wrapped on great wooden spools. Each rolled a spool near the open door and, straddling the spool as we smoked, chatted in loud tones to make ourselves heard above the incessant whimper of the wheels.

Frisco hauled out of his pocket a short length of rope and entertained himself as he talked by twisting it into dozens of fantastic knots that he had learned how to tie on shipboard, naming them as he made them. Some of them were practical, but those in which he delighted most were complicated, ornamental rosettes. I had often watched him at this pastime, and applauded his ingenuity when he succeeded in fashioning a new design.

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[1] From *The Century Magazine*. By permission of the editor and the author.

This hempen rope was Frisco's only artistic medium. He had never made many attempts to draw, although he was fascinated by drawings, especially by those of animals. I made sketches for him occasionally, which, however bad, he marveled over with undisguised pleasure and wonder.

As Frisco sat there fiddling absorbedly with his knots, I felt a sudden rush of tenderness for him. His pathetic, fumbling interest in design always touched me. During the days and nights we had spent railroading together I had sounded him pretty thoroughly, and what I found pleased me. His childhood had been tragically "balled up" by circumstances which had branded him with such a passionate bitterness as I have seldom seen in a man. He had been cast among the dregs of humankind almost exclusively; vice and hard licks had been his school. Naturally, he rationalized life in terms of the only experience he knew.

But I had discovered in the man's nature something which outfaced his cynicism — a sensitiveness to beauty which, although it manifested itself in a shamed, furtive kind of way, was genuine. I discovered, too, that he had a mind which brooded and speculated curiously upon all things below and beyond the moon. He wrestled bravely with such knotty problems as free will, universals, immortality; and he sweat and cursed because his limited vocabulary boggled his meaning. Once at the Metropolitan Museum he called my attention to Rodin's *The Thinker*, remarking: "Just like me, that poor sucker. Swallered his chew tryin' to hawk up the right word."

When I knew him, Frisco was twenty-five years old, and had been on and off the road since he was ten. His father was an Irish sea-captain named O'Hearn, his mother a dissolute Indian woman, who had deserted him after his father had been stabbed to death in a drunken fight. He was nine years old at that time. Then an old prostitute adopted him, and led him about the streets of San Francisco to help her beg. He ran away from her after a time, and started traveling around through the West.

"Slim," he said to me once, "I started bummin' before I was dry behind the ears yet. Used to hide under seats in the day coaches, and old ladies would cover me up with their skirts and feed me when the con wasn't around, and I'd tell 'em 'blubber stories' to get money out of 'em. I traveled over 'most ever'

State in the Union before I was sixteen. Out West I was a 'punk,' or beggin' kid for a guy name o' 'Seattle Tom.' He had only one eye, and, believe me, he took damned good care o' that. I never could slip anything over on him. He used to beat the tar out o' me if I didn't bring him good 'lumps.' So I couldn't steal much out of 'em. I got what he left. Finally I run away from him. Seattle Tom learned me a lot about the road though, and he learned me to read and write. He was rotten cruel, but did somethin' for me, after all."

Frisco's hoboing had not been confined to transcontinental trains. When he wearied of the railroads, he shipped out on merchant vessels bound on long cruises. He had been to the South Sea islands, Australia, India, China, South America. Despite the hard toil he had put in on such voyages, the romance of the sea poignantly appealed to him. He spoke with almost mystical rapture of the sounds and smells, and especially of the spectacular sights, of the tropics — the gorgeous birds and butterflies, the sunsets over the water, the unearthly splendor of the stars at night.

At heart he was a true rover. His imagination, his speculative vein, his vast hunger for experience, made any steady routine job intolerable to him. He had tried "long-stake" jobs of all sorts, hoping to save money and attend a city night school; but his own reckless habits, his restlessness, combined with hard luck, had always put a crimp in his plans.

This is what he said about it:

"Four years ago I got a crazy notion I wanted to go to college. But think what I was a-buckin'! High-school trainin' had to come first. I got me a job herdin' sheep one summer. It was lonesome as hell. Stuck it out two months. Saw nobody; heard nobody. Only sheep. Baa, baa, baa all day and night. Then I got to baain' myself, tryin' to hold a conversation with 'em. That scairt me I was goin' nuts; so I quit and went to Los, where I got knocked on the head and rolled for every nickel I had.

"Last time I tried a long-stake job, I shipped 'gandy-dancer' with a railroad construction outfit. Shovel stiff, ye know. Guineas! The bunk-car stunk. Oh, *boy!* And shirt-rabbits in the blankets. Say! They made themselves right at home on your hide, and no mistake. They scoffed off o' me till I was so thin I could 'a' turned a handspring in a flute. Every mornin' I'd turn out and take muh shot of black cawffee, and choke down rye bread greased with sowbelly. Then I'd mosey out and say 'Good mornin'' to the pick, and 'Howdy' to the shovel, and hop to it. I lasted a month; then I got greased for bustin' the foreman. Big husk, but yella as a duck's foot. He kicked me one day, and I crawls 'im. When they pulled me off muh meat, I had 'im bloody as a hawg. 'Course then I had to get muh time and beat it. When I got back to Los, the bright lights looked so good after that hard life with the gandies, I got drunker than a fiddler's bitch, and blowed all my jack. Two days later I was headed for 'Chi' in a battery-box."

Despite Frisco's failure to acquire an academic education, he had done a lot of reading in public libraries all over the country as he had hoboed hither and thither. He was fond of the Kipling-Jack London-Bret Harte school. He detested love-stories. The poems of Swinburne, particularly *The Garden of Proserpine*, caught his fancy. Then he loved Sterling's *Wine of Wizardry*, Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and above all *The Rubaiyat*. In short, anything that fed his gloomy philosophy of negation was "great stuff." The philosophers attracted him more than the poets. London's *Martin Eden* and *The Sea Wolf* had led him into positivism, into Herbert Spencer's *First Principles* and Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*. Schopenhauer, naturally, was a great favorite, whom he quoted with unction. "I don't savvy all that these old coots write," he admitted, referring to the philosophers, "but I like to wrastle with 'em just the same."

I must confess that Frisco's philosophical animadversions did not usually interest me so much as hearing him recount his road adventures. They were various and would fill a large volume. In particular he had a weakness for crack trains, and when he wanted to make a long jump, he rode in a battery-box.

The battery-boxes are those long wooden boxes that hang beneath passenger coaches, midway in their length and just over the rails. Such boxes usually carry storage-batteries which furnish power for the lighting system of the train; but occasionally a box contains no battery, and then a tramp may stow himself away in it and sometimes hold the train down for hundreds of miles.

But the trick of hiding oneself without assistance in one of these empty boxes is not so simple as it might at first seem. If you examine a battery-box as you pace along the depot platform, you may observe that the door is flush with the side of the car, and that it opens outward and downward. It is secured by a hasp on the outside, and when you open the door, it swings down on its hinges so that its lower edge almost scrapes the ties outside the rail.

Now, the tramp who crawls into the box, unless he has a confederate to lock him in, must make shift from the inside to pull shut the flapping door, and somehow to keep it shut until he reaches his destination. If he is possessed of Frisco's resourcefulness, he provides himself with a piece of pliable wire and a screw-eye. He fastens one end of the wire in the outer staple of the door through which the hasp slips, and pulls the door shut with the free end of the wire. Next he inserts his screw-eye, often an awkward and laborious process, into the upper beam of the box just above the crack formed by the top edge of the door and the sill. Then he secures the wire, which moves freely through the crack, to the screw-eye. The hobo is all set now. If he has supplied himself with plenty of "poke-outs" and a bottle of water, he has an excellent chance of holding down the train as far as it goes.

That afternoon as Frisco and I sat in the car on our way to Boston he told me of that first battery-box trip of his from Chicago to California over the Santa Fé.

"Some trip that was. I'll never forget it. I had a lot of trouble gettin' in the box without somebody seein' me, and I went down to the yards hours before the train pulled out, too. I had a bunch of sandwiches on me, and a bottle of water with a little sugar in it. I just laid quiet till the train clicked out of 'Chi.' Three days I was in there. The grub and the water lasted me two days, so I had to go hungry the rest of the time. I didn't mind that so much, but the cramps in my back tortured me till I nearly went bughouse. You know, you're doubled up like a jackknife and ain't got room to stretch."

"I suppose you couldn't read in there?"

"Read! Hell! Do you think I had a study lamp or somethin' in there? I had a deck of cards with me, and once I tried to play solitaire; but the dust was too thick, and the dark strained my eyes. Nothin' to do but sleep and think. I had no idea of time or where I was. I knew when it was daylight and when it was dark; that's all. After I had been there a week, it seemed, it got infernal cold in the night, and I figured I was crossing the mountains somewheres in Arizona or New Mexico. I shivered till I thought I'd shake myself to pieces. Then suddenly, *z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zt-zt!* the damned screw-eye flew out, with my wire wrapped in it. The door flopped open, and the wind came at me ice-cold and yelpin' like a pack o' dogs. The limited was hittin' her up fifty mile' an hour, anyway. The door slammed up and down, and I thought every second she'd strike a high tie, and rip the ol' battery-box, with me in, right out from under the car and send us a-smashin' to hell. Holy smokes! I was scairt. Then the train hit a curve so fast I had to fight like a whitehead to keep her from pitchin' me out. I was paddlin' and clawin' with both hands and feet, like a mouse on a treadwheel. She straightened purty soon, and I was all right. Then I pokes my head out a little ways, and the wind amost blinded me while I was grabbin' for that jumpin' wire. Before I knew it though, zowy! the door flew up and caught me right on the bean. Knocked me silly. By and by the door flew shut with an awful wham. I was in a daze, but I managed to get my hooks on that wire before she flew open again. And I swung on to her most of the night just like a guy that's tryin' to hold a bull calf that's rippin' and r'arin' and lungin'. My head ached fierce, and a bump crowned the top of her the size of half a grape-fruit. When the train slowed down at a town I got the screw back in place, but I was so nervous I couldn't sleep all the rest of the trip."

"And you made Los all right?"

"Sure. Crawled out humpbacked, though. My ol' spine had sprung a reverse curve, like a croquet-wicket. It took me a week to spring her back in place, and she sure was sore. Six months later I went through the whole thing again on the return trip to 'Chi.' I had a guy lock me in the box from the outside that time, and when I got to 'Chi' I hammered with my fists, and a car-knocker let me out. Works all right long as a dick [detective] ain't the one to raise the latch. That happened once. On the second trip when I landed in Los, it was a long time 'fore I could make any one hear me. Then a dick came and assisted me p'litely from my carriage. While we was goin' to the booby-hatch together, I gave him such a spiel that he got interested, and turned me loose with his blessing — and a swift kick in the pants."

Frisco stopped, ruminated a moment, then continued: "Guess the bull was irritated because I'd talked him out of a pinch. I'm not *quite* sure, but I think that was the hardest kick in the pants I ever got."

Frisco had ridden in every place on a train where a hobo could possibly hang on by the eyelids. When he was younger in years and smaller in bulk he had ridden "the steps," the little compartment whose ceiling is the movable floor of passenger-coach vestibules. It exists, of course, only when the doors are closed. You have to hop off whenever the train stops. Frisco was familiar with all the tricks of "gunnel" or rod-riding. A hundred times he had "trucked it," or ridden in the trucks between the wheels. He was always prepared for the trucks, and carried in his pocket a piece of wood about ten inches long and grooved down the middle. This he clamped on the small lateral rod between the wheels, so that he could perch there with more comfort. This device he called his "ducket" or "ticket."

Then, he had ridden on the tender of the engine and down in the water-tank and on the pilot, or cow-catcher. He was always surreptitiously examining locomotives, because he had heard a rumor somewhere that there was a place under the boiler of certain types of engines where a tramp could ride without much discomfort or danger. He never discovered it, at least not while I was hoboing with him. I'll bet if he ever found that place, he took a chance on riding there. What a great old train barnacle he was, that Frisco!

When I asked him once about cow-catchers, he said:

"I rode a cow-catcher just once. Never again, unless I have to. It was out of Eldorado, Kansas, over the Missouri Pacific. While the engine was in the station, I pipes the engineer comin' out of his cab with a little broom, and I see him dust the cow-catcher off nice and clean with it. I thinks to myself: 'Well, ain't that fine! He's dustin' her off for me.' So when his back was turned, I hops on the cow-catcher and crouches under the overhang of the boiler. I got by with it. Nobody saw me, and when the engine snorted out, there was yours truly smilin' like a basket o' chips on the cow-catcher. But I didn't smile long. That engine was a passenger engine and kicked up an awful wind. Open yer mouth, and she'd blow you wrong side out, and so cold she felt like an icicle laid against your eyeballs."

"Didn't hit anything, did you?"

"Oh, boy! Wait a minute! I'm comin' to that. Well, as I set there slappin' myself, tryin' to keep warm, the headlight sprayed out across the prairie and attracted all the bugs in Kansas. My mouth and eyes and shirt got full of 'em, and them big, shiny, black bugs hurt, too, when they hit you between the eyes. The light was so bright I could see big, bloaty hop-toads pantin' along between the rails twenty-five yards ahead. Purty soon, a quarter mile away, at a crossing, I see an old white cow with her calf standin' on the track. The light didn't seem to bother her none. She just stood there munchin' her cud and blinkin' as we bore down on her. The old engine began tootin' like you hear 'em on New Year's eve. I sort o' slid down on the back of my neck and h'isted my heels up in the air so's bossy would hit them first. Well, just before we reached her, she ambled calmly off the track, flickin' her tail, and the calf nosin' her in the flanks as she went. Say, I was so weak for a little while I couldn't sit up. I just laid there on my neck prayin' for strength. Don't never mention cow-catcher to me again. It makes me nervous to talk about it."

In Boston Frisco and I settled down among the waterfront saloons as very low-caste bums — "bar flies" or "barrel-house stiffs."

The barrel-house stiff is frankly a booze parasite. His game is or used to be, to hang around a cheap saloon and ingratiate himself with its inebriated or half-inebriated patrons with the sole purpose of sponging drinks. If he sponges only one drink, this means that he may sink a fork into the sour viands of the free-lunch counter without being molested by the bartender.

The men who infested these places were sailors, longshoremen, fishermen, and the like, who spent most of their earnings for cheap beer and whisky. When sober, these men scorned the barrel-house stiff, but, once drunk, they became an easy prey to the stiff's blandishments. They were ripe for maudlin friendship with any chance comer who attached himself to them.

Frisco and I would worm our way into a knot of grimy tosspots, slap them upon the back, and drink cheerfully at their expense. If the proprietor of the saloon happened to be present, the bartender, Louie, would churlishly order us out; for some saloon men attempt to protect their patrons from such as we. But when Louie was alone, we were usually safe.

Frisco plied this parasitic game with such huge exuberance that I found it contagious; somehow, then, it didn't strike me that we were playing the degrading rôle we really were. The gigantic energy of these big-muscled men fascinated me: their capacity for liquor, their rank vulgarity, their clumsy play, the concreteness of their language, their gross animalism, the drollery of their thick tongues. Out of the salt of such mirth as theirs were created the humor and wisdom of *Falstaff* and *Sancho Panza* and *Panurge.* I wouldn't have missed it for a kingdom.

I do not mean to suggest that we spent all our days and nights cadging drinks from the soiled wassailers to be found in such places, but we spent a good many of them there, often reeling on unsteady legs the long, long distance to the railroad yards in East Cambridge, where we were wont to sleep.

Then came a day when Frisco mysteriously disappeared. He awoke early one morning and shuffled off to Somerville to throw his feet, telling me he would join me later at the waterfront in Boston. I never saw him again.

THE YOUNG GIRL [1]

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

In her blue dress, with her cheeks lightly flushed, her blue, blue eyes, and her gold curls pinned up as though for the first time — pinned up to be out of the way for her flight — Mrs. Raddick's daughter might have just dropped from this radiant heaven. Mrs. Raddick's timid, faintly astonished, but deeply admiring glance looked as if she believed it, too; but the daughter didn't appear any too pleased — why should she? — to have alighted on the steps of the Casino. Indeed, she was bored — bored as though Heaven had been full of casinos with snuffy old saints for *croupiers* and crowns to play with.

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[1] From *The Garden Party* Copyright by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishers.

"You don't mind taking Hennie?" said Mrs. Raddick. "Sure you don't? There's the car, and you'll have tea and we'll be back here on this step — right here — in an hour. You see, I want her to go in. She's not been before, and it's worth seeing. I feel it wouldn't be fair to her."

"Oh, shut up, mother," said she wearily. "Come along. Don't talk so much. And your bag's open; you'll be losing all your money again."

"I'm sorry, darling," said Mrs. Raddick.

"Oh, do come in! I want to make money," said the impatient voice. "It's all jolly well for you — but I'm broke!"

"Here — take fifty francs, darling, take a hundred!" I saw Mrs. Raddick pressing notes into her hand as they passed through the swing doors.

Hennie and I stood on the steps a minute, watching the people. He had a very broad, delighted smile.

"I say," he cried, "there's an English bulldog. Are they allowed to take dogs in there?"

"No, they're not."

"He's a ripping chap, isn't he? I wish I had one. They're such fun. They frighten people so, and they're never fierce with their — the people they belong to." Suddenly he squeezed my arm. "I say, *do* look at that old woman. Who is she? Why does she look like that? Is she a gambler?"

The ancient withered creature, wearing a green satin dress, a black velvet cloak and a white hat with purple feathers, jerked slowly, slowly up the steps as though she were being drawn up on wires. She stared in front of her, she was laughing and nodding and cackling to herself; her claws clutched round what looked like a dirty boot-bag.

But just at that moment there was Mrs. Raddick again with — *her* — and another lady hovering in the background. Mrs. Raddick rushed at me. She was brightly flushed, gay, a different creature. She was like a woman who is saying "good-bye" to her friends on the station platform, with not a minute to spare before the train starts.

"Oh, you're here, still. Isn't that lucky! You've not gone.

Isn't that fine! I've had the most dreadful time with — her," and she waved to her daughter, who stood absolutely still, disdainful, looking down, twiddling her foot on the step, miles away. "They won't let her in. I swore she was twenty-one. But they won't believe me. I showed the man my purse; I didn't dare to do more. But it was no use. He simply scoffed . . . And now I've just met Mrs. MacEwen from New York, and she just won thirteen thousand in the *Salle Privée* — and she wants me to go back with her while the luck lasts. Of course I can't leave — her. But if you'd —"

At that "she" looked up; she simply withered her mother. "Why can't you leave me?" she said furiously. "What utter rot! How dare you make a scene like this? This is the last time I'll come out with you. You really are too awful for words." She looked her mother up and down. "Calm yourself," she said superbly.

Mrs. Raddick was desperate, just desperate. She was "wild" to go back with Mrs. MacEwen, but at the same time. . . .

I seized my courage. "Would you — do you care to come to tea with — us?"

"Yes, yes, she'll be delighted. That's just what I wanted, isn't it, darling? Mrs. MacEwen . . . I'll be back here in an hour . . . or less . . . I'll —"

Mrs. R. dashed up the steps. I saw her bag was open again.

So we three were left. But really it wasn't my fault. Hennie looked crushed to the earth, too. When the car was there she wrapped her dark coat round her — to escape contamination. Even her little feet looked as though they scorned to carry her down the steps to us.

"I am so awfully sorry," I murmured as the car started.

"Oh, I don't *mind*," said she. "I don't *want* to look twenty-one. Who would — if they were seventeen! It's" — and she gave a faint shudder — "the stupidity I loathe, and being stared at by fat old men. Beasts!"

Hennie gave her a quick look and then peered out of the window.

We drew up before an immense palace of pink-and-white marble with orange-trees outside the doors in gold-and-black tubs.

"Would you care to go in?" I suggested.

She hesitated, glanced, bit her lip, and resigned herself. "Oh, well, there seems nowhere else," said she. "Get out, Hennie."

I went first — to find the table, of course — she followed. But the worst of it was having her little brother, who was only twelve, with us. That was the last, final straw — having that child, trailing at her heels.

There was one table. It had pink carnations and pink plates with little blue tea-napkins for sails.

"Shall we sit here?"

She put her hand wearily on the back of a white wicker chair.

"We may as well. Why not?" said she.

Hennie squeezed past her and wriggled on to a stool at the end. He felt awfully out of it. She didn't even take her gloves off. She lowered her eyes and drummed on the table. When a faint violin sounded she winced and bit her lip again. Silence.

The waitress appeared. I hardly dared to ask. "Tea — coffee? China tea — or iced tea with lemon?"

Really she didn't mind. It was all the same to her. She didn't really want anything. Hennie whispered, "Chocolate!"

But just as the waitress turned away she cried out carelessly, "Oh, you may as well bring me a chocolate, too."

While we waited she took out a little, gold powder-box with a mirror in the lid, shook the poor little puff as though she loathed it, and dabbed her lovely nose.

"Hennie," she said, "take those flowers away"; she pointed with her puff to the carnations, and I heard her murmur, "I can't bear flowers on a table." They had evidently been giving her intense pain, for she positively closed her eyes as I moved them away.

The waitress came back with the chocolate and the tea. She put the big, frothing cups before them and pushed across my clear glass. Hennie buried his nose, emerged, with, for one dreadful moment, a little trembling blob of cream on the tip. But he hastily wiped it off like a little gentleman. I wondered if I should dare draw her attention to her cup. She didn't notice it — didn't see it — until suddenly, quite by chance, she took a sip. I watched anxiously; she faintly shuddered.

"Dreadfully sweet!" said she.

A tiny boy with a head like a raisin and a chocolate body came round with a tray of pastries — row upon row of little freaks, little inspirations, little melting dreams. He offered them to her. "Oh, I'm not at all hungry. Take them away."

He offered them to Hennie. Hennie gave me a swift look — it must have been satisfactory — for he took a chocolate cream, a coffee eclair, a meringue stuffed with chestnut and a tiny horn filled with fresh strawberries. She could hardly bear to watch him. But just as the boy swerved away she held up her plate.

"Oh, well, give me *one*," said she.

The silver tongs dropped one, two, three — and a cherry tartlet. "I don't know why you're giving me all these," she said, and nearly smiled. "I shan't eat them; I couldn't!"

I felt much more comfortable. I sipped my tea, leaned back and even asked if I might smoke. At that she paused, the fork in her hand, opened her eyes and really did smile.

"Of course," said she. "I always expect people to."

But at that moment a tragedy happened to Hennie. He speared his pastry horn too hard, and it flew in two, and one half spilled on the table. Ghastly affair! He turned crimson. Even his ears flared, and one ashamed hand crept across the table to take what was left of the body away.

"You *utter* little beast!" said she.

Good heavens! I had to fly to the rescue. I cried hastily, "Will you be abroad long?"

But she had already forgotten Hennie. I was forgotten, too. She was trying to remember something. . . . She was miles away.

"I — don't — know," she said slowly, from that far place.

"I suppose you prefer it to London. It's more — more —"

When I didn't go on she came back and looked at me, very puzzled. "More — ?"

"*Enfin* — gayer," I cried, waving my cigarette.

But that took a whole cake to consider. Even then, "Oh well, that depends!" was all she could safely say.

Hennie had finished. He was still very warm.

I seized the butterfly list off the table. "I say — what about an ice, Hennie? What about tangerine and ginger? No, something cooler. What about a fresh pineapple cream?"

Hennie strongly approved. The waitress had her eye on us. The order was taken when she looked up from her crumbs.

"Did you say tangerine and ginger? I like ginger. You can bring me one." And then quickly, "I wish that orchestra wouldn't play things from the year One. We were dancing to that all last Christmas. It's too sickening!"

But it was a charming air. Now that I noticed it, it warmed me.

"I think this is rather a nice place, don't you, Hennie?" I said.

Hennie said: "Ripping!" He meant to say it very low, but it came out very high in a kind of squeak.

Nice? This place? Nice? For the first time she stared about her, trying to see what there was . . . . She blinked; her lovely eyes wondered. A very good-looking elderly man stared back at her through a monocle on a black ribbon. But him she simply couldn't see. There was a hole in the air where he was. She looked through and through him.

Finally the little flat spoons lay still on the glass plates. Hennie looked rather exhausted, but she pulled on her white gloves again. She had some trouble with her diamond wrist-watch; it got in her way. She tugged at it — tried to break the stupid little thing — it wouldn't break. Finally, she had to drag her glove over. I saw, after that, she couldn't stand this place a moment longer, and, indeed, she jumped up and turned away while I went through the vulgar act of paying for the tea.

And then we were outside again. It had grown dusky. The sky was sprinkled with small stars; the big lamps glowed. While we waited for the car to come up she stood on the step, just as before, twiddling her foot, looking down.

Hennie bounded forward to open the door and she got in and sank back with — oh — such a sigh!

"Tell him," she gasped, "to drive as fast as he can."

Hennie grinned at his friend the chauffeur. "*Allie veet!*" said he. Then he composed himself and sat on the small seat facing us.

The gold powder-box came out again. Again the poor little puff was shaken; again there was that swift, deadly-secret glance between her and the mirror.

We tore through the black-and-gold town like a pair of scissors tearing through brocade. Hennie had great difficulty not to look as though he were hanging on to something.

And when we reached the Casino, of course Mrs. Raddick wasn't there. There wasn't a sign of her on the steps — not a sign.

"Will you stay in the car while I go and look?"

But no — she wouldn't do that. Good heavens, no! Hennie could stay. She couldn't bear sitting in a car. She'd wait on the steps.

"But I scarcely like to leave you," I murmured. "I'd very much rather not leave you here."

At that she threw back her coat; she turned and faced me; her lips parted. "Good heavens — why! I — I don't mind it a bit. I — I like waiting." And suddenly her cheeks crimsoned, her eyes grew dark — for a moment I thought she was going to cry. "L-let me, please," she stammered, in a warm, eager voice. "I like it. I love waiting! Really — really I do! I'm always waiting — in all kinds of places. . . ."

Her dark coat fell open, and her white throat — all her soft young body in the blue dress — was like a flower that is just emerging from its dark bud.

THE MIDNIGHT BATH[1]

JOHN MUIR

A WILD scene, but not a safe one, is made by the moon as it appears through the edge of the Yosemite Fall when one is behind it. Once after enjoying the night-song of the waters and watching the formation of the colored bow as the moon came round the domes and sent her beams into the wild uproar, I ventured out on the narrow ledge that extends back of the fall from Fern Ledge and began to admire the dim-veiled grandeur of the view. I could see the fine gauzy threads of the fall's filmy border by having the light in front; and wishing to look at the moon through the meshes of some of the denser portions of the fall, I ventured to creep farther behind it while it was gently wind-swayed, without taking sufficient thought about the consequences of its swaying back to its natural position after the wind pressure should be removed. The effect was enchanting: fine, savage music sounding above, beneath, around me; while the moon, apparently in the very midst of the rushing waters, seemed to be struggling to keep her place, on account of the ever-varying form and density of the water masses through which she was seen, now darkly veiled or eclipsed by a rush of thick-headed comets, now flashing out through openings between their tails. I was in fairyland between the dark wall and the wild throng of illumined waters, but suffered sudden disenchantment; for, like the witch-scene in Alloway Kirk, "in an instant all was dark." Down came a dash of spent comets, thin and harmless looking in the distance, but they felt desperately solid and stony when they struck my shoulders, like a mixture of choking spray and gravel and big hailstones. Instinctively dropping on my knees, I gripped an angle of the rock, curled up like a young fern frond with my face pressed against my breast, and in this attitude submitted as best I could to my thundering bath. The heavier masses seemed to strike like cobblestones, and there was a confused noise of many waters about my ears — hissing, gurgling, clashing sounds that were not heard as music. The situation was quickly realized.

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[1] From *The Mountains of California*. Copyright by The Century Company, publishers

How fast one's thoughts burn in such times of stress! I was weighing chances of escape. Would the column be swayed a few inches away from the wall, or would it come yet closer? The fall was in flood and not so lightly would its ponderous mass be swayed. My fate seemed to depend on a breath of the "idle wind." It was moved gently forward, the pounding ceased, and I was once more visited by glimpses of the moon. But fearing I might be caught at a disadvantage in making too hasty a retreat, I moved only a few feet along the bench to where a block of ice lay. I wedged myself between the ice and the wall, and lay face downwards, until the steadiness of the light gave encouragement to rise and get away. Somewhat nerve-shaken, drenched, and benumbed, I made out to build a fire, warmed myself, ran home, reached my cabin before daylight, got an hour or two of sleep, and awoke sound and comfortable, better, not worse, for my hard midnight bath.

SEMAPHORE [1]

JOSEPH HUSBAND

EVERY night, at exactly eight minutes past nine the limited roars through the village. I can see it coming several miles away, its powerful headlight fingering rails and telegraph-wires with a shimmer of light. Silently and slowly it seems to draw nearer; then, suddenly, it is almost above me. A wild roar of steam and driving-wheels, the wail of its hoarse whistle at the crossing, and then, looming black against the night sky, it smashes past, and in the swing of drivers and connecting-rods I think of a greyhound, or a race-horse thundering the final stretch. High in the cab window a motionless figure peers ahead into the night; suddenly he is blackly silhouetted by the glare of the opened fire-door, and in the orange light I can see the fireman swing back and forth as he feeds his fire. The light burns against the flying steam and smoke above; then blackness — and now the white windows of the Pullmans flicker past, and through the swirl of dust and smoke I watch the two red lights sink down the track.

Every time I see that black figure in the cab I wonder how far he can peer ahead into the night, and I wonder at the perfect faith that is his: faith in silent men who keep the semaphores lighted and true, and in those humble servants whose constant watchfulness guards him from broken rail and loosened fish-plate. Last night I sat beside him.

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[1] From *America at Work*. Copyright, 1915, by Joseph Husband.

It was not my limited that I boarded, but a faster, greater engine that helps to rush half across the continent, a train before which all others wait and all tracks are cleared. I stood with the division superintendent on the platform of the little station where it must pause for water. Beyond the yardlights its song rose clear and vibrant. With a flare of lofty headlight and the grind of brakes it was beside us, steel lungs panting heavily, a reek of oil sweating from heated sides.

The engineer, a torch in his hand, swung down, and we shook hands before I climbed the iron rungs to the cab. From the high windows I watched him oil and stroke the sinews of his monster. Behind, on the top of the tender, the fireman was filling the tanks with a torrent of water. Then they joined me, and in the torchlight I saw the black studded end of the boiler, like a giant cask-head, a tangle of pipes across its face; water-gauge and steam-dial dimly illumined by shaded bull's-eyes. The engineer blew out the torch and climbed into his seat. Opposite him, I settled into mine, the fireman behind me.

There was the thin piping of a whistle in the cab and the engineer slowly opened the throttle. We were off. Rumbling and swaying, we passed the upper windows of the station. Telegraphers in shirt-sleeves were fingering their instruments beneath shaded lights. The chill of the frosty night air penetrated the cab, and I buttoned my coat about me and looked ahead into the darkness. We were gathering headway. A string of freight-cars on a siding swept behind us; already the lights of the village were far behind. Ahead of the long body of the locomotive, extending incredibly beyond the small front windows of the cab, the track, hardly visible in the ray of the headlight, terminated suddenly in the darkness. The roar of drivers and machinery was deafening. From side to side the engine rocked like a plunging derelict. The crashing roar grew louder, loud beyond belief, and the rocking and trembling almost threw me from the seat.

The fireman slid open the jaws of the fire-box, flooding the cab with light and heat. Within, the flame, white to pale daffodil in its intensity, twisted like streams of fluid in the draft. Behind the cab the black end of the tender rose high above my line of vision, rocking and swaying in contrary motion to the engine, like a bulldog twisting on a stick. Balancing on the smooth steel floor, the fireman stoked his grate-bars, his shovel feeding spots where the coal was thinnest. Then darkness as he closed the doors with his foot. Only the two dim lights on gauge and indicator; and on each side, and above, the stars racing evenly beside us. I looked down at the road-bed: it was flooding past us like a torrent.

"Green." I caught the word above the tumult.

"Green," echoes the fireman.

Far ahead, four colored lights gleamed like gems against the sky. Two rubies below; above, another ruby, and beside it the pale green of an emerald. The green light was in the upper right-hand corner of the square.

"Seventy-five to eighty." The fireman shouted in my ear.

"Block's clear. That green light gives us a clear track."

Already the block semaphores were behind us. Blinded by the rush of air, I tried to see the track ahead. Like a dark avalanche the world seemed pouring under our pilot, and beneath I felt the road-bed, at last in motion, shivering and swirling like a mill-race. From under the engine puffs of steam shredded into fog-rift, white in the light from the round holes beneath the grate-bars. And through the two great circles of light projected by them, as from a stereopticon, flickered embankments, telegraph-poles, hills and houses, like a reeling cinematograph.

"Green."

"Green," came the confirmation.

The fixed green star shone for a minute and flashed past.

Faintly I heard the fireman at my ear.

"Almost ninety."

Long ago the headlight had become useless except as a warning of our approach; we were past the farthest range of its illumination before the eye could discern what lay before us. Blind and helpless we tore on. Broken rail, a train on the crossing, or open switch — we would never see it. But "green" shone the light, and wholly trusting in the silent men who flashed to us their word of safety, we never faltered. I thought of a stalled train that might lie sleeping on our rails. But "green" was the light — their thin cry through the long night-watches.

The engineer, silent, his hand fingering throttle and air-brake, sat huddled high on his seat. Through his goggles he watched the blackness ahead. A brief second's time to set his brakes was all he asked. Far off in the great city the chief despatcher was following our flight mile by mile, block to block. Over the wires his voice and the voices of his helpers told the rapid story of our progress. In the lonely tower at the next curve some one would flash the green beacon to our straining eyes, and report us on our way. To him others were now reporting, giving him the certain knowledge that our way was safe. Keepers of the safety of our path; how perfectly we trusted them; how great and unrewarded is their perfect service.

I looked back. Behind, the Pullmans cast steady squares of light on the racing cut. Here was our freight. Sons of Mary; even more blindly they trusted, "peacefully sleeping and unaware."

Sons of Martha; they were beside me.

"Green," they chorused.

Out of the night came the instant crash of the westbound express. With a blast of air and a slamming roar it seemed to brush us. It was gone.

Through a sleeping village we tore on with a wild hoarse cry. Darkened windows flashed reflected light. A station platform whipped past our heels; huddled groups of people pressed back against the building.

"Green!"

Like brilliant stars from a rocket gleamed a constellation at a double crossing. Ruby drops of fire; but the pale-green light shone steadily above. The wheels hammered on the crossing.

Thicker and thicker, like colored fireflies, the switchlights tangled in a maze. We were entering the city. There was the constant rattle of switch points, and I felt the growing murmur of the streets. On either side buildings piled up in shapeless walls like a canyon; there were sudden glimpses of interrupted streets, waiting street-cars, and the glare of arc-lights. We were slowing down.

Cleveland. The station echoed with the iron coughing of engines. Men and women surged between waiting trains; their voices mingled in the uproar. The departing, the returning; men staggering with bags and suitcases, women with little children in their arms. In the green star they trusted.

THE FIGHT

WILLIAM HAZLITT

I WAS going down Chancery Lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass-door of the *Hole in the Wall*, I heard a gentleman asking the same question *at* Mrs. Randall, as the author of *Waverley* would express it. Now Mrs. Randall stood answering the gentleman's question, with all the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutton-chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of *blue ruin* than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe — "The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself!" Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when, who should issue forth but my friend Joe P——s, and, seeing him turn suddenly up Chancery Lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguish a lover of the FANCY, I said, "I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him." So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Joe and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and "so carelessly did we fleet the time," that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to happen or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand, and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

> "What more felicity can fall to creature,
> Than to enjoy delight with liberty?"

my last-named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "*Going to see a fight.*"

Joe and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now, I never travel all night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Joe swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment) — "Well, we meet at Philippi?" I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail-coach stand was bare. "They are all gone," said I — "this is always the way with me — in the instant I lose the future — if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time"; — and cursing my folly and ill-luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back: I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him — namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel: so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims,

> "I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!"

If I had stopped to inquire at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and *ideal* perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I miss everything else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. "Sir," said he of the Brentford, "the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty." I almost doubted my good genius; but, sure enough, up it drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other, desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a great coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle * the trainer sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle; I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers; beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gasman takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks' probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman — an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible is nature and art! "It is well," as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, "to see a variety." He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny but that one learns more of what *is* (I do not say of what *ought to be*) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise. Where was I? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honours of the ring, "where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee; and afterwards, to another breathing over heathy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again — our hero

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* John Thurtell, to wit.

> "Follows so the ever-running sun,
> With profitable *ardour*"—

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum!

The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had "more figures and more fantasies." We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent commonplace for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said, that "he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years." This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three greatcoats with boisterous laughter; and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the three first rounds went off, but "his dream" like others, "denoted a foregone conclusion." He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he "seriously inclined," the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles.

Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Joe, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, "There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters." "Why," said he of the lapels, "I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach-door to another, and asking if any one had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note." "Pray, sir," said my fellow-traveller, "had he a plaid-cloak on?" "Why, no," said I, "not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one." The plaid-cloak and the letter decided the thing. Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards. This was droll enough. We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, "Pray is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of P——s?" "No," said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of Gilpin, "for I have just got out." "Well!" says he, "this is lucky; but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you; for," added he, lowering his voice, "do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs. Belcher said very obligingly, she couldn't tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us. It's a pity I didn't meet with you; we could then have got down for nothing. But *mum's the word*." It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it is sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me.

Our present business was to get beds and supper at an inn; but this was no easy task. The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation. Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect — such was the greater noise within; and when the doors were unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag) —

> "A lusty man to ben an abbot able"—

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water — "Confound it, man, don't be *insipid!*" Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial — one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur — "standing like greyhounds in the slips," etc. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question), and this fellow's conversation was *sauce piquante.* It did one's heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose "he moralised into a thousand similes," making it out a firebrand like Bardolph's. "I'll tell you what, my friend," says he, "the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal." At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth, called for another glass, swore he would not stand it, and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this "loud and furious fun," said — "There's a scene, by G—d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakespeare were our two best men at copying life." This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakespeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, "You read Cobbett, don't you? At least," says I, "you talk just as well as he writes." He seemed to doubt this. But I said, "We have an hour to spare: if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say; and if it doesn't make a capital *Political Register*, I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however. I don't know what I should have done without you." He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket-playing."— The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids; the guests dropped down from their chambers one by one — but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles' march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm — at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road; Joe gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gasman and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About £200,000 were pending. Gas says he has lost £3000, which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won.

He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto, the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life — *Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!*" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the *Fancy*, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vapoured and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!"— "This is the *grave-digger*" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he — though he had licked four of the best men within the hour — why should he threaten to inflict dishonourable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honours meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, "What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly — 'twas not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gasman could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb; so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man — Mr. Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption; and that every man may do as well without! By an over-display of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the *knowing ones* were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stones to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gasman's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the *Fancy* are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of anything that is to be. The Gasman had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself — and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the *Fancy* as in the state or in the schools. Mr. Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiassed discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters. But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green, closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene — but

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon.

"So," I thought, "my fairest hopes have faded from my sight! — so will the Gasman's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near; I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd; and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose greatcoat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and begun quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gasman came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause — attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short — did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gasman won. They were led up to the *scratch* — shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gasman flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gasman could not get over this guard — they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored — the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gasman aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gasman went down and there was another shout — a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened — his blows could not tell at such a distance — he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring — no half-hits — no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maîtreship* of the art — they were almost all knock-down blows: — the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other "like two clouds over the Caspian" — this is the most astonishing thing of all: — this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gasman was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the Fancy, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives! — When the Gasman came to himself, the first words he uttered were, "Where am I? What is the matter?" "Nothing is the matter, Tom — you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive." And Jackson whispered to him, "I am collecting a purse for you, Tom." — Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, "Ah! you always said I couldn't fight — what do you think now?" But all in good-humour, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, "*Pretty well!*" The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

Mais au revoir, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Joe P——s; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now under favour, I am a sentimentalist too — therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-coloured cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the Fancy; that is, with a double portion of great-coats, clogs, and overhauls: and just as we had agreed with a couple of country-lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half-an-hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals — *O procul este profani* — not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill Fields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was *a cross*. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this, you will contend that a love for the Fancy is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment? — We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab greatcoat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pig-tail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr. Windham; I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy with me, and riveted my attention. He went on — "George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him, some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, 'there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's.' He added, 'well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man.'" "Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favour, and he was said to have won the battle. But the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, "I'll fight no more, I've had enough"; which,' says Stevenson, 'you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, "Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough."'" "This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature"; and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candour of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day; but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P.S. — Joe called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.

ENDS OF THINGS[1]

MARY DIXON THAYER

YOU cannot remember your father but you know, very well, what he was like. Haven't you seen pictures of him always, everywhere? There is the picture of him as a little boy. He is sitting on somebody's front steps, laughing. He has on a funny, round hat, and he has curls. Lovely curls. Your hair is straight.

Then there is the picture of him at school. He is important looking, and solemn. And there is the picture of him at College. In that picture his legs are going out in front of him, and his feet are very big. Then there is the picture that sits on Mother's table. In that one he is grown up to be old, and he has a beard. You know him very well. You know him as well as if you remembered him.

Mother is sick. She is in the big bed in the Spare Room. There is a Trained Nurse. She is fat, and walks with little steps, and tells you stories. You wish that you, too, could be sick. It would be fun to lie down, like Mother, all day. You could wear lacy things over your nightgown, and have ice cream, and Miss Carter would sit beside you, and tell stories. You do not feel sorry for Mother.

You can only see her for a little while every day. Miss Carter comes walking with her little steps and calls you, and you run in from the garden where you are making pies out of leaves, chopped up. Miss Carter takes your hand and you go upstairs to Mother's room. You have to be very quiet. You have to tell Mother softly about things you have been doing. You have to tell her about the rabbit under the porch, and about the pies you have been making, and everything.

Miss Carter opens Mother's door and says, "May we come in?" And you see Mother lying down with lacy things around her, and her hands playing with each other. There is sun jumping through the windows, and there is the smell of roses. There is a little table with bottles on it beside Mother's bed.

Mother turns around ever so little, and smiles. Then you kiss her the way Miss Carter says you have to do it, and you sit down and begin to tell her about the things you have been doing.

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There are ever so many things! You have to talk very fast. Miss Carter will take you away before you are nearly finished. When you stop for a second, to breathe, Mother says, "Yes, darling . . . go on . . . go on. . . ." Her voice sounds queer.

You hurry to tell her about the flowers in the garden that have opened themselves, and about the rats that John has caught, and about the letter Bridget got from her brother who lives in Ireland, and about what you had for lunch, and . . . oh dear! There is Miss Carter, and she is saying, "Doesn't this little girl think that she has paid a long enough visit?" And you have to kiss Mother again in that horrid, careful way, and go out of the door, and hear it shut up, ever so carefully, behind you.

You stand still for a minute in the hall. You hope they will call you back. You listen to hear what they are saying about you. You wonder why Miss Carter doesn't tell Mother stories. But there is never any sound — not the tiniest, tiniest sound — except the swishy noise of Miss Carter's dress, and the noise of her little steps.

You run down the stairs and out into the world. Out into the lovely, playing sun. Why does Miss Carter chase you away from Mother? Why doesn't Mother call you back? You wish Mother wasn't sick, after all. You wish that she would hug you up to her the way she used to do — until you screamed, and she laughed, and you were happy.

Now are new, careful kisses, and Mother smiling but never laughing, and the long look in her eyes whenever she says "good-night."

One day you have to go out of Mother's room suddenly. And you have been telling her about lovely things. And you have lots more to tell. But you have to go. Miss Carter makes you. You go. Why can you not stay and talk to Mother? Why?

Big, lazy butterflies are in the garden. Flowers hold up flat faces, and make bows. The world is all full of little things. You lie down on the grass and hate Miss Carter.

After a while Miss Carter comes out on the porch. She is making signs. You run up to her. But Miss Carter shuts you up in her white arms, and she says, "Listen, little Marian . . . your Mother has gone away. . . ."

Solemn people come to your house. People dressed up in black clothes. They take quiet steps, and sigh. People look at you. You have to go to bed early. You cannot say good-night to Mother. You cannot go into Mother's room at all. But Strange People go in. You listen to Strange People talking. You try to understand things they say.

One morning Mary puts you into your white dress — the one that has lace on the collar. She puts you into your coat, and your old straw hat. Where are you going? Why can't you wear your new red hat? Why can't you ask Mother about it?

But you have to do what Mary says. You have to go downstairs and wait for somebody. You have to be very quiet. All the world has been quiet, forever. All the world has Strange People in it who take quiet steps, and sigh.

You go downstairs. You hear people in Mother's room. You hear something heavy, bumping. You hear Strange People talking. Suddenly Mother's door comes open. Quiet footsteps go on. Then things stop. Then a man says, "Take the other end . . . ready?" And at the top of the stairs come six big men. They are carrying a long, black box. They come down the stairs. They do not see you. You squeeze against the wall. You wait. What is happening?

The men get close. The box looks heavy. It is very new. It has shiny nails, along the top. The men go by. The box hits against the bottom step. One of the men says, "Careful — you'll scratch the paint. . . ." They go by.

People come after them. Aunt Agatha, Uncle Edward, Miss Carter, and Strange People. Aunt Agatha says, "Where's Marian?" And you get up, and Aunt Agatha says, "Gracious! Where were you?" And you climb into a waggon, and drive away.

You get out at a Church, with Aunt Agatha. The Church is all full of Strange People. There are people singing Mother's songs. There are flowers around, and little boys in long, black dresses, with happy faces. They are setting fire to candles, in a hurry.

Suddenly things get quiet. The Strange People stand up and turn around, and you see one of the little happy-faced boys coming slowly, up the Church, with a big cross. Behind him come the six big men, with the box. People sing. The box goes by.

You are scared. You catch hold of Aunt Agatha's dress. You whisper, "Is it Mother . . . in the box?"

But Aunt Agatha makes a frown. And the people go on singing.

After that, everything is different. Miss Carter goes away. And Mary. And Bridget. The house where you have lived forever — the little house with the windows in funny places, and the thin trees stooping over it — it is sold to Strange People, and all the things inside of it are piled up into waggons and taken away to Aunt Agatha's. All the beautiful pictures that you loved — the picture that stayed over your bed of a little girl (or a boy — you never knew just which) saying prayers beside a candle in a very big, dim room; and the picture of Father riding a queer, topply bicycle, and the picture of the little black dog that Mother gave you for being good, but that was run over by the ice-waggon; and the picture of far-off mountains that hung over the piano — they are all squeezed into boxes and piled in Aunt Agatha's attic.

You ask if you may keep out the picture of the little black dog? But Aunt Agatha puts her lips together the way she does if she is mad, and says, "That is a whim, Marian. I cannot give in to whims." And Uncle Edward says, "Well, but — if she really wants the thing, Agatha . . . ?" And Aunt Agatha says, "That's right, Edward. Go on. Take the child's part. Of course. I might have known. . . ." And Aunt Agatha walks out of the room. And the picture of the little black dog is wrapped around in newspapers, and carried away to the loft.

Aunt Agatha's house is very big. There is a hall as big, almost, as all of Mother's house. And there are big rooms going out of it. There is a Playroom where nobody ever plays, and a Library with windows like doors, and a Parlor that has looking-glasses in it, and gold chairs and tables, and vases in queer shapes, and little, twisted up statues, and books with their insides stuck together.

The Dining-Room has a shape like an egg. Its door is made of velvet. It has big windows, and through the windows you can see crooked branches of trees, and leaves making shadows. There is a fireplace in the Dining-Room, but you can't make fires in it.

It has to look clean and shiny. Aunt Agatha is mad if you throw things into the fireplace in the Dining-Room. She calls things you throw into it "Truck."

On the mantelpiece are two little Japanese ladies, and a squatty clock. You love the little Japanese ladies. One of them has on a blue dress with a lovely yellow belt. They both have shiny hair, and pink teeth, and silly feet. They have to stand all day and hold up little fans. They are very prim. Maybe they don't like the way you do.

Every morning, Uncle Edward goes somewhere to Work. He doesn't come back till you are eating supper. Then he stops in and talks to you, in the Nursery, on his way to Aunt Agatha's room.

Every morning, you and Uncle Edward have breakfast together. Aunt Agatha stays in bed to have hers. You like having breakfast with Uncle Edward. You can talk about things. If it is warm enough, the windows in the Dining-Room are open. There are wind feelings around, and the noise of birds out in the world. You give Uncle Edward a kiss, and you sit down on the other side of the big table, and you make coffee for him. Jacob helps. At first you are afraid of Jacob. It is queer to have a man — a live man — carrying little plates and things around, and doing whatever he is told. But Jacob is nice. He calls you Miss Marian. He knows that you are old.

It is fun making coffee. When you spill a little — and you almost always do — Uncle Edward doesn't care. He says, "Well, now, young lady!" And that doesn't mean anything.

Then you talk. Uncle Edward fixes your egg for you, and sits back and watches you eat it, and he says, "What's on for to-day, Marian?" And you tell him, making up the things as you go. Uncle Edward listens. He pats the table with his eyeglasses, and half shuts up his eyes, and listens. He says, "You don't mind playing alone, Marian? You tell yourself stories, do you? Who's the Lady Who Never Was? . . ."

He asks you that, one morning, when you are telling him about the people that you love, the queer people who are always around you, talking to you, playing with you, but that nobody can ever see. You can't explain about the Lady Who Never Was. Real people wouldn't understand about her. You say, "Oh, I don't know . . . she's a sort of a make-believe person. . . ."

Aunt Agatha and Uncle Edward begin to talk about Mademoiselles. You listen. You wonder about Mademoiselles. You have never seen one. Would they give you baths? You hate Strange People who give you baths.

You remember the first time that Mary gave you your bath in the little room in Mother's house — the room with the slanty roof, and squeaky floor, and the bathtub painted blue. Till that night Mother has always given you your baths. You would go upstairs, and start. That meant getting undressed, and putting on your fuzzy wrapper, and making your hair stay on the top of your head. Then you went out into the hall and leaned over the banisters and called "Ready!"

Then Mother would come up, and make hot water arrive in the bathtub. The water was lovely. It was much prettier than the water in Aunt Agatha's white bathtubs. It was the beautifullest color!

You stood up beside the tub and looked into it, and loved the blue water. Mother would say, "In you go!" And you let the fuzzy wrapper drop in a little pile on the floor, and you gave a jump and — splash! You would be sitting in the blue water with little hot waves squirming around your neck, and Mother scrubbing you all over and making shivers and tickles go down your back.

Then you could turn over on your stomach and kick up your legs, and make the water splash all around till Mother screamed and caught hold of you by your toes, and made you stop. The blue water would be fizzling and flopping all over the place. If you wanted to, you could shut your eyes and make believe you were swimming in an ocean. The ocean didn't have any sides, and it had waves that went upsetting, forever. But at last you had to get out. It was fun, though, having baths with Mother. Mary never let you have fun. She made you sit up, very straight, in the tub, while she scrubbed you where you weren't dirty, and Mary wouldn't let you make splashes, and she wouldn't laugh, when you did.

Do Mademoiselles give baths? Aunt Agatha thinks that Mademoiselles are nice, and Uncle Edward isn't sure. But one day a Mademoiselle arrives.

You are playing out in the garden. A waggon comes up to the door, and a lady gets out. The waggon goes away. The lady walks up the steps. You know, right away, that the lady is a Mademoiselle.

Jacob opens the door. You run up and peek in the Parlor window. Aunt Agatha is sitting in there. She makes nods with her head to Jacob, and the Mademoiselle goes in. Mademoiselles look like anybody else. Pretty soon Aunt Agatha calls you. You go in. Aunt Agatha says, "Marian, this is Mademoiselle." And the Mademoiselle gives you pats, and says, "Ah . . . the little Marianne. We are good friends . . . the little Marianne . . . not?" And you see that Mademoiselles have two long hairs on their chins.

Mademoiselles live on top floors, near the servants. You take her up there, along dark places. Before Aunt Agatha got thinking about Mademoiselles, the room they have to live in was a Storeroom. It was full of boxes, and beds upside down, and pictures you couldn't have. But now it is all fixed. Mademoiselles like their rooms. You show her the picture that has angels in it, and that Aunt Agatha hung up over her bed because Mademoiselles are Pay Pists, and Mademoiselles cry, "We! We! It is beautiful! I love angel pictures . . . do not you?"

But you tell her you like pictures of little dogs.

Mademoiselles do not give you baths. They sit and watch you take them. Mademoiselles make you wash necks and ears, but they don't care if you forget other parts. You hardly ever have to wash your feet.

The Strange People that are in Mother's house have a little girl and a little boy. The little girl's name is Sarah. She is fat, and has brown dresses. Around her stomach goes a brown belt. She has long hair tied up with a big bow. She is older than you are.

The little boy's name is Spencer. You can call him Spence. On Sundays he has a collar that looks like your porridge bowl turned upside down and put over his neck. He has yellow hair and a little red mouth. When he talks, he gets excited. He can invent games.

On nice afternoons you can go down the road, and out Aunt Agatha's gate, and along Main Street to Mother's house. But when you arrive, Mother isn't there. There are only the Strange

People. The mother of Sarah and Spence is a tall lady with a white face. She wears beautiful clothes. She sits all day on the porch where Mother used to sit, and thinks.

The father of Sarah and Spence is not like yours. He is not dead. He is strong and ugly, and he laughs at little things. You can hear him laughing a long ways off. It is fun to have Sarah and Spence to play with. Spence goes to School. He brings back boys to play, and you can have games of Hide-and-Seek, and Robbers, and any old thing. You can run as fast as most of the boys, and you are taller than any of them. Sarah cannot run fast, and if the boys tease her, she cries. Her face gets very red, and tears come out of it, and Mademoiselle comes running.

Once you are playing Hide-and-Seek. You rush away up to the Hayloft. It is lovely up there. There are pigeons making sleepy sounds, and the hay goes up in hills. There are blue tunnels between the hills and the walls. There is a nice smell. You lie down in the hay, and shut your eyes, and make believe things. Little noises happen all around. A pigeon comes, and you see that he has pointed wings.

Suddenly, the loft door opens. Spence comes in. When he sees you, he laughs. He comes and sits down beside you. He says, "They'll never find us here, will they?" And you say, "No. Isn't it fun?"

Spence sits up very straight, and pushes back his hair, and does not look at you, and says, "Oh, Marian . . . I love you!"

You feel differently at night, than in the daytime. In the daytime you can run, and play games, and scream. There are a million things to do. There are a million things to see. In the daytime there are flowers, and trees, and butterflies, and worms, and holes in the ground, and clouds. . . .

In the night-time there are only feelings, and dark places. You have to stay in bed and think. If there is wind, it is black. If there are stars, you cannot play with them. It is quiet, and you do not understand anything. You lie awake and wonder. . . .

Why are people alive? Why are people dead? Where do people come from? Where do people go? How do people happen? You lie awake and wonder, and the Lady Who Never Was, comes. She comes softly, and listens to your thoughts. You know that she is beautiful. She looks at you, and you cannot look at her. She touches you, and you cannot touch her. She tells you things, but you don't know the sound of her voice.

Mademoiselle kisses you good-night, in her quick way, and goes. You lie down in bed and listen, and wait. The room is full of dark places. Shadows flop against things. The windows are open. Down on the porch are Aunt Agatha and Uncle Edward. You can hear them talking, but you don't care what about. You are waiting . . . suddenly you have a new thought. In a hundred years nobody — not Aunt Agatha, or Uncle Edward, or Mademoiselle — nobody will be in the world! Everyone will be in Heaven! Heaven. That is where Mother has gone. Where is Heaven?

You get out of bed and go to the window. Where is Heaven? Where is Heaven? You lean out of the window and look up at the sky. A million stars happen, up there. Little green clouds bump into them. The trees in the garden point up . . . higher than anyone can see, higher than anyone can think . . . there are whispers coming out of the world . . . then Aunt Agatha's voice, saying, "Really, Edward, *must* you smoke those smelly cigarettes?" . . .

You stand still at the window. Wind puts out its arms. Wind pulls your nightgown, and wants to play. The wind is happy. Will Wind go to Heaven? You think of angels, and God, and little devils with pointed hats. God is alone, on a cloud. He has only a head, and eyes that are terribly wise. He doesn't move. The angels have white, sharp wings. They fly round and round God, and sing. The little devils go hopping underneath, and try to set fire to their clothes. Where is Heaven?

Suddenly you feel a voice — a lovely, soft voice, explaining to you sad things. You kneel down at the window and listen, and the voice goes on and on. It tells things that are so very beautiful you cannot remember them, at all. You begin to cry. And the stars float away over the trees, and the world goes into the distance, and there is only you, and the voice . . . then, all at once, there is Aunt Agatha. She is saying, "Edward! That child's at the window! She's been listening to everything we have said. . . ."

You are going to Dancing Class at Mrs. Potter's. Mrs. Potter has a class for little girls. It is Fancy Dancing. There will not be any boys there. Plenty of time, Aunt Agatha says, to learn to dance with boys. But Fancy Dancing is different. You ought to know how to Handle Yourself.

What do you do when you dance in a fancy way? How can you dance without somebody holding on to you? How will you know where to put yourself? Aunt Agatha comes and sits in the room while you are getting dressed up. Mademoiselle tries to make curls, out of your hair. You put on the dress that Aunt Agatha bought at a bargain sale, in Atlantic City. It is fluffy, and it is so short that your underclothes show. But Aunt Agatha says that doesn't matter. If your underclothes are clean, that is all that is necessary, Aunt Agatha says.

Mademoiselle hands you new, long silk stockings to put on, and you have shiny shoes, with bows. They are tight, but you can get them off by wiggling your toes when nobody is looking. At last you go downstairs and get into the Glass Waggon with Aunt Agatha.

Albert is dressed up too. He has on a new hat and a coat with gold buttons. Aunt Agatha says, "Good afternoon, Albert," and Albert pokes his hat with a finger of his, and makes a grin.

Mrs. Potter lives a long ways off. It takes an hour to get there. The Glass Waggon goes along. Albert lets Simon walk up all the hills till Aunt Agatha hits on the glass back of Albert's head and tells him to go faster. You cannot open any of the windows in the Glass Waggon. If you did, you would be "blown to pieces." You sit and look out of the window between the feathers in Aunt Agatha's hat. Trees go past. And muddled things. Sometimes, a bird. You see little gray clouds hopping along in the opposite direction from Mrs. Potter's. The leaves on the trees are painted gold. Every leaf in the world is laughing. The tops of the trees all shake. It makes you happy to watch them.

Aunt Agatha doesn't want to talk. Once she says, "You will not forget to say how-do-you-do and good-bye to Mrs. Potter, Marian, and to tell her what a nice time you have had. . . ." How does Aunt Agatha know you are going to have a nice time? And once Aunt Agatha says, "Mrs. Potter has a charming place. It has been in the family for years." How does a place get into a family?

Just as you are going in at Mrs. Potter's gate, Aunt Agatha whispers, "Do try and be Graceful, Marian, and don't stick your tongue out, when you dance. . . ."

You arrive. A man comes down the steps and opens the door of the Glass Waggon for you. He makes a beautiful bow, as he does it, but Aunt Agatha goes past him, and doesn't seem to notice. Inside, is another man. He stands there, and doesn't seem to do anything. He has on a lovely blue coat with gold on it, and short trousers like a little boy. Perhaps he is a Fairy Prince. You pinch Aunt Agatha to make her look.

You are in a big hall. Flowers are in the dark places. There are trees, growing out of boxes. A piano is making tunes. Aunt Agatha takes you into a room where there are a lot of little girls. They are standing around being fixed to do Fancy Things. They are very pretty. They have the most lovely dresses, and curls that do not look like yours. One of them has on a black dress with a big lace collar. She looks like Little Lord Fauntleroy. She is standing on her tip-toes in front of a glass. Aunt Agatha takes off your coat and hat, and fusses with your hair, and pokes your clothes around, and then you go out again into the hall. You go right past the Fairy Prince without speaking to him, and into an enormous room.

A lady in a slippery dress is standing at one end. She has white hair and a yellow face. Aunt Agatha gives you a push. She says to the lady, "How are you, Sophie? Yes, this is Marian. Say how-do-you-do to Mrs. Potter, Marian . . . oh, do you think so? Well, Edward thinks she is more like Arthur. . . ."

You can get away, without seeming to be doing it, while Aunt Agatha and Mrs. Potter go talking. A man is making the tunes out of the piano. As he makes them he looks around the room, and smiles. Every now and then he makes a bow. He bows proudly, like a footman. You go across the empty yellow floor to the piano. You lean on it, and watch the man's fingers. How can they go so fast? How do they know where to go? It is funny. The man smiles at you. He says, "Do you like music, little girl?" And you say, "Oh . . . yes. . . ." You have not thought about that.

The room is getting full of little girls. What has happened to Aunt Agatha? There she is . . . sitting at the other end of the room with a lot of old ladies. All the old ladies are leaning over each other, and saying things. Mrs. Potter is there. She keeps nodding her head up and down.

A Lady in a red dress comes into the room and claps. Her dress is short, but you cannot see her underclothes. She has a smile. She stands in the middle of the room, and claps, and all the little girls get themselves into a row. You get yourself into it, too. Will they begin doing Fancy Things with you? You have a new feeling in your stomach . . . you want to run away. The Lady in the red dress stands on the tops of her toes, and says something to the little girls. They all begin doing Fancy Things. You would never know they were Fancy. You stand still, and watch. How do you begin? You lift one leg, and stick it out ahead of you, and keep it there. Then you let it drop. Then you pick it up again and stick it out in back of you, and keep it there. Then you put it down beside your other foot. The Lady in the red dress comes over and shows you how to do it. It is awful. You are glad that Spence isn't there. Who cares what you do with a leg? Is standing on one of your legs being Graceful?

There are candles in the corners of the room — all burning, though it isn't night. There are roses around, and the smell of roses over everything. Suddenly, you are back in Mother's room in the little house Strange People took. Mother is lying in bed and turning her head a little — ever so little — and smiling. She is saying, "Yes, darling . . . go on. . . ."

The Lady in red comes over to you. She says, "Don't you like dancing, little girl?"

On the way home you ask Aunt Agatha if you may have a black dress? Aunt Agatha says, "No. Of course not."

One day, when you are playing in the field near the woods, you find some yellow flowers. They have brown spots, and long pointed ideas. They stand up and look at you. They are proud of being yellow flowers.

When Mademoiselle sees them she begins to pick them. The flowers make little noises when Mademoiselle breaks their bodies. They look sad, and disappointed. In the field, big bees come humming. Mademoiselle says "Pouff!" and gives squeaks at them. She does not think bees pretty, or notice how important they are. The bees want only to play with the flowers. Mademoiselle does not understand. She says, "Pouff! Les méchantes abeilles!" and makes slaps at the bees when they play.

It is fun going to Sarah and Spence's house to play. It is fun because the house that is Sarah and Spence's now, really used to be yours. Sarah and Spence have a nurse. Her name is Anna. She is fat, and has to make puffy noises when she walks. Anna sits under a tree and darns stockings, and Mademoiselle sits and talks to her. When Anna and Mademoiselle go talking, you can do almost anything.

Up on the porch sits Spence's mother. You run up there, sometimes, to hide. If you go too close to her she will kiss you. She is always thinking about things. She has a book in her lap, but she never reads it. She has big, sad eyes, and when they look at you, you love her.

When the father of Sarah and Spence comes home, you run away. You hear him laugh, and you run away as far as ever you can. He laughs if you tell him about things you love, or if you tell him about things you think. So you never can tell him about anything.

One day you are playing in the Swamp. The Swamp is a low-down, tangled-up place. Trees grow there, holding on to one another. You aren't supposed to play in the Swamp. It is supposed to have snakes in it. But you can go down into the Swamp just the same when Anna and Mademoiselle go talking. It is lovely being there. Spence makes up a game. You start at one end of a log that is lying on its stomach, and see how far you can walk along it, without falling off. You can't hold on to branches, or anything, while you do it. You take turns. It is awfully lovely. You are a lady walking on a string in a Circus. Underneath are millions of people, looking up. If you fall off, you will die. You try not to breathe. You get a little ways. You wabble. You fall . . . but you don't die. You lie there in the crackly leaves and watch Spence try to do it. Out of the log, close to the wood, comes white stuff. You can break it off and draw pictures on it. It is such fun just to lie there, in the leaves, and make pictures on the white stuff, and feel happy. . . .

Suddenly a gun goes off. It goes off with a terrible noise.

Somebody is making screams. You hear people running, and screaming.

You get out of the Swamp. Mademoiselle and Anna are standing there, looking scared. Anna is crying. You want to laugh at her. There is a lot of noise in the little house. Somebody leans out of a window and waves her arms. Doors slam. Mademoiselle catches hold of you, and she says in a shaky way, "Here . . . we go home . . . we get out of this . . . queek!" And she pulls you along out into the road. Away. You look back. Spence is running up to the house. Sarah is holding on to Anna. You begin to cry. Why is everybody frightened? What is it all about?

Next morning, you know. Spence's father has gone to Heaven. But he wasn't supposed to go. That is why there was such a fuss. If you go to Heaven too soon, it is Terrible. You do not see Spence or Sarah again for a long time — for a week. Then you ask about things. Spence's father shot a gun into himself on purpose. People went up and found him lying down with blood all coming out of him. Yes, of course it was Real Blood. It is exciting while Spence is telling you about it. But you are not sorry for Spence's father. Ought you to be sorry for him? You ask Spence. Spence says he doesn't know.

Aunt Agatha calls Spence's father's going to Heaven a Terrible Thing, and a Good Riddance. She calls it a Terrible Thing first. She makes you pick bunches of flowers, and Albert takes them down to the little house. There is one thing that nobody will tell you. Will Spence's father laugh, all the time, at the angels?

It is lessons about numbers that you hate. You do not understand about numbers. They do not make pictures in your head. They do not make feelings come.

Miss Brooks teaches about numbers. She has eye-glasses that you think of as a piece of her face. When you get mixed up about numbers, she laughs. She laughs at you in front of all the little girls who are not New. Why is it so funny if you do not understand about numbers?

Miss Brooks has a stick that is flat. She stands up in front of the blackboard and points with the stick at numbers, and asks you questions. When you say things wrong, she laughs. And when Miss Brooks laughs at anything, all the little girls go laughing too. But you aren't supposed to go laughing, unless Miss Brooks goes doing it.

Sometimes you have to stand up in front of the blackboard yourself. You stand there. And you see all the little girls looking at you, and getting ready to laugh. You see the little girls that understand about numbers putting up their hands to show that they can tell the mistakes you are going to make. You stand there. And you want to cry. And you pretend you want to know about numbers. Miss Brooks says, "Explain what you have done, to the Class, Marian . . ." and you try to. But your head that ought to have numbers in it has only pictures. Queer pictures. Pictures of all the little girls who know about numbers lying under humps in the world and hearing God laugh . . . pictures of clouds that make hoops over the sky for angels to jump through . . . pictures of. . . . Miss Brooks says, "Stop standing there biting your pencil, Marian. Explain the Problem to the Class." And you begin to say things. Crazy things. And Miss Brooks laughs. And all the little girls laugh. And you feel tears wanting to come out of you, but you make them stay in. Then Miss Brooks tells you to go back to your seat. And you go to it, with people looking at your legs. . . .

One of the little girls who understands about numbers rubs out all the things you stuck on the blackboard, and puts other things there. Miss Brooks says, "Do you see now, Marian, where you made your mistake?" And you say "Yes" . . . because you don't understand anything about any of it, and you will cry if they laugh at you, any more.

There is a girl at school that you love. You love her right away when you first look at her. At recess, or when you walk by her in the hall, she looks at you, and you love her.

She has eyes that are blue, and she has curly eyelashes. When she is studying, her eyelashes come down over her eyes and cover them up. She has hair that blows around in little curls when the window is open. You know that she thinks beautiful things.

One day you write her a little letter. It goes over to her, under people's desks, and as it goes you shiver, and you cannot look. The note says, "Will you take a walk with me at recess?"

Out of the ends of your eyes you see her reading it. Then you see her writing down an answer. The answer is coming back to you, under the desks. You put out your hand and get it. You see her writing for the first time. It is slanty, and big. Your name looks beautiful, written by her.

You put up the lid of your desk and open the letter. There are shaky feelings in your fingers. Everything gets far away. You open it. It says, "I will meet you under the stairs. . . ."

When you meet her, you cannot say what you want to. You say, "I'm glad you want to walk . . ." and she says, "Oh, I always walk at recess. . . ." And you go down the hall and out into the world. People bump into you, but you don't care. People call things to you, but you don't listen. You go along out into the road where the trees live in rows, and where Strange People are. She puts her hand into your pocket where your own hand is, and you stop breathing. She says, "You're New, aren't you?" And you feel her hand touching your hand inside your pocket, and where it touches come little sparks that go up through your fingers into yourself, and through yourself into the world.

The trees along the road must feel them. The Strange People who pass you, must know . . . but the trees are very solemn, and quiet, and the Strange People go by, without looking. . . .

After that, school is different. . . . She is there. You can look at her. You can touch her hand. It does not matter what she says. One day you tell Sarah about her. Sarah giggles. She says, "Oh, I know what's the matter. You have a Crush. Everybody gets them. They never last."

Summer has gone far off from the world. The trees stand up against the sky without any clothes on. They are waiting for snow. You can see the way that trees are made. You can see their wrinkles, and the places where branches happen.

The branches stick their fingers into the sky. When you go through the woods you can look away off, through the fingers of trees. Some of the trees are sad. They reach for things. Some of them are happy. They nod their heads, and when wind comes, they bow. All the trees make little dry noises. Some of them look very old. The old ones are ashamed of not having any clothes. The young ones hold themselves up and want you to notice how beautiful they are.

When you go for walks, anywhere, leaves come skipping. They skip around your feet and make little tired words. Crows go slantways on the sky. You can hear them clearing their throats. You are sorry for crows. They are sick. They are always coughing, and flying away. Nobody minds. . . .

The Creek is full of leaves and sticks. The leaves turn up the edges of themselves, and make little boats. They go past you without speaking. Everything is waiting for the snow.

At last snow comes. It comes softly, without telling you. It comes in little pieces, and the pieces play in the sky and chase each other, and when they are tired, they fall. They peep around each other and fight for little places. They get into cracks. They make piles. They look into windows, and disappear. There are millions of them to count. You have been waiting for the snow too, although you did not know it.

At school, when you sing the Christmas songs, you look out of the window, and the snowflakes are listening. . . . "Ring out, wild bells!" . . . And the snow comes, and the tops of houses get white, and things go by without noises.

At recess you run out into the snow, and it is waiting for you. You dance with it. Some of the snowflakes see you coming. They run away. But others don't. You hold up your face, and the snow touches it. You jump, and snow gets tangled in your hair. The trees all look excited and surprised. They are being dressed in lacy things.

All day it snows. Where is snow coming from? The night is not black, like other nights. It is grey, and there are blue feelings around it. The snow keeps coming, and coming.

When you wake up you run to the window. There is a pile of diamonds on the floor. You touch it with your toes. It is cold, and pulls away. Soon Mademoiselle arrives and shuts the window. She takes away the diamonds in a shovel. You dress quickly, looking out of windows. Everything is beautiful. Some of the trees are glass. The fir-trees stand with their heads bent down. They have white crowns on their heads. They are dressed in white dresses, with trains. They are like queens who are sad.

You go to school in a sleigh. Albert has on a fur cap, and you cannot see any of Albert but his face. On his face, his nose is blue. He is a gnome. You get into the sleigh and snuggle, and a big rug comes up around you. You go off over the beautiful world and little bells ring. There is no noise anywhere, but bells.

Christmas arrives. There is a lot of talk about Santa Claus. You aren't quite sure about Santa Claus — people smile when they talk about him. But Aunt Agatha says that he is true. Would Aunt Agatha make lies?

You tie up one of Mademoiselle's big stockings to the end of your bed, and you stay awake. You are going to find out about Santa Claus. After a long while you hear somebody arriving. You lie very still. You make your eyes look shut. You see the door open. You wait. Santa Claus ought to come down chimneys. Uncle Edward comes in on his toes. He is carrying things. He comes over and looks at you. You keep yourself quiet, and you breathe with a noise, like Anna. Uncle Edward puts things into the stocking that you have hung up. There are a lot of things. The stocking is not big enough for them all. Uncle Edward ties things on to the stocking, and on to the post of the bed.

Then he comes and leans over you, and you shut up your eyes tight. You can hear him breathe, and you can smell his smoky smell. He puts a kiss on your face, and pulls up the blankets around you, and goes away. You sit up in bed. You want to call him back. You want to talk about things. But he has gone away, and the door is shut, and you are alone. Then you know that Aunt Agatha has told lies, and Uncle Edward, and everybody. Santa Claus isn't true. Do people tell lies about everything? How can you be sure? Maybe God isn't true, either. But you are very, very sleepy — too sleepy to think about God. . . .

First thing, in the morning, you open your stocking. Uncle Edward comes in in his night trousers and watches you do it. You pull out lovely things. For a minute you want to ask Uncle Edward about Santa Claus not happening, but Uncle Edward looks happy. He says, "Santa brought you everything you wanted, Marian!" And you look at Uncle Edward being happy over telling lies, and you say "Yes."

When Christmas has disappeared you pile up all the things that you have got, in the Nursery. The Nursery is big, and sun pokes into it. It has pink roses on the wall. The roses are as big as your head, and they grow in rows. When they get to the ceiling some of them have to have their heads cut off. Once, when you were sick and had to stay in bed and have headaches, you counted all the roses that grow on the wall in the Nursery. But now you have forgotten how many there are.

Aunt Agatha says the roses are faded, but they don't look the way faded roses generally do. They have not shut up themselves from the world, and they do not look sad.

The Nursery has a rug that is pink. If you run around over it very fast, sliding your feet, you can make funny feelings in the ends of your fingers when you touch things. It is a fairy rug. In the Nursery you keep everything that you love, that can be kept in houses. Once, when you are playing in there, Aunt Agatha comes in. She is dressed up in a black dress with a lot of her neck coming out. She has sparkly things on herself. She says, "I want you to put your old toys together. I am going to send them to Saint Martin's."

Saint Martin's is a place where little poor children have to live. It is a place where old things go. You think quickly of all the old toys that you love and that you do not want to let go to Saint Martin's. But you do not tell Aunt Agatha what you are thinking, and Aunt Agatha goes away.

You sit down and put into one side of your head all the things that you want to keep forever. You want to keep most all of the old things, forever. You will send away the new things to Saint Martin's, and you will keep the old things. You know just how to play with the old things, and you love them. The new things are exciting, but you do not love them.

When Aunt Agatha comes to get the things for Saint Martin's, she does not understand. She does not understand about your loving the old things best. She takes all the old things that you love, and she puts them into a box, and some of them break, when she does it. You stand beside Aunt Agatha and watch her throwing the things that are yours into a box that will be taken away. You want to cry. You want to run at Aunt Agatha and hit her. You are wicked.

When all the old things are in the box, Aunt Agatha makes a string go round it, and ties the string in knots. You will never see any of the dear old things again. They will be played with by little poor children who will not know how they all want to be played with. Tears come out of yourself. You feel things inside of you swelling. Aunt Agatha is going out of the door. She looks around at you. She sees the tears coming out of you. She says, "I would not have believed, Marian, that you could be so selfish . . ." and she goes away.

You lie down on the floor and cry without making any noise. All the new, queer toys stare at you. They do not care about your crying. You want to hurt the new toys the way Aunt Agatha hurt the old ones that you love. But you are afraid. It is wicked to love old toys.

Sometimes, for school, you have to write stories out of your head. You do it at home, and then you take the stories with you to school, and give them to Miss Marvel. If Miss Marvel does not like the stories that come out of you, she makes red marks all over them, and throws them away.

Generally Miss Marvel tells you what the stories have to be about. She has made stories come out of you about any old thing. But one day she says, "This time you can write about whatever you like. . . ."

You are glad. You have excited ideas. But somebody says, "Oh, Miss Marvel! Tell us what to write about! How do we know what to write about?" But Miss Marvel says, "No. Choose your own subject. Write about anything you like."

Imagine! There is the whole world around you! And you can write about anything you like! You can hardly wait to get home. You have sums to do, and other lessons. But you forget about them. You think only of the story that can be about anything in the world. . . .

You run upstairs to the Nursery. For a minute you wonder what to write about. Then you see a Prince. He has blue clothes, and hair in curls. He comes walking over the world. You begin to write. The Prince does lovely things . . . you write. Mademoiselle comes in and talks. You wish for her to go, and she goes. The Prince does anything you want. He runs into woods and finds Princesses. He makes a Castle. He is a fairy . . . you write. . . . Mademoiselle comes in again and talks about supper. You have to leave the Prince, and eat. But after supper he comes running back to you, and you do not end him off until it is time for bed. You go to bed, but you cannot sleep because of the Prince. You think of things he ought to have done. You think of things you could still make him do. You know him better than anybody that you know.

Next day you give the story to Miss Marvel. Will she understand about the Prince? Will she cover him all over with red marks? Will she throw him away?

You hate to give the Prince to Miss Marvel. It is mean of you. But you have to. You feel shaky when Miss Marvel takes him, and puts him in a drawer. You want to tell her he is beautiful, and that she oughtn't to put him in there.

You have not done any of the other lessons you are supposed to have done. . . . People are mad. And you cannot tell them about the Prince. You cannot blame things on him. You are sad. But when you think of the Prince, sadness goes. You are glad you have made him, even if he will be thrown away. You will have him in your head, forever.

When you are going home, Miss Marvel makes you stop at her desk. She is holding the Prince, and turning over his pages. She says, "Who helped you with this, Marian?"

Is she making jokes? Who could help you with a Prince? You laugh. But Miss Marvel says, "Answer me, Marian, who helped you with this story?" And you say, "Why, only the Prince. . . ." You don't know how to explain things to Miss Marvel. She says, "Well. You are a strange child. . . ."

Then she puts the Prince back in the drawer. You wish for him. You say, "Can I have the Prince again, ever?" But Miss Marvel says, "I will keep the story, Marian, if you don't mind."

You do mind. But Miss Marvel keeps it.

Just when you are getting tired of winter, it goes. It goes quietly, so you won't notice. The snow skips down hills. The icicles make diamonds on the ends of themselves. Everything is soft. You cannot go on sleds any more. Sleds stick into the world. They get put into cellars.

Soon the snow all disappears. And you don't care. You are wishing for summer. You have green thoughts. It is a million years since summer was. Little furry balls are arriving on a tree at the bottom of the hill. They are pink, low down, and grey on their tops. You love them. You let them touch you, and they whisper things about summer.

Summer begins to arrive. You know about its arriving before it lets you see it. The tops of things have green feelings, and winds smell good. People laugh. Albert digs up the world with a shovel. He puts seeds into holes. They will make themselves into vegetables for you to eat.

Spence and Sarah and the Pale Lady who is their mother are going away. They are going to the Paree places that Mademoiselle came from. One day Sarah and Spence and the Pale Lady who is their mother arrive to make good-byes. You go out into the garden with Spence. You go down to the place in back of the stable where a cow is. Then you go away down the road to the Gate. You climb up on it, and Spence makes it into a ship. He stands on top, and steers. You have to fix sails, and things. Just when a wave is coming, Aunt Agatha, and Sarah, and the Pale Lady come too. You have to get off the ship and be Polite. The Pale Lady looks sad. She says, "Say good-bye now, children . . ." and you look at Spence and Sarah, and they look back at you. It is not like saying good-byes on other days. You don't know how to say good-byes for long times. You look at Spence. Does he know how to say long good-byes? But Spence says, "Listen! I'll run you a race!"

You start. You hear Aunt Agatha calling. But you go on. You run very fast. Your legs won't stop. Your hair flops. Winds come. And Spence yells, "To the woods! To the woods!"

Everything gets way behind you. There is nothing ahead but woods. And you are saying good-byes inside of yourself to Spence. You want Spence to win this race. And Spence wins. He laughs, and puts out his hands in his happy way. He says, "I won! I won!" And you are glad.

Then you have to go back to things. They are waiting for you. When you get to where Aunt Agatha is, and the Pale Lady, you have to make loud good-byes. Sarah gives you kisses. But

Spence doesn't. He looks away off, away off down the lawn to the woods, and he says, very low, "Well. Good-bye. . . ."

And you go back to the house with Aunt Agatha.

The little house that was yours is locked up. There are newspapers stuck in the windows. You cannot see into the little house any more. The trees stoop over it, and talk, but nobody is there to listen.

You still walk there, sometimes, with Mademoiselle. The little house looks at you, and is sad. There is nothing to do there any more. You think about good-byes. You ask Uncle Edward about them. "Will Spence and Sarah come back?" And Uncle Edward says, "I'm afraid not, Marian . . ." and you say, "Didn't they love the little house?" But Uncle Edward says, "I wonder. . . ."

Then you go upstairs to bed. The Nursery is hot and yellow. Outside, night is arriving. You watch it while you get undressed. Things get blue. Shadows walk. There is a star. Suddenly you feel a surprise. You say to Mademoiselle, "Where do the nights all come from? Where is the beginning of things?"

But Mademoiselle goes on unbuttoning you, and she says, "*Quelle idée!* Who finds beginnings? It is ends of things that we know. . . ."

FATHER AND SON[1]

EDMUND GOSSE

THIS was the great moment in the history of thought when the theory of the mutability of species was preparing to throw a flood of light upon all departments of human speculation and action. It was becoming necessary to stand emphatically in one army or the other. Lyell was surrounding himself with disciples, who were making strides in the direction of discovery. Darwin had long been collecting facts with regard to the variation of animals and plants. Hooker and Wallace, Asa Gray and even Agassiz, each in his own sphere, were coming closer and closer to a perception of that secret which was first to reveal itself clearly to the patient and humble genius of Darwin. In the year before, in 1856, Darwin, under pressure from Lyell, had begun that modest statement of the new revelation, that "abstract of an essay," which developed so mightily into *The Origin of Species*. Wollaston's *Variation of Species* had just appeared, and had been a nine days' wonder in the wilderness.

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[1] From *Father and Son.* Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

On the other side, the reactionaries, although never dreaming of the fate which hung over them had not been idle. In 1857 the astounding question had for the first time been propounded with contumely, "What, then, did we come from an orang-outang?" The famous *Vestiges of Creation* had been supplying a sugar-and-water panacea for those who could not escape from the trend of evidence and who yet clung to revelation. Owen was encouraging reaction by resisting, with all the strength of his prestige, the theory of the mutability of species.

In this period of intellectual ferment, as when a great political revolution is being planned, many possible adherents were confidentially tested with hints and encouraged to reveal their bias in a whisper. It was the notion of Lyell, himself a great mover of men, that before the doctrine of natural selection was given to a world which would be sure to lift up at it a howl of execration, a certain body-guard of sound and experienced naturalists, expert in the description of species, should be privately made aware of its tenour. Among those who were thus initiated, or approached with a view towards possible illumination, was my Father. He was spoken to by Hooker, and later on by Darwin, after meetings of the Royal Society in the summer of 1857.

My Father's attitude towards the theory of natural selection was critical in his career, and, oddly enough, it exercised an immense influence on my own experience as a child. Let it be admitted at once, mournful as the admission is, that every instinct in his intelligence went out at first to greet the new light. It had hardly done so, when a recollection of the opening chapter of Genesis checked it at the outset. He consulted with Carpenter, a great investigator, but one who was fully as incapable as himself of remodelling his ideas with regard to the old, accepted hypotheses. They both determined, on various grounds, to have nothing to do with the terrible theory, but to hold steadily to the law of the fixity of species. It was exactly at this juncture that we left London, and the slight and occasional, but always extremely salutary personal intercourse with men of scientific leading which my Father had enjoyed at the British Museum and at the Royal Society came to an end. His next act was to burn his ships, down to the last beam and log out of which a raft could have been made. By a strange act of wilfulness, he closed the doors upon himself for ever.

My Father had never admired Sir Charles Lyell. I think that the famous "Lord Chancellor manner" of the geologist intimidated him, and we undervalue the intelligence of those whose conversation puts us at a disadvantage. For Darwin and Hooker, on the other hand, he had a profound esteem, and I know not whether this had anything to do with the fact that he chose, for his impetuous experiment in reaction, the field of geology, rather than that of zoölogy or botany. Lyell had been threatening to publish a book on the geological history of Man, which was to be a bomb-shell flung into the camp of the catastrophists. My Father, after long reflection, prepared a theory of his own, which, as he fondly hoped, would take the wind out of Lyell's sails, and justify geology to godly readers of Genesis. It was, very briefly, that there had been no gradual modification of the surface of the earth, or slow development of organic forms, but that when the catastrophic act of creation took place, the world presented, instantly, the structural appearance of a planet on which life had long existed.

The theory, coarsely enough, and to my Father's great indignation, was defined by a hasty press as being this — that God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity. In truth, it was the logical and inevitable conclusion of accepting, literally, the doctrine of a sudden act of creation; it emphasized the fact that any breach in the circular course of nature could be conceived only on the supposition that the object created bore false witness to past processes, which had never taken place. For instance, Adam would certainly possess hair and teeth and bones in a condition which it must have taken many years to accomplish, yet he was created full-grown yesterday. He would certainly — though Sir Thomas Browne denied it — display an *omphalos*, yet no umbilical cord had ever attached him to a mother.

Never was a book cast upon the waters with greater anticipations of success than was this curious, this obstinate, this fantastical volume. My father lived in a fever of suspense, waiting for the tremendous issue. This *Omphalos* of his, he thought, was to bring all the turmoil of scientific speculation to a close, fling geology into the arms of Scripture, and make the lion eat grass with the lamb. It was not surprising, he admitted, that there had been experienced an ever-increasing discord between the facts which geology brings to light and the direct statements of the early chapters of Genesis. Nobody was to blame for that. My Father, and my Father alone, possessed the secret of the enigma; he alone held the key which could smoothly open the lock of geological mystery. He offered it, with a glowing gesture, to atheists and Christians alike. This was to be the universal panacea; this the system of intellectual therapeutics which could not but heal all the maladies of the age. But, alas! atheists and Christians alike looked at it and laughed, and threw it away.

In the course of that dismal winter, as the post began to bring in private letters, few and chilly, and public reviews, many and scornful, my Father looked in vain for the approval of the churches, and in vain for the acquiescence of the scientific societies, and in vain for the gratitude of those "thousands of thinking persons," which he had rashly assured himself of receiving. As his reconciliation of Scripture statements and geological deductions was welcomed nowhere; as Darwin continued silent, and the youthful Huxley was scornful, and even Charles Kingsley, from whom my Father had expected the most instant appreciation, wrote that he could not "give up the painful and slow conclusion of five and twenty years' study of geology, and believe that God has written on the rocks one enormous and superfluous lie," — as all this happened or failed to happen, a gloom, cold and dismal, descended upon our morning teacups. It was what the poets mean by an "inspissated" gloom; it thickened day by day, as hope and self-confidence evaporated in thin clouds of disappointment. My Father was not prepared for such a fate. He had been the spoiled darling of the public, the constant favourite of the press, and now, like the dark angels of old,

> So huge a rout
> Encumbered him with ruin.

He could not recover from amazement at having offended everybody by an enterprise which had been undertaken in the cause of universal reconciliation.

During that grim season, my Father was no lively companion, and circumstance after circumstance combined to drive him further from humanity. He missed more than ever the sympathetic ear of my Mother; there was present to support him nothing of that artful, female casuistry which insinuates into the wounded consciousness of a man the conviction that, after all, he is right and all the rest of the world is wrong. My Father used to tramp in solitude round and round the red ploughed field which was going to be his lawn, or, sheltering himself from the thin Devonian rain, pace up and down the still-naked verandah where blossoming creepers were to be. And I think that there was added to his chagrin with his fellow mortals a first tincture of that heresy which was to attack him later on. It was now that, I fancy, he began, in his depression, to be angry with God. How much devotion had he given, how many sacrifices had he made, only to be left storming round this red morass with no one in all the world to care for him except one pale-faced child with its cheek pressed to the window!

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On Christmas Day of this year 1857 our villa saw a very unusual sight. My Father had given strictest charge that no difference whatever was to be made in our meals on that day; the dinner was to be neither more copious than usual nor less so. He was obeyed, but the servants, secretly rebellious, made a small plum-pudding, for themselves. (I discovered afterwards, with pain, that Miss Marks received a slice of it in her boudoir.) Early in the afternoon, the maids — of whom we were now advanced to keeping two — kindly remarked that "the poor dear child ought to have a bit, anyhow," and wheedled me into the kitchen, where I ate a slice of plum-pudding. Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out: "Oh! Papa, Papa, I have eaten of flesh offered to idols!" It took some time, between my sobs, to explain what had happened. Then my Father sternly said: "Where is the accursed thing?" I explained that as much as was left of it was still on the kitchen table. He took me by the hand, and ran with me into the midst of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass. The suddenness, the violence, the velocity of this extraordinary act made an impression on my memory which nothing will ever efface.

The key is lost by which I might unlock the perverse malady from which my Father's conscience seemed to suffer during the whole of this melancholy winter. But I think that a dislocation of his intellectual system had a great deal to do with it. Up to this point in his career, he had, as we have seen, nourished the delusion that science and revelation could be mutually justified, that some sort of compromise was possible. With great and ever greater distinctness, his investigations had shown him that in all departments of organic nature there are visible the evidences of slow modification of forms, of the type developed by the pressure and practice of æons. This conviction had been borne in upon him until it was positively irresistible. Where was his place, then, as a sincere and accurate observer? Manifestly, it was with the pioneers of the new truth, it was with Darwin, Wallace and Hooker. But did not the second chapter of Genesis say that in six days the heavens and earth were finished, and the host of them, and that on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made?

Here was a dilemma! Geology certainly *seemed* to be true, but the Bible, which was God's word, *was* true. If the Bible said that all things in Heaven and Earth were created in six days, created in six days they were — in six literal days of twenty-four hours each. The evidences of spontaneous variation of form, acting, over an immense space of time, upon ever-modifying organic structures, *seemed* overwhelming, but they must either be brought into line with the six-day labour of creation, or they must be rejected. I have already shown how my Father worked out the ingenious *Omphalos* theory in order to justify himself as a strictly scientific observer who was also a humble slave of revelation. But the old convention and the new rebellion would alike have none of his compromise.

To a mind so acute and at the same time so narrow as that of my Father — a mind which is all logical and positive without breadth, without suppleness and without imagination — to be subjected to a check of this kind is agony. It has not the relief of a smaller nature, which escapes from the dilemma by some foggy formula; nor the resolution of a larger nature to take to it wings and surmount the obstacle. My Father, although half suffocated by the emotion of being lifted, as it were, on the great biological wave, never dreamed of letting go his clutch of the ancient tradition, but hung there, strained and buffeted. It is extraordinary that he — an "honest hodman of science," as Huxley once called him — should not have been content to allow others, whose horizons were wider than his could be, to pursue those purely intellectual surveys for which he had no species of aptitude. As a collector of facts and marshaller of observations, he had not a rival in that age; his very absence of imagination aided him in his work. But he was more an attorney than a philosopher, and he lacked that sublime humility which is the crown of genius. For, this obstinate persuasion that he alone knew the mind of God, that he alone could interpret the designs of the Creator, what did it result from if not from a congenial lack of that highest modesty which replies "I do not know" even to the questions which Faith, with menacing finger, insists on having most positively answered?

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About this time, the question of my education came up for discussion in the household, as indeed it well might. Miss Marks had long proved practically inadequate in this respect, her slender acquirements evaporating, I suppose, like the drops of water under the microscope, while the field of her general duties became wider. The subjects in which I took pleasure, and upon which I possessed books, I sedulously taught myself; the other subjects, which formed the vast majority, I did not learn at all. Like *Aurora Leigh*,

> I brushed with extreme flounce
> The circle of the universe,

especially zoölogy, botany and astronomy, but with the explicit exception of geology, which my Father regarded as tending directly to the encouragement of infidelity. I copied a great quantity of maps, and read all the books of travels that I could find. But I acquired no mathematics, no languages, no history, so that I was in danger of gross illiteracy in these important departments.

My Father grudged the time, but he felt it a duty to do something to fill up these deficiencies, and we now started Latin, in a little eighteenth-century reading-book, out of which my Grandfather had been taught. It consisted of strings of words, and of grim arrangements of conjunction and declension, presented in a manner appallingly unattractive. I used to be set down in the study, under my Father's eye, to learn a solid page of this compilation, while he wrote or painted. The window would be open in summer, and my seat was close to it. Outside a bee was shaking the clematis-blossom, or a red-admiral butterfly was opening and shutting his wings on the hot concrete of the verandah, or a blackbird was racing across the lawn. It was almost more than human nature could bear to have to sit holding up to my face the dreary little Latin book, with its sheep-skin cover that smelt of mildewed paste.

But out of this strength there came an unexpected sudden sweetness. The exercise of hearing me repeat my strings of nouns and verbs had revived in my Father his memories of the classics. In the old solitary years, a long time ago, by the shores of Canadian rapids, on the edge of West Indian swamps, his Virgil has been an inestimable solace to him. To extremely devout persons, there is something objectionable in most of the great writers of antiquity. Horace, Lucretius, Terence, Catullus, Juvenal — in each there is one quality or another definitely repulsive to a reader who is determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. From time immemorial, however, it has been recognised in the Christian church that this objection does not apply to Virgil. He is the most evangelical of the classics; he is the one who can be enjoyed with least to explain away and least to excuse. One evening my Father took down his Virgil from an upper shelf, and his thoughts wandered away from surrounding things; he travelled in the past again. The book was a Delphin edition of 1798, which had followed him in all his wanderings; there was a great scratch on the sheep-skin cover that a thorn had made in a forest of Alabama. And then, in the twilight, as he shut the volume at last, oblivious of my presence, he began to murmur and to chant the adorable verses by memory.

> Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,

he warbled; and I stopped my play, and listened as if to a nightingale, till he reached

> Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
> Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

"O Papa, what is that?" I could not prevent myself from asking. He translated the verses, he explained their meaning, but his exposition gave me little interest. What to me was beautiful Amaryllis? She and her love-sick Tityrus awakened no image whatever in my mind.

But a miracle had been revealed to me, the incalculable, the amazing beauty which could exist in the sound of verses. My prosodical instinct was awakened, quite suddenly that dim evening, as my Father and I sat alone in the breakfast-room after tea, serenely accepting the hour, for once, with no idea of exhortation or profit. Verse, "a breeze mid blossoms playing," as Coleridge says, descended from the roses as a moth might have done, and the magic of it took hold of my heart for ever. I persuaded my Father, who was a little astonished at my insistence, to repeat the lines over and over again. At last my brain caught them, and as I walked in Benny's garden, or as I hung over the tidal pools at the edge of the sea, all my inner being used to ring out with the sound of

> Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

. . . .

The current of my life ran, during my school-days, most merrily and fully in the holidays, when I resumed my out-door exercises with those friends in the village of whom I have spoken earlier. I think they were more refined and better bred than any of my school-fellows, at all events it was among these homely companions alone that I continued to form congenial and sympathetic relations. In one of the boys — one of whom I have heard or seen nothing now for nearly a generation — I found tastes singularly parallel to my own, and we scoured the horizon in search of books in prose and verse, but particularly in verse.

As I grew stronger in muscle, I was capable of adding considerably to my income by an exercise of my legs. I was allowed money for the railway ticket between the town where the school lay and the station nearest to my home. But, if I chose to walk six or seven miles along the coast, thus more than halving the distance by rail from school-house to home, I might spend as pocket-money the railway fare I thus saved. Such considerable sums I fostered in order to buy with them editions of the poets. These were not in those days, as they are now, at the beck and call of every purse, and the attainment of each little masterpiece was a separate triumph. In particular I shall never forget the excitement of reaching at last the exorbitant price the bookseller asked for the only, although imperfect, edition of the poems of S. T. Coleridge. At last I could meet his demand, and my friend and I went down to consummate the solemn purchase. Coming away with our treasure, we read aloud from the orange-coloured volume in turns, as we strolled along, until at last we sat down on the bulging root of an elm-tree in a secluded lane. Here we stayed, in a sort of poetical *Nirvana*, reading, reading, forgetting the passage of time, until the hour of our neglected mid-day meal was a long while past, and we had to hurry home to bread and cheese and a scolding.

There was occasionally some trouble about my reading, but now not much nor often. I was rather adroit, and careful not to bring prominently into sight anything of a literary kind which could become a stone of stumbling. But, when I was nearly sixteen, I made a purchase which brought me into sad trouble, and was the cause of a permanent wound to my self-respect. I had long coveted in the book-shop window a volume in which the poetical works of Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe were said to be combined. This I bought at length, and I carried it with me to devour as I trod the desolate road that brought me along the edge of the cliff on Saturday afternoons. Ben Jonson I could make nothing of, but when I turned to *Hero and Leander*, I was lifted to a heaven of passion and music. It was a marvellous revelation of romantic beauty to me, and as I paced along that lonely and exquisite high-way, with its immense command of the sea, and its peeps every now and then, through slanting thickets, far down to the snow-white shingle, I lifted up my voice, singing the verses, as I strolled along:

Buskins of shells, all silver'd, uséd she,
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee,
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold,—

so it went on, and I thought I had never read anything so lovely —

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung —

it all seemed to my fancy intoxicating beyond anything I had ever even dreamed of, since I had not yet become acquainted with any of the modern romanticists.

When I reached home, tired out with enthusiasm and exercise, I must needs, so soon as I had eaten, search out my step-mother that she might be a partner in my joys. It is remarkable to me now, and a disconcerting proof of my still almost infantile innocence, that, having induced her to settle to her knitting embroidery, I began, without hesitation, to read Marlowe's voluptuous poem aloud to that blameless Christian gentlewoman. We got on very well in the opening, but at the episode of Cupid's pining, my step-mother's needles began nervously to clash, and when we launched on the description of Leander's person, she interrupted me by saying, rather sharply, "Give me that book, please, I should like to read the rest to myself." I resigned the reading in amazement, and was stupefied to see her take the volume, shut it with a snap and hide it under her needlework. Nor could I extract from her another word on the subject.

The matter passed from my mind, and I was therefore extremely alarmed when, soon after my going to bed that night, my Father came into my room with a pale face and burning eyes, the prey of violent perturbation. He set down the candle and stood by the bed, and it was some time before he could resolve on a form of speech. Then he denounced me, in unmeasured terms, for bringing into the house, for possessing at all or reading, so abominable a book. He explained that my step-mother had shown it to him, and that he had looked through it, and had burned it. The sentence in his tirade which principally affected me was this. He said, "You will soon be leaving us, and going up to lodgings in London, and if your landlady should come into your room, and find such a book lying about, she would immediately set you down as a profligate." I did not understand this at all, and it seems to me now that the fact that I had so very simply and childishly volunteered to read the verses to my step-mother should have proved to my Father that I connected it with no ideas of an immoral nature.

I was greatly wounded and offended, but my indignation was smothered up in the alarm and excitement which followed the news that I was to go up to live in lodgings, and, as it was evident, alone, in London. Of this no hint or whisper had previously reached me. On reflection, I can but admit that my Father, who was little accustomed to seventeenth-century literature, must have come across some startling exposures in Ben Jonson, and probably never reached *Hero and Leander* at all. The artistic effect of such poetry on an innocently pagan mind did not come within the circle of his experience. He judged the outspoken Elizabethan poets, no doubt, very much in the spirit of the problematical landlady.

FIGHTING THE BEAST [1]

BEN B. LINDSEY AND HARVEY O'HIGGINS

I KNEW a lad named Smith, whom I considered a victim of malpractice at the hands of a Denver surgeon whose brother was at the head of one of the great smelter companies of Colorado. The boy had suffered a fracture of the thigh-bone, and the surgeon — because of a hasty and ill-considered diagnosis, I believed — had treated him for a bruised hip. The surgeon, when I told him that the boy was entitled to damages, called me a blackmailer — and that was enough. I forced the case to trial.

I had resigned my clerkship and gone into partnership with a fine young fellow whom I shall call Charles Gardener — though that was not his name — and this was to be our first case. We were opposed by Charles J. Hughes, Jr., the ablest corporation lawyer in the state; and I was puzzled to find the officers of the gas company and a crowd of prominent business men in court when the case was argued on a motion to dismiss it. The judge refused the motion and for so doing — as he afterward told me himself — he was "cut" in his Club by the men whose presence in the court had puzzled me. After a three weeks' trial, in which we worked night and day for the plaintiff — with X-ray photographs and medical testimony and fractured bones boiled out over night in the medical school where I prepared them — the jury stood eleven to one in our favour, and the case had to be begun all over again. The second time, after another trial of three weeks, the jury "hung" again, but we did not give up. It had been all fun for us — and for the town. The word had gone about the streets: "Go up and see those two kids fighting the corporation heavyweights. It's more fun than a circus." And we were confident that we could win; we knew that we were right.

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[1] From *The Beast*. Doubleday, Page and Company, publishers. By permission of the authors.

One evening after dinner, when we were sitting in the dingy little back room on Champa Street that served us as an office, A. M. Stevenson — "Big Steve" — politician and attorney for the Denver City Tramway Company, came shouldering in to see us — a heavy-jowled, heavy-waisted, red-faced bulk of good-humour — looking as if he had just walked out of a political cartoon. "Hello, boys," he said jovially. "How's she going? Making a record for yourselves up in court, eh? Making a record for yourselves. Well!"

He sat down and threw a foot up on the desk and smiled at us, with his inevitable cigarette in his mouth — his ridiculously inadequate cigarette. (When he puffed it, he looked like a fat boy blowing bubbles.) "Wearing yourselves out, eh? Working night and day? Ain't you getting about tired of it?"

"We got eleven to one each time," I said. "We'll win yet."

"Uh-huh. You will, eh?" He laughed amusedly. "One man stood out against you each time, wasn't there?"

There was.

"Well," he said, "there always will be. You ain't going to get a verdict in this case. You can't. Now, I'm a friend of you boys, ain't I? Well, my advice to you is you'd better settle that case. Get something for your work. Don't be a pair of fools. Settle it."

"Why can't we get a verdict?" we asked.

He winked a fat eye. "Jury'll hang. Every time. I'm here to tell you so. Better settle it." *

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* Many of the conversations reported in this volume are given from memory, and they are liable to errors of memory in the use of a word or a turn of expression. But they are not liable to error in substance. They are the unadorned truth, clearly recollected. B. B. L.

We refused to. What was the use of courts if we could not get justice for this crippled boy? What was the use of practising law if we could not get a verdict on evidence that would convince a blind man? Settle it? Never!

So they went to our client and persuaded the boy to give up.

"Big Steve," attorney for the tramway company! The gas company's officers in court! The business men insulting the judge in his Club! The defendant's brother at the head of one of the smelter companies! I began to "connect up" "the Cat."

Gardener and I held a council of war. If it was possible for these men to "hang" juries whenever they chose, there was need of a law to make something less than a unanimous decision by a jury sufficient to give a verdict in civil cases. Colorado needed a "three-fourths jury law." Gardener was a popular young man, a good "mixer," a member of several fraternal orders, a hail-fellow-well-met, and as interested as I was in politics. He had been in the insurance business before he took up law, and he had friends everywhere. Why should he not go into politics? — as he had often spoken of doing.

In the intervals of the Smith suit, we had had a case in which a mother, whose child had been killed by a street car, had been unable to recover damages from the tramway company, because the company claimed, under the law, that her child was worthless alive or dead; and there was need of a statute permitting such as she to recover damages for distress and anguish of mind. We had had another case in which a young factory worker had been injured by the bursting of an emery wheel; and the law held that the boy was guilty of "contributory negligence" because he had continued to work at the wheel after he had found a flaw in it — although he had had no choice except to work at it or leave the factory and find employment elsewhere. There was need of a law giving workmen better protection in such circumstances. Why should not Gardener enter the Legislature and introduce these bills? — which I was eager to draft. Why not, indeed! The state needed them; the people wanted them; the courts were crippled and justice was balked because of the lack of them. Here was an opportunity for worthy ambition to serve the community and help his fellow-man.

That night, with all the high hopes and generous ideals and merciful ignorance of youth, we decided — without knowing what we were about — to go into the jungle and attack the Beast!

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Denver was then, as it is now, a beautiful city, built on a slope between the prairies and mountains, always sunny, cool and clear-skyed, with the very spark of happiness in its air; and on the crown of its hill, facing the romantic prospect of the Rockies, the State Capitol raised its dome — as proud as the ambition of a liberty-loving people — the symbol of an aspiration and the expression of its power. That Capitol, I confess, was to me a sort of granite temple erected by the Commonwealth of Colorado to law, to justice, to the ideals of self-government that have made our republic the promised land of all the oppressed of Europe; and I could conceive of no nobler work than to serve those ideals in the assembly halls of that building, with those eternal mountains on the horizon and that sun of freedom overhead. Surely a man may confess so much, without shame, of his youth and his inexperience. . . . It is not merely the gold on the dome of the Capitol that has given it another look to me now.

It was the year 1897. I was about twenty-eight years old, and my partner, Gardener, was three years younger. He was more worldly-wise than I was, even then; for while I had been busy with briefs and court-work, he had been the "business head" of the firm, out among business friends and acquaintances — "mixing," as they say — and through his innumerable connections, here and there, with this man and that fraternity, bringing in the cases that kept us employed. He was a "Silver Republican"; I, a Democrat. But we both knew that if he was to get into politics it must be with the backing of the party "organization" and the endorsement of the party "boss."

The "Silver Republican" boss of the day was a man whom we both admired — George Graham. Everybody admired him. Everybody was fond of him. "Why," they would tell you, "there isn't a man in town who is kinder to his family. He's such a good man in his home! And he's so charitable!" At Christmas time, when free baskets of food were distributed to the poor, George Graham was chairman of the committee for their distribution. He was prominent in the fraternal orders and used his political power to help the needy, the widow and the orphan.

He had an engaging manner of fellowship, a personal magnetism, a kindly interest in aspiring young men, a pleasant appearance — smooth and dark in complexion, with a gentle way of smiling. I liked him; and he seemed to discover an affection for both Gardener and me, as we became more intimate with him, in the course of Gardener's progress toward his coveted nomination by the party.

That progress was so rapid and easy that it surprised us. We knew, of course, that we had attracted some public attention and much newspaper notice by our legal battles with "the corporation heavyweights" in our three big cases against the surgeon, the tramway company, and the factory owner. But this did not account to us for the ease with which Gardener penetrated to the inner circles of the Boss's court. It did not explain why Graham should come to see us in our office, and call us by our first names. The explanation that we tacitly accepted was one more personal and flattering to us. And when Gardener would come back from a chat with Graham, full of "inside information" about the party's plans — about who was to be nominated for this office at the coming convention, and what chance So-and-So had for that one — the sure proofs (to us) that he was being admitted to the intimate secrets of the party and found worthy of the confidence of those in power — I was as proud of Gardener as only a young man can be of a friend who has all the brilliant qualities that he himself lacks. Gardener was a handsome fellow, well built, always well dressed, self-assured, and ambitious; I did not wonder that the politicians admired him and made much of him. I accepted his success as a tribute to those qualities in him that had already attached me to him with an affection rather more than brotherly.

We said nothing to the politicians about our projected bills. Indeed, from the first, my interest in our measures of reform was greater than Gardener's. His desire to be in the Legislatures was due to a natural ambition to "get on" in life, to acquire power in the community as well as the wealth and distinction that come with power. Such ambitions were, of course, beyond me; I had none of the qualities that would make them possible; and I could only enjoy them, as it were, by proxy, in Gardener's person. I enjoyed, in the same way, his gradual penetration behind the scenes in politics. I saw, with him, that the party convention, to which we had at first looked as the source of honours, was really only a sort of puppet show of which the Boss held the wires. All the candidates for nomination were selected by Graham in advance — in secret caucus with his ward leaders, executive committeemen and such other "practical" politicians as "Big Steve," — and the convention, with more or less show of independence, did nothing but ratify his choice. When I spoke of canvassing some of the chosen delegates of the convention, Gardener said: "What's the use of talking to those small fry? If we can get the big fellows, we've got the rest. They do what the big ones tell them — and won't do anything they aren't told. You leave it to me." I had only hoped to see him in the Lower House, but he, with his wiser audacity, soon proclaimed himself a candidate for the Senate. "We can get the big thing as easy as the little one," he said. "I'm going to tell Graham it's the Senate or nothing for me." And he got his promise. And when we knew, at last, that his name was really on "the slate" of candidates to be presented to the convention, we were ready to throw up our hats and cheer for ourselves — and for the Boss.

The convention met in September, 1898. There had been a fusion of Silver Republicans, Democrats, and Populists, that year, and the political offices had been apportioned out among the faithful machine-men of these parties. Gardener was nominated by "Big Steve," in a eulogistic speech that was part of the farce; and the convention ratified the nomination with the unanimity of a stage mob. We knew that his election was as sure as sunrise, and I set to work looking up models for my bills with all the enthusiasm of the first reformer.

Meanwhile there was the question of the campaign and of the campaign expenses. Gardener had been assessed $500 by the committee as his share of the legitimate costs of the election, and Boss Graham generously offered to get the money for him "from friends." We were rather inclined to let Graham do so, feeling a certain delicacy about refusing his generosity and being aware, too, that we were not millionaires. But Graham was not the only one who made the offer; for example, Ed. Chase, since head of the gambler's syndicate in Denver, made similar proposals of kindly aid; and we decided, at last, that perhaps it would be well to be quite independent. Our law practice was improving. Doubtless, it would continue to improve now that we were "in right" with the political powers. We put up $250 each and paid the assessment.

The usual business of political rallies, mass-meetings and campaign speeches followed in due course, and in November, 1898, Gardener was elected a State Senator on the fusion ticket. I had been busy with my "three-fourths jury" bill, studying the constitution of the State of Colorado, comparing it with those of the other states, and making myself certain that such a law as we proposed was possible. Unlike most of the state constitutions, Colorado's preserved inviolate the right of jury trial in criminal cases only, and therefore it seemed to me that the Legislature had plenary power to regulate it in civil suits. I found that the Supreme Court of the state had so decided in two cases, and I felt very properly elated; there seemed to be nothing to prevent our having a law that should make " hung " juries practically impossible in Colorado and relieve the courts of an abuse that thwarted justice in scores of cases. At the same time I prepared a bill allowing parents to recover damages for "anguish of mind" when a child of theirs was killed in an accident; and, after much study, I worked up an "employer's liability" bill to protect men who were compelled by necessity to work under needlessly dangerous conditions. With these three bills in his pocket, Senator Gardener went up to the Capitol, like another David, and I went joyfully with him to aid and abet.

Happy? I was as happy as if Gardener had been elected President and I was to be his Secretary of State. I was as happy as a man who has found his proper work and knows that it is for the good of his fellows. I would not have changed places that day with any genius of the fine arts who had three masterpieces to unveil to an admiring world.

I did not know, of course — but I was soon to learn — that the Legislature's time was almost wholly taken up with the routine work of government, that most of the bills passed were concerned with appropriations and such necessary details of administration, and that only twenty or thirty bills such as ours — dealing with other matters — could possibly be passed, among the hundreds offered. It was Boss Graham who warned us that we had better concentrate on one measure, if we wished to succeed with any at all, and we decided to put all our strength behind the "three-fourths jury" bill. Since Graham seemed to doubt its constitutionality, I went to the Attorney General for his opinion, and he referred me to his assistant — whom I convinced. I came back with the assistant's decision that the Legislature had power to pass such a law, and Gardener promptly introduced it in the Senate.

It proved at once mildly unpopular, and after a preliminary debate, in which the senators rather laughed at it as visionary and unconstitutional, it was referred to the Attorney General for his opinion. We waited, confidently. To our amazement he reported it unconstitutional, and the very assistant who had given me a favourable opinion before, now conducted the case against it. Nothing daunted, Gardener fought to get it referred to the Supreme Court, under the law; and the Senate sent it there. I got up an elaborate brief, had it printed at our expense, and spent a day in arguing it before the Supreme Court judges. They held that the Court had already twice found the Legislature possessed of plenary powers in such matters, and Gardener brought the bill back into the Senate triumphantly, and got a favourable report from the Judiciary Committee.

By this time, Boss Graham was seriously alarmed. He had warned Gardener that the bill was distasteful to him and to those whom he called his "friends." It was particularly distasteful, it seemed, to the Denver City Tramway Company. And he could promise, he said, that if we dropped the bill, the railway company would see that we got at least four thousand dollars' worth of litigation a year to handle. To both Gardener and myself, flushed with success and aroused to the battle, this offer seemed an amusing confession of defeat on the part of the opposition; and we went ahead more gaily than ever.

We were enjoying ourselves. If we had been a pair of chums in college, we could not have had a better time. Whenever I could get away from my court cases and my office work, I rushed up to watch the fight in the Senate, as eagerly as a Freshman hurrying from his studies to see his athletic room-mate carry everything before him in a football game. The whole atmosphere of the Capitol — with its corridors of coloured marble, its vistas of arch and pillar, its burnished metal balustrades, its great staircases — all its majesty of rich grandeur and solidity of power — affected me with an increased respect for the functions of government that were discharged there and for the men who had them to discharge. I felt the reflection of that importance beaming upon myself when I was introduced as "Senator Gardener's law partner, sir"; and I accepted the bows and greetings of lobbyists and legislators with all the pleasure in the world.

When Gardener got our bill up for its final reading in the Senate, I was there to watch, and it tickled me to the heart to see him. He made a fine figure of an orator, the handsomest man in the Senate; and he was not afraid to raise his voice and look as independent and determined as his words. He had given the senators to understand that any one who opposed his bill would have him as an obstinate opponent on every other measure; and the Senate evidently realized that it would be wise to let him have his way. The bill was passed. But it had to go through the Lower House, too, and it was sent there, to be taken care of by its opponents — with the tongue in the cheek, no doubt.

I met Boss Graham in the corridor. "Hello, Ben," he greeted me. "What's the matter with that partner of yours?" I laughed; he looked worried. "Come in here," he said. "I'd like to have a talk with you." He led me into a quiet side room and shut the door. "Now look here," he said. "Did you boys ever stop to think what a boat you'll be in with this law that you're trying to get, if you ever have to defend a corporation in a jury suit? Now they tell me, down at the tramway offices" — the offices of the Denver City Tramway Company — "that they're going to need a lot more legal help. There's every prospect that they'll appoint you boys assistant counsel. But they can't expect to do much, even with you bright boys as counsel, if they have this law against them. You know that all the money there is in law is in corporation business. I don't see what you're fighting for."

I explained, as well as I could, that we were fighting for the bill because we thought it was right — that it was needed. He did not seem to believe me; he objected that this sort of talk was not "practical."

"Well," I ended, "we've made up our minds to put it through. And we're going to try."

"You'll find you're making a mistake."

We laughed over it together — Gardener and I. It was another proof to us that we had our opponents on their knees. We thought we understood Graham's position in the matter; he had made no disguise of the fact that he was intimate and friendly with Mr. William G. Evans — the great "Bill" Evans — head of the tramway company and an acknowledged power in politics. And it was natural to us that Graham should do what he could to induce us to spare his friends. That was all very well, but *we* had made no pledges; *we* were under no obligations to any one except the public whom we served. Gardener was making himself felt, and he intended to continue to make himself felt. He did not intend to stultify himself, even for Graham's good "friends." I, of course, went along with him, rejoicing.

He had another bill in hand (House Bill 235) to raise the tax on large foreign insurance companies so as to help replenish the depleted treasury of the state. Governor Thomas had been appealing for money; the increased tax was conceded to be just, and it would add at least $100,000 in revenue to the public coffers. Gardener handled it well in the Senate, and — though we were indirectly offered a bribe of $2500 to drop it — he got it passed and returned it to the Lower House. He had two other bills — one our "anguish of mind" provision and the second a bill regulating the telephone companies; but he was not able to move them out of committee. The opposition was silent but solid.

It became my duty to watch the two bills that we had been able to get as far as the House calendar on final passage — to see that they were given their turn for consideration. The jury bill came to the top very soon, but it was passed over, and next day it was on the bottom of the list. This happened more than once. And once it disappeared from the calendar altogether. The Clerk of the House, when I demanded an explanation, said that it was an oversight — a clerical error — and put it back at the foot. I began to suspect jugglery, but I was not yet sure of it.

One day while I was on this sentry duty, a lobbyist who was a member of a fraternal order to which I belonged, came to me with the fraternal greeting and a thousand dollars in bills. "Lindsey," he said, "this is a legal fee for an argument we want you to make before the committee, as a lawyer, against that insurance bill.

It's perfectly legitimate. We don't want you to do anything except in a legal way. You know, our other lawyer has made an able argument, showing how the extra tax will come out of the people in increased premiums" — and so on. I refused the money and continued trying to push along the bill. In a few days he came back to me, with a grin. "Too bad you didn't take that money," he said. "There's lots of it going around. But the joke of it is, I got the whole thing fixed up for $250. Watch Cannon." I watched Cannon — Wilbur F. Cannon, a member of the House and a "floor leader" there. He had already voted in favour of the bill. But — to anticipate somewhat the sequence of events — I saw Wilbur F. Cannon, in the confusion and excitement of the closing moments of the session, rush down the aisle toward the Speaker's chair and make a motion concerning the insurance bill — to what effect I could not hear. The motion was put, in the midst of the uproar, and declared carried; and the bill was killed. It was killed so neatly that there is to-day no record of its decease in the official account of the proceedings of the House! Expert treason, bold and skilful!

Meanwhile, I had been standing by our jury bill. It went up and it went down on the calendar, and at last when it arrived at a hearing it was referred back to the Judiciary Committee with two other anti-corporation bills. The session was drawing toward the day provided by the constitution for its closing, and we could no longer doubt that we were being juggled out of our last chance by the Clerk and the Speaker — who was Mr. William G. Smith, since known as "Tramway Bill."

"All right," Gardener said. "Not one of Speaker Smith's House bills will get through the Senate until he lets our jury bill get to a vote." He told Speaker Smith what he intended to do, and next day he began to do it.

That afternoon, tired out, I was resting, during a recess of the House, in a chair that stood in a shadowed corner, when the Speaker hurried by heavily, evidently unaware of me, and rang a telephone. I heard him mention the name of "Mr. Evans," in a low, husky voice. I heard, sleepily, not consciously listening; and I did not at first connect "Mr. Evans" with William G. Evans of the tramway company. But a little later I heard the Speaker say: "Well, unless Gardener can be pulled off, we'll have to let that 'three-fourths' bill out. He's raising hell with a lot of our measures over in the Senate. . . . What? . . . Yes. . . . Well, get at it pretty quick?"

Those hoarse, significant words wakened me like the thrill of an electric shock — wakened me to an understanding of the strength of the "special interests" that were opposed to us — and wakened in me, too, the anger of a determination to fight to a finish. The Powers that had "fixed" our juries, were now fixing the Legislature. They had laughed at us in the courts; they were going to laugh at us in the Capitol!

Speaker Smith came lumbering out. He was a heavily built man, with a big jaw. And when he saw me there, confronting him, his face changed from a look of displeased surprise to one of angry contempt — lowering his head like a bull — as if he was saying to himself: "What! That d—— little devil! I'll bet he heard me!" But he did not speak. And neither did I. He went off about whatever business he had in hand, and I caught up my hat and hastened to Gardener to tell him what I had heard.

When the House met again, in committee of the whole, the Speaker, of course, was not in the Chair, and Gardener found him in the lobby. Gardener had agreed with me to say nothing of the telephone conversation, but he threatened Smith that unless our jury bill was "reported out" by the Judiciary Committee and allowed to come to a vote, he would oppose every House bill in the Senate and talk the session to death. Smith fumed and blustered, but Gardener, with the blood in his face, out-blustered and out-fumed him. The Speaker, later in the day, vented some of his spleen by publicly threatening to eject me from the floor of the House as a lobbyist. But he had to allow the bill to come up, and it was finally passed, with very little opposition — for reasons which I was afterward to understand.

It had yet to be signed by the Speaker; and it had to be signed before the close of the session or it could not become a law. I heard rumours that some anti-corporation bills were going to be "lost" by the Chief Clerk, so that they might *not* be signed; and I kept my eye on him. He was a fat-faced, stupid-looking, flabby creature — by name D. H. Dickason — who did not appear capable of doing anything very daring. I saw the chairman of the

Enrolling Committee place our bill on Dickason's desk, among those waiting for the Speaker's signature; and — while the House was busy — I withdrew it from the pile and placed it to one side, conspicuously, so that I could see it from a distance.

When the time came for signing — sure enough! — the Clerk was missing, and some bills were missing with him. The House was crowded — floor and galleries — and the whole place went into an uproar at once. Nobody seemed to know which bills were gone; every member who had an anti-corporation bill thought it was his that had been stolen; and they all together broke out into denunciation of the Speaker, the Clerk, and everybody else whom they thought concerned in the outrage. One man jumped up on his chair and tried to dominate the pandemonium, shouting and waving his hands. The galleries went wild with noisy excitement. Men threatened each other with violence on the floor of the House, cursing and shaking their fists. Others rushed here and there trying to find some trace of the Clerk. The Speaker, breathless from calling for order and pounding with his gavel, had to sit down and let them rage.

At last, from my place by the wall, on the outskirts of the hubbub, I saw the Clerk dragged down the aisle by the collar, bleeding, with a blackened eye, apparently half drunk and evidently frightened into an abject terror. He had stolen a bill introduced by Senator Bucklin, providing that cities could own their own water works and gas works; but the Senator's wife had been watching him; she had followed him to the basement and stopped him as he tried to escape to the street; and it was the Senator now who had him by the neck.

They thrust him back into his chair, got the confusion quieted, and with muttered threats of the penitentiary for him and everybody concerned in the affair, they got back to business again with the desperate haste of men working against time. And our jury bill was signed!

It was signed; and we had won! (At least we thought so.) And I walked out of the crowded glare of the session's close, into an April midnight that was as wide as all eternity and as quiet. It seemed to me that the stars, even in Colorado, had never been brighter; they sparkled in the clear blackness of the sky with a joyful brilliancy. A cool breeze drew down from the mountain as peacefully as the breath in sleep. It was a night to make a man take off his hat and breathe out his last vexation in a sigh.

We had won. What did it matter that the Boss, the Speaker, the Clerk and so many more of these miserable creatures were bought and sold in selfishness? That spring night seemed to answer for it that the truth and beauty of the world were as big above *them* as the heavens that arched so high above the puny domelight of the Capitol. Had not even we, two "boys" — as they called us — put a just law before them and made them take up the pen and sign it? If we had done so much without even a whisper from the people and scarcely a line from the public press to aid and back us, what would the future not do when we found the help that an aroused community would surely give us? Hope? The whole night was hushed and peaceful with hope. The very houses that I passed — walking home up the tree-lined streets — seemed to me in some way so quiet because they were so sure. All was right with the world. We had won.

. . . .

The fact, of course, was that we had won nothing. Our precious jury law was soon taken to the Supreme Court, on an appeal from a damage suit, and the judges declared it unconstitutional, without any blushing apologies for reversing previous decisions. But this blow did not fall until after an interval of some months; and Gardener and I, resting on our scanty laurels meanwhile, were allowed to reconsider the incidents of the session and count our bruises.

Gardener had had one hard knock, scarcely noticed in the fury and heat of the fight, but now sorely painful. Boss Graham had given him to understand, more or less plainly, that if he intended to continue his career in politics as he had begun it, he need not look for any further support from the Republican machine in Denver. Elections cost money; the money had to come from those who were able to subscribe it; and the Republican machine could not afford to offend such liberal subscribers as Mr. Evans of the tramway company, Mr. Field of the telephone company, Mr. Cheesman of the water company, the insurance magnates and the rest of the "Powers."

I do not know that the ultimatum was expressed even so delicately as this; but it was an ultimatum, and the more Gardener thought of it and talked to me about it, the more disheartened he became. He had one more term to serve in the Senate — and then what? Why then simply extinction — the end of his political career. It was as useless to appeal from the Boss to the convention, in those days, as to turn from a man to ask aid from his shadow. And to go to the people? To ask assistance from the public whom we had tried to serve? We might as well have rushed out into the street, from the decision of the Supreme Court, and called to the passers-by to come in and reverse the rulings of the judges. The people had handed over their political powers to the convention and the Boss as surely as they had delegated their judicial functions to the courts.

What were we to do then? I did not know. My own inclination was simply to fight — not because I saw any prospect of succeeding, but because I enjoyed the "scrap." Fight for the fun of it — fight for exercise — fight for any reason — but fight! We had our law practice to support us. We were not dependent upon politics for our living. We could make reform our hobby and keep the joy of political battle as a sort of recreation for our after-hours.

Gardener shook his head over it, and we went back to our practice. A very interesting development of events began at once to open on us.

Some months earlier, Boss Graham had brought us a case to defend, and he had brought it from the offices of the Denver City Tramway Company. It involved a charge of assault against a street-car conductor, and nothing more; and we undertook to defend the conductor. But the trial came on during the last days of the legislative session; an evening newspaper was scoring the tramway company viciously in its columns; and we, as attorneys for the defence, shared in the printed abuse of the company.

Here was a situation in which I did not relish finding myself. "Don't worry," Graham said. "They're just blackmailers — trying to hold up the company." "But," I protested, "they'll prejudice the jury against us." "Don't worry," he said. "You can't lose. The jury'll hang." This was even less to my taste. We were not only being set up publicly as co-partners in corruption with the very corporation that we had been attacking, but we were actually being compelled to profit by the jury fixing for which he had assailed the corporation. I could not make up my mind whether this was accidental or malicious; and I went through with the case. It ended in a hung jury. We received $500 from the tramway company.

I objected to Graham that $500 was too much — that we did not charge $500 for such cases. "But," he said, with his suave smile, "you've helped them defeat a civil damage suit that would have taken a lot of the time of one of their leading counsel to defend." I accepted the explanation, though I knew it was not an explanation at all — for it was the hung jury and not we who had won the suit. But our jury law was to be tested before the Supreme Court, on an appeal from a damage suit; and I eased my conscience by telling Graham that if the Court found the law unconstitutional — as he seemed to expect it would — Senator Gardener intended to propose, at the next session, a constitutional amendment permitting the passage of our law.

Then I went to Gardener with my qualms about the whole case and the fee we had received for it. He pooh-poohed my squeamishness. "If they're fools enough to pay us more than the thing's worth," he argued, "that's *their* lookout. The more fools they! If we're going to fight these people, we've got to have money; haven't we? We've got to take every cent we can get. Don't be foolish. You're not practical. You never were. Leave the business end of it to me."

Another case came to us, sent in by another corporation politician, and the defendant was the famous "Jim" Marshall, a well-known gambler and the very same man whom I had seen accused of conspiring with a police captain to rob an express train on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. In this case he was involved in a dispute about the lease of a gambling house; and though the city, at the time, was supposed to be "shut down tight" against all gambling, Marshall assured me that this was only a political ruse to deceive the "goody-goodies." It was "on the cards" to open up again very soon, and he wanted the house in readiness.

I learned to like Marshall. He was a good-hearted, fearless man; and in the hands of any other system but that under which we lived, he might have been an invaluable man to the community. We became the best of friends. I learned from him all I wished to know of the connection between the Beast, politics and the gamblers.

We won Marshall's case for him; and without waiting for his bill, he sent us a fee of $1000. Meanwhile, other corporation cases had been coming in — and bringing large fees. Gardener was jubilant. I became more and more uneasy. These people were not paying us — as I began to see — they were trying to buy us. They were using on us a system which they must have used on hundreds of young men in Denver, before and since — and not only in Denver, but in every city in every state in this Union where Business wishes "special privileges" and debauches the community to obtain them. They were trying to buy us, and they were succeeding. Gardener was becoming cynical. I was, to him, more and more impractical. We discussed it and discussed it — sitting in our offices — (we had taken new ones on Lawrence and Seventeenth Street) — sitting of a Sunday afternoon on the porch of his little home (he was newly married) — walking up and down, of an evening, on the street — or wherever else we happened to have an idle and companionable moment together.

I do not wish to be gossipy; but the situation was typical, and I wish it to be understood. It is easy enough to condemn the man who becomes the tool of the "interests"; and it is common enough to exult in his final disgrace and to congratulate the community on his punishment. But it is better to understand what he had to fight against, to appreciate the overwhelming odds he had against him in the struggle, to pity him, and to save for the men who ruined him the wrath that is wasted, now, upon their victim.

I have written this story, thus far, very ill, if I have not let you see the good there was in Gardener. In our long companionship, he had attached me to him by every admiration that a man has for what is strong and capable. He was ambitious — but is that a crime? He wished to be rich — and who does not? He was eager to take his place as a man of note among his neighbours, to have a career in politics, to be able to enjoy and to have his family enjoy the fruits of that career and the honours of its distinction. Are these the traits of a weakling? Or are they the very qualities that make for the usefulness of a strong man in an honest community? And yet it was even by these qualities that the Beast got him. It is by them that it holds him. It is because of them that he does its work to-day so well.

"Why, Ben," he would say to me, "you know how things are in this town. We can't get a look in on anything if these big fellows don't want to let us. Their men are on the doors everywhere. Look at Graham. They own him, and you know it. And he has the say whether or not I'm ever to get another election to anything! Look at the courts. Those judges get their places through Graham, the same as I do. Look at the hung juries? You don't suppose they have to *buy* those juries, do you? The poor old dubs who wait around, up there, for a job on jury duty know who's who in this town. They want to stand in with the powers. They hang the jury in the hope that some of the big fellows will notice them and give them a soft thing up at the Court House or the Capitol. We're trying to buck up against the whole game. And what do we do it for? For 'the people.' The dear people! To hell with them. A good half of them are in this game themselves. *They* won't help us. They'll turn on us, quick as a cur, as soon as they get the word. And the other half doesn't know and doesn't want to know. They wouldn't believe us if we told them. *They* don't care. All they want is to make a living and keep out of trouble and not be bothered about 'politics.' . . . Our play is to keep quiet and get money and get *known;* and then, when we're Somebody, show these fellows where we're at. Just play the game a while. We can't do anything by raising a kick yet. They'll simply chuck us out and lock the doors."

All this was surely true, and I could not deny it. Nevertheless, I had some sort of vague hope that we should not have to go that way, that perhaps things would turn out better than they seemed. I was impractical, as Gardener said, particularly in money matters. I had started out in my younger days as a grasping little miser, stinting myself for the very necessaries of life, and hoarding up every penny I could get. I had invested my savings in real estate during the Denver land boom; and then values declined; the boom collapsed; and after an agony of worry and apprehension, I lost everything. And I felt relieved. I felt as relieved as if

I had wakened up from a nightmare to find a load of terror gone from my mind. With some sort of instinctive fear of financial affairs, I have never since been able to consider them as a wise man should.

As I look back on Gardener's struggle now, I see that it was my own weakness, to some extent, that saved me. I had no more ambition to be rich, and for that reason the bribe that helped to buy Gardener did not properly tempt *me*. I had not his ambition to be prominent in politics; the law satisfied me — as it did not him — and I had gone into politics only to try to improve the laws. I had none of his personal aggressiveness and determination; I was content to drift along, hoping for the best. Yet this very hope was grounded in a silent disinclination to drift into any crookedness; and as Gardener went further and further along the path that was opened up to him by the favour of the "Powers," I found him getting further and further away from me.

There is no need to trace, step by step and incident by incident, the misery of that gradual separation. It went on for months, and it went on in silence. I could not speak of it, for fear of facing the truth about it. Gardener was no hypocrite; that was part of his strength; and I did not wish to hear him say the things I hoped against. But I could not blink the facts for long. They kept coming to me from other people, from friends and acquaintances outside the office; and I saw that Gardener was accepting my silence as a consent to the use of the firm in the service of the "interests." I could not go on accepting their fees. A break between Gardener and me was inevitable. I had to face it.

I faced it alone, in my office, one day that I shall never forget — looking out the window at a sunset that was beautiful on the mountain peaks. Gardener had cried: "Let them say what they like. *Let* them call me a 'fool.' I don't care. I'm going to play the game and play it to win — and there's only one way to do it — and that's to sit in with *them*." I could not answer him. I could only say that I would share in no more corporation fees.

From his point of view he was right; and my own point of view, I knew, was too vague and impractical to argue with him. He had all the evidence, all the tangible proofs, on his side; and I had nothing but a sort of formless hope in the right, a feeling of conscience that I could not voice, a silent reluctance to sell myself even to "gain the whole world." They had taken him up to the mountain top and shown him all the kingdoms of the earth — and he had gone from me as irrevocably as the past in which we had struggled so happily together.

A sunset, at such a moment, is a sad thing to watch. It was carrying away with it all that companionship of youth, all that camaraderie in hope and idealism in which we had lived. It was leaving me with nothing but bitter memories and a failure that almost precluded hope. And yet there burned in the sky a colour of wrath that burned in me too in a hate for the men whom we had fought. Nothing was sacred to them. No one was too low for them. Laws and courts, judges and juries, politicians and gamblers, the Speaker in his Chair and the poor fallen creatures on the street — they debauched them all and bought and sold them all. And the youth who had ideals, who had intellect and ambition — he, too — they must have him. They must have new tools, strong tools, to replace the ones they wore out and cast aside. They had taken Gardener. He had gone. If they had done nothing else, *that* alone would have been enough to make me swear never to forgive them, never to yield to them — to make me resolve to oppose them, to thwart them in whatever small way might be in my small power — to make me fight in any sort of forlorn hope that some time I should see "a new birth of freedom" like a clean day arising upon us, on our city, on our Capitol, on our mountains that I watched there, almost through tears, as they grew more and more sombre with the fall of night.

DENRY AND THE COUNTESS[1]

ARNOLD BENNETT

HE had never been to a dance. He had no dress-suit, and no notion of dancing.

He was a strange inconsequent mixture of courage and timidity. You and I are consistent in character; we are either one thing or the other; but Denry Machin had no consistency.

For three days he hesitated, and then, secretly trembling, he slipped into Sillitoe's, the young tailor who had recently set up and who was gathering together the *jeunesse dorée* of the town.

"I want a dress-suit," he said.

Sillitoe, who knew that Denry earned only eighteen shilling a week, replied with only superficial politeness that a dress-suit was out of the question; he had already taken more orders than he could execute without killing himself. The whole town had uprisen as one man and demanded a dress-suit.

"So you're going to the ball, are you?" said Sillitoe, trying to condescend, but in fact slightly impressed.

"Yes," said Denry, "are you?"

Sillitoe started and then shook his head. "No time for balls," said he.

"I can get you an invitation, if you like," said Denry, glancing at the door precisely as he had glanced at the door before adding 2 to 7.

"Oh!" Sillitoe cocked his ears. He was not a native of the town, and had no alderman to protect his legitimate interests.

To cut a shameful story short, in a week Denry was being tried on. Sillitoe allowed him two years' credit.

The prospect of the ball gave an immense impetus to the study of the art of dancing in Bursley, and so put quite a nice sum of money into the pocket of Miss Earp, a young mistress in that art. She was the daughter of a furniture dealer with a passion for the bankruptcy court. Miss Earp's evening classes were attended by

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[1] From *Denry the Audacious*, by Arnold Bennett. Copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Denry, but none of his money went into her pocket. She was compensated by an expression of the Countess's desire for the pleasure of her company at the ball.

The Countess had aroused Denry's interest in women as a sex. Ruth Earp quickened the interest. She was plain, but she was only twenty-four, and very graceful on her feet. Denry had one or two strictly private lessons from her in reversing. She said to him one evening, when he was practising reversing and they were entwined in the attitude prescribed by the latest fashion: "Never mind me! Think about yourself. It's the same in dancing as it is in life — the woman's duty is to adapt herself to the man." He did think about himself. He was thinking about himself in the middle of the night, and about her too. There had been something in her tone . . . her eye . . .! At the final lesson he enquired if she would give him the first waltz at the ball. She paused, then said yes.

On the evening of the ball, Denry spent at least two hours in the operation which was necessary before he could give the Countess the pleasure of his company. This operation took place in his minute bedroom at the back of the cottage in Brougham Street, and it was of a complex nature. Three weeks ago he had innocently thought that you had only to order a dress-suit and there you were! He now knew that a dress-suit is merely the beginning of anxiety. Shirt! Collar! Tie! Studs! Cuff-links! Gloves! Handkerchief! (He was very glad to learn authoritatively from Sillitoe that handkerchiefs were no longer worn in the waistcoat opening, and that men who so wore them were barbarians and the truth was not in them. Thus, an everyday handkerchief would do.) Boots! . . . Boots were the rock on which he had struck. Sillitoe, in addition to being a tailor, was a hosier, but by some flaw in the scheme of the universe hosiers do not sell boots. Except boots Denry could get all he needed on credit; boots he could not get on credit, and he could not pay cash for them. Eventually he decided that his church boots must be dazzled up to the level of this great secular occasion. The pity was that he forgot — not that he was of a forgetful disposition in great matters; he was simply over-excited — he forgot to dazzle them up until after he had fairly put his collar on and his necktie in a bow. It is imprudent to touch blacking in a dress-shirt. So Denry had to undo the past and begin again. This hurried him. He was not afraid of being late for the first waltz with Miss Ruth Earp, but he was afraid of not being out of the house before his mother returned. Mrs. Machin had been making up a lady's own materials all day, naturally — the day being what it was! If she had had twelve hands instead of two, she might have made up the own materials of half a dozen ladies instead of one, and earned twenty-four shillings instead of four. Denry did not want his mother to see him ere he departed. He had lavished an enormous amount of brains and energy to the end of displaying himself in this refined and novel attire to the gaze of two hundred persons, and yet his secret wish was to deprive his mother of the beautiful spectacle!

However, she slipped in, with her bag and her seamy fingers and her rather sardonic expression, at the very moment when Denry was putting on his overcoat in the kitchen (there being insufficient room in the passage). He did what he could to hide his shirt-front (though she knew all about it) and failed.

"Bless us!" she exclaimed briefly, going to the fire to warm her hands.

A harmless remark. But her tone seemed to strip bare the vanity of human greatness.

"I'm in a hurry," said Denry importantly, as if he was going forth to sign a treaty involving the welfare of nations.

"Well," said she, "happen ye are, Denry. But the kitchen table's no place for boot-brushes."

He had one piece of luck. It froze. Therefore, no anxiety about the condition of boots!

The Countess was late; some trouble with a horse. Happily the Earl had been in Bursley all day and had dressed at the Conservative Club; and his lordship had ordered that the programme of dances should be begun. Denry learned this as soon as he emerged, effulgent, from the gentlemen's cloak-room into the broad red-carpeted corridor which runs from end to end of the ground-floor of the Town Hall. Many important townspeople were chatting in the corridor — the innumerable Sweetnam family, the Stanways, the great Etches, the Fearnses, Mrs. Clayton Vernon, the Suttons, including Beatrice Sutton. Of course everybody knew him for Duncalf's shorthand clerk and the son of the incomparable flannel-washer; but universal white kid gloves constitute a democracy, and Sillitoe could put more style into a suit than any other tailor in the Five Towns.

"How do?" the eldest of the Sweetnam boys nodded carelessly.

"How do, Sweetnam?" said Denry with equal carelessness.

The thing was accomplished! That greeting was like a masonic initiation, and henceforward he was the peer of no matter whom. At first he had thought that four hundred eyes would be fastened on him, their glance saying: "This youth is wearing a dress-suit for the first time, and it is not paid for, either!" But it was not so. And the reason was that the entire population of the Town Hall was heartily engaged in pretending that never in its life had it been seen after seven o'clock of a night apart from a dress-suit. Denry observed with joy that, while numerous middle-aged and awkward men wore red or white silk handkerchiefs in their waistcoats, such people as Charles Fearns, the Sweetnams, and Harold Etches did not. He was, then, in the shyness of his handkerchief, on the side of the angels.

He passed up the double staircase (decorated with white or pale frocks of unparalleled richness) and so into the grand hall. A scarlet orchestra was on the platform, and many people strolled about the floor in attitudes of expectation. The walls were festooned with flowers. The thrill of being magnificent seized him, and he was drenched in a vast desire to be truly magnificent himself. He dreamt of magnificence; boot-brushes kept sticking out of this dream like black mud out of snow. In his reverie he looked about for Ruth Earp, but she was invisible. Then he went down-stairs again, idly; gorgeously feigning that he spent six evenings a week in ascending and descending monumental staircases, appropriately clad. He was determined to be as sublime as any one.

There was a stir in the corridor, and the sublimest consented to be excited.

The Countess was announced to be imminent. Everybody was grouped round the main portal, careless of temperatures. Six times was the Countess announced to be imminent before she actually appeared, expanding from the narrow gloom of her black carriage like a magic vision. Aldermen received her, and they did not do it with any excess of gracefulness. They seemed afraid of her, as though she was recovering from influenza and they feared to catch it. She had precisely the same high voice, and precisely the same efficient smile as she had employed to Denry, and these instruments worked marvels on Aldermen; they were as melting as salt on snow. The Countess disappeared up-stairs in a cloud of shrill apologies and trailing Aldermen. She seemed to have greeted everybody except Denry. Somehow he was relieved that she had not drawn attention to him. He lingered, hesitating, and then he saw a being in a long yellow overcoat, with a bit of peacock's feather at the summit of a shiny high hat. This being held a lady's fur mantle. Their eyes met. Denry had to decide instantly. He decided.

"Hello, Jock!" he said.

"Hello, Denry!" said the other, pleased.

"What's been happening?" Denry enquired, friendly.

Then Jock told him about the antics of one of the Countess's horses.

He went up-stairs again, and met Ruth Earp coming down. She was glorious in white. Except that nothing glittered in her hair, she looked the very equal of the Countess, at a little distance, plain though her features were.

"What about that waltz?" Denry began, informally.

"That waltz is nearly over," said Ruth Earp, with chilliness. "I suppose you've been staring at her ladyship with all the other men."

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I didn't know the waltz was —"

"Well, why didn't you look at your programme?"

"Haven't got one," he said naïvely.

He had omitted to take a programme. Ninny! Barbarian!

"Better get one," she said, cuttingly, somewhat in her rôle of dancing mistress.

"Can't we finish the waltz?" he suggested, crestfallen.

"No!" she said, and continued her solitary way downwards.

She was hurt. He tried to think of something to say that was equal to the situation, and equal to the style of his suit. But he could not. In a moment he heard her, below him, greeting some male acquaintance in the most effusive way.

Yet, if Denry had not committed a wicked crime for her, she could never have come to the dance at all!

He got a programme, and with terror gripping his heart he asked sundry young and middle-aged women whom he knew by sight and by name for a dance. (Ruth had taught him how to ask.) Not one of them had a dance left. Several looked at him as much as to say: "You must be a goose to suppose that my programme is not filled up in the twinkling of my eye!"

Then he joined a group of despisers of dancing near the main door. Harold Etches was there, the wealthiest manufacturer of his years (barely twenty-four) in the Five Towns. Also Sillitoe, cause of another of Denry's wicked crimes. The group was taciturn, critical, and very doggish.

The group observed that the Countess was not dancing. The Earl was dancing (need it be said with Mrs. Jos. Curtenly, second wife of the Deputy Mayor?), but the Countess stood resolutely smiling, surrounded by Aldermen. Possibly she was getting her breath; possibly nobody had had the pluck to ask her. Anyhow she seemed to be stranded there, on a beach of Aldermen. Very wisely she had brought with her no members of a house-party from Sneyd Hall. Members of a house-party, at a municipal ball, invariably operate as a bar between greatness and democracy; and the Countess desired to participate in the life of the people.

"Why don't some of those johnnies ask her?" Denry burst out. He had hitherto said nothing in the group, and he felt that he must be a man with the rest of them.

"Well, *you* go and do it. It's a free country," said Sillitoe.

"So I would, for two pins!" said Denry.

Harold Etches glanced at him, apparently resentful of his presence there. Harold Etches was determined to put the extinguisher on *him*.

"I'll bet you a fiver you don't," said Etches, scornfully.

"I'll take you," said Denry very quickly, and very quickly walked off.

"She can't eat me. She can't eat me!"

This was what he said to himself as he crossed the floor. People seemed to make a lane for him, divining his incredible intention. If he had not started at once, if his legs had not started of themselves, he would never have started; and, not being in command of a fiver, he would afterwards have cut a preposterous figure in the group. But started he was, like a piece of clockwork that could not be stopped! In the grand crisis of his life something not himself, something more powerful than himself, jumped up in him and forced him to do things. Now for the first time he seemed to understand what had occurred within him in previous crises.

In a second — so it appeared — he had reached the Countess. Just behind her was his employer, Mr. Duncalf, whom Denry had not previously noticed there. Denry regretted this, for he had never mentioned to Mr. Duncalf that he was coming to the ball, and he feared Mr. Duncalf.

"Could I have this dance with you?" he demanded bluntly, but smiling and showing his teeth.

No ceremonial title! No mention of "pleasure" or "honour." Not a trace of the formula in which Ruth Earp had instructed him! He forgot all such trivialities.

("I've won that fiver, Mr. Harold Etches," he said to himself.)

The mouths of Aldermen inadvertently opened. Mr. Duncalf blenched.

"It's nearly over, isn't it?" said the Countess, still efficiently smiling. She did not recognise Denry. In that suit he might have been a Foreign Office attaché.

"Oh! that doesn't matter, I'm sure!" said Denry.

She yielded, and he took the paradisiacal creature in his arms. It was her business that evening to be universally and inclusively polite. She could not have begun with a refusal. A refusal might have dried up all other invitations whatsoever. Besides, she saw that the Aldermen wanted a lead. Besides, she was young, though a Countess, and adored dancing.

Thus they waltzed together, while the flower of Bursley's chivalry gazed in enchantment. The Countess's fan, depending from her arm, dangled against Denry's suit in a rather confusing fashion which withdrew his attention from his feet. He laid hold of it gingerly between two unemployed fingers. After that he managed fairly well. Once they came perilously near the Earl and his partner; nothing else. And then the dance ended, exactly when Denry had begun to savour the astounding spectacle of himself enclasping the Countess.

The Countess had soon perceived that he was the merest boy.

"You waltz quite nicely!" she said, like an aunt, but with more than an aunt's smile.

"Do I?" he beamed. Then something compelled him to say: "Do you know, it's the first time I've ever waltzed in my life, except in a lesson, you know?"

"Really!" she murmured. "You pick things up easily, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you?"

Either the question or the tone sent the Countess off into carillons of amusement. Everybody could see that Denry had made the Countess laugh tremendously. It was on this note that the waltz finished. She was still laughing when he bowed to her (as taught by Ruth Earp). He could not comprehend why she had so laughed, save on the supposition that he was more humorous than he had suspected. Anyhow he laughed too, and they parted laughing. He remembered that he had made a marked effect (though not one of laughter) on the tailor by quickly returning the question, "Are you?" And his unpremeditated stroke with the Countess was similar. When he had got ten yards on his way towards Harold Etches and a fiver he felt something in his hand. The Countess's fan was sticking between his fingers. It had unhooked itself from her chain. He furtively pocketed it.

"Just the same as dancing with any other woman!" — he told this untruth in reply to a question from Sillitoe. It was the least he could do. And any other young man in his place would have said as much or as little.

"What was she laughing at?" somebody else asked.

"Ah!" said Denry judiciously, "wouldn't you like to know?"

"Here you are!" said Etches, with an inattentive, plutocratic gesture handing over a five-pound note. He was one of those men who never venture out of sight of a bank without a banknote in their pockets — "because you never know what may turn up."

Denry accepted the note with a silent nod. In some directions he was gifted with astounding insight. And he could read in the faces of the haughty males surrounding him that in the space of a few minutes he had risen from nonentity into renown. He had become a great man. He did not at once realise how great, how renowned. But he saw enough in those eyes to cause his heart to glow, and to rouse in his brain these ambitious dreams which stirred him upon occasion. He left the group; he had need of motion, and also of that mental privacy which one may enjoy while strolling about on a crowded floor, in the midst of a considerable noise. He noticed that the Countess was now dancing with an Alderman, and that the Alderman, by an oversight inexcusable in an Alderman, was not wearing gloves. It was he, Denry, who had broken the ice so that the Aldermen might plunge into the water! He first had danced with the Countess, and had rendered her up to the Alderman with delicious gaiety upon her countenance. By instinct he knew Bursley, and he knew that he would be talked of. He knew that, for a time at any rate, he would displace even Jos. Curtenly, that almost professional "card" and amuser of burgesses, in the popular imagination. It would not be: "Have ye heard Jos.'s latest?" It would be: "Have ye heard about young Machin, Duncalf's clerk?"

Then he met Ruth Earp, strolling in the opposite direction with a young girl, one of her pupils, of whom all he knew was that her name was Nellie, and that this was her first ball: a childish little thing with a wistful face. He could not decide whether to look at Ruth or to avoid her glance. She settled the point by smiling at him in a manner that could not be ignored.

"Are you going to make it up to me for that waltz you missed?" said Ruth Earp. She pretended to be vexed and stern, but he knew that she was not. "Or is your programme full?" she added.

"I should like to," he said simply.

"But perhaps you don't care to dance with us poor ordinary people, now you've danced with the *Countess!*" she said, with a certain lofty and bitter pride.

He perceived that his tone had lacked eagerness.

"Don't talk like that," he said, as if hurt.

"Well," she said, "you can have the supper dance."

He took her programme to write on it.

"Why!" he said, "there's a name down here for the supper dance. 'Herbert' it looks like."

"Oh!" she replied carelessly, "that's nothing. Cross it out."

So he crossed Herbert out.

"Why don't you ask Nellie here for a dance," said Ruth Earp.

And Nellie blushed. He gathered that the possible honour of dancing with the supremely great man had surpassed Nellie's modest expectations.

"Can I have the next one?" he said.

"Oh, yes!" Nellie timidly whispered.

"It's a polka, and you aren't very good at polking, you know," Ruth warned him. "Still, Nellie will pull you through."

Nellie laughed, in silver. The naïve child thought that Ruth was trying to joke at Denry's expense. Her very manifest joy and pride in being seen with the unique Mr. Machin, in being the next after the Countess to dance with him, made another mirror in which Denry could discern the reflection of his vast importance.

At the supper, which was worthy of the hospitable traditions of the Chell family (though served standing-up in the police-court), he learnt all the gossip of the dance from Ruth Earp; amongst other things that more than one young man had asked the Countess for a dance, and had been refused, though Ruth Earp for her part declined to believe that Aldermen and Councillors had utterly absorbed the Countess's programme. Ruth hinted that the Countess was keeping a second dance open for him, Denry. When she asked him squarely if he meant to request another from the Countess, he said, No, positively. He knew when to let well alone, a knowledge which is more precious than a knowledge of geography. The supper was the summit of Denry's triumph. The best people spoke to him without being introduced. And lovely creatures mysteriously and intoxicatingly discovered that programmes which had been crammed two hours before were not after all quite, quite full.

"Do tell us what the Countess was laughing at?" This question was shot at him at least thirty times. He always said he would not tell. And one girl who had danced with Mr. Stanway, who had danced with the Countess, said that Mr. Stanway had said that the Countess would not tell, either. Proof, here, that he was being extensively talked about!

Toward the end of the festivity the rumour floated abroad that the Countess had lost her fan. The rumour reached Denry, who maintained a culpable silence. But when all was over, and the Countess was departing, he rushed down after her, and in a dramatic fashion which demonstrated his genius for the effective, he caught her exactly as she was getting into her carriage.

"I've just picked it up," he said, pushing through the crowd of worshippers.

"Oh! thank you so much!" she said. And the Earl also thanked Denry. And then the Countess, leaning from the carriage, said with archness in her efficient smile: "You do pick things up easily, don't you?"

And both Denry and the Countess laughed without restraint, and the pillars of Bursley society were mystified.

Denry winked at Jock as the horses pawed away. And Jock winked back.

The envied of all, Denry walked home, thinking violently. At a stroke he had become possessed of more than he could earn from Duncalf in a month. The faces of the Countess, of Ruth Earp, and of the timid Nellie mingled in exquisite hallucinations before his tired eyes. He was inexpressibly happy.

COMMON SENSE[1]

HELEN R. HULL

"THIRTEEN gross large, seventeen small." Sheldon Thorpe set down the figures opposite *Stork safety pins* at the end of the long, typed list. "Straighten up those boxes, Red." He pushed the green eyeshade up his forehead, moistened a finger and flipped over the sheet. "That's all, now, but the toys." He glanced down the long aisle, honey-combed with booths; the eyeshade laid a sallow band across his patient, spectacled face.

"Toys aren't so bad as these flimflams." The boy climbed down the step-ladder, rattled it together under his arm, and strode ahead of Sheldon. "Needles and pins and darning cotton and — pshaw!" He spat vigorously as he rounded the end of the aisle. Sheldon reached up to the light in its wire shield, snapped it off, and followed. At the far end of the basement gleamed another light. He saw it as he turned, and went meekly back to snap it off. Have to be careful about such items. Red was whistling and banging up there in the toy booth. Well, toys weren't so thick in a June inventory. Take Christmas, now —

"This cheap stuff for kids is sure a crime." Red stuck a doll back into its box, pawed behind the first layer of boxes. "Only nine of these X277. Got them in just last week, too."

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[1] From *Harper's Magazine*. By permission of the author.

"Nine X277. Good seller. What'yuh mean, crime?" Sheldon held his blue pencil firmly in the column.

"Five gross sketch books, B83. Crime to give kids such ugly stuff. Cheap and ugly. American made."

"Sells all right. They must like it. How many B84?"

"Sells!" Red clattered the short step-ladder into position and mounted it. "That's all you think of. Twenty-eight — no, twenty-nine gross. Well, I'm through, you bet." He stretched an arm into the next booth, his curly bright head shining under the ceiling light.

The next fifteen minutes they worked in swift silence, save for the announcement and repetition of figures. Then Sheldon folded together the thin sheets, clipped them, and brought his fist down on them.

"That's done. Now I can work out the statements to-morrow. Say, Red, why don't you stay on? If I get moved to a bigger store, I'd take you along. We work pretty good together."

"Me stay?" Red's eyes, very blue under their sandy lashes, were round with derision. "To-morrow night I'm a free man. I got cash enough for my fare to the coast, and a job on a sheep boat out of Baltimore."

Sheldon sat down on a box, staring up at the thin, gangling figure lounging against the ladder.

"You could work up, you know." The green shade with its sallow reflection distorted his face.

"God! What to? You sound like a mother. Keep a steady job, my boy, and work hard. I'm going to Paris, I tell you. That's the only place for an artist. And I'm going right now, before I lose my nerve and begin to worry for fear I won't be able to line my belly."

The narrow aisle, reaching back the length of the basement, bandied his words back and forth in the silence. At a footstep overhead, Sheldon started, peering nervously up. It was outside, on the street; some late passerby. The basement ran out under the walk.

"How old are you?" Sheldon's hands dropped over his knees;

long, thin, with prominent knuckles, white under the grime of stock-handling.

"Eighteen." Red straightened his shoulders. "Time I was getting down to real work. That night stuff at Chicago was good, but I want better than that. Real artists. I just stopped off here to see my folks and earn a wad to take me further."

"I went to work when I was fourteen," said Sheldon. "In a grocery store." He stared at his hands; they looked limp, sick, something apart from him. "I used to play the violin, nights. You get over those ideas."

"I don't," said Red. "Folks want you to. Like I said — keep a steady job and settle down. That's what they tell you. Say —" he leaned forward. "You don't like this, do you?"

Sheldon lifted his head. His knees drew up slightly, as if his whole body made a horrible contraction, a wrenching of rejection. Around him flowed a faint odor, damp, dusty, of cardboard, paint, tin, caught there in the cellar, and holding him.

"Naw, you hate it. I've seen you." Red nodded wisely. "What d'you stick it for?"

"I've been sticking it for more than twenty years." There was something breaking in Sheldon, pulling apart like the strands of rotten rope. He liked Red. Liked his funny, crackling voice; his thin, awkward body moving about; his impudent, casual ways. Red was going away. "You're young." He tried to hold those rotten, fraying ends together. "You don't know, yet."

"Mebbe I don't know everything." There was in the strong thrust of Red's chin a stubbornness not of youth nor of age. "I know a thing or two. I been good and hungry. That's one thing. I've been crazy about a girl. That's another. I know I won't stick at a job I hate. I know I got to find out more about the way of putting down what I see. Look at you, there! You're a bunch of limp triangles, all sprawling out with their apexes smashed together in your solar plexus, and that green light dripping on your face. I could paint that, and that shadow behind you, full of green. It would say something, I tell you. It'd say whether you liked sticking your job. It'd be more than you, too. It'd be all the other poor guys sticking jobs. But I couldn't get that green now. Like water, only thicker."

"I don't see any green behind me." Sheldon sounded irritated;

he pulled the eyeshade up from his head and dangled it over a finger.

"You'd see it if I painted it. I can't tell it to you."

"Now that's funny." Sheldon's foot crunched on a bit of excelsior from a packing box, and he stooped mechanically to pick it up. "I remember I used to think that way about a violin. There would be a way of saying things." His fingers twisted the shaving.

"Why didn't you?"

"Why?" Sheldon threw aside the excelsior. The frayed rope had parted, the rope which bound him silent and humble. "I'll tell you! You think all you got to do is go ahead and do what you want to. You can't do what you want to. My mother hated music. Hated the sight of a violin. She thought it was an excuse to stay out late at night. A devil snare. My father — he used to play. I never heard him. He ran away when I was a baby. Left my mother without a cent. She worked — washing, sewing, nursing sick folks. Then one day, she got word he was dead, in Texas. She had to borrow the money to send for him and bury him. That's what doing what he wanted to did for him and us. I went to work then. 'Keep my boy from being like his father!' I'd hear her praying that at night." Sheldon stopped; against his eyelids he saw, instead of Red, instead of the shadowy, silent store, a half-opened door, a woman kneeling beside a cot, face turned up so that the cords in her thin neck stood out, and her voice — heavy with anguish — "Oh, Lord, make Sheldon a good boy. Faithful, sober, hard-working. Spare him. Keep him from the evil ways of his father."

"So I plugged away," he went on, slowly. "I thought if I hated what I had to do, that was a sign I was wicked. It would of seemed sinful to do what you liked. So I worked up — to this. When I'd feel half crazy, as if I couldn't stand it — she'd say I was bilious. My wife, too. She makes me take calomel. Calomel!" Sheldon laughed, and the booths along the aisle took his laugh and knocked it back and forth like a grisly toy. "When my head is full of wild notions, I think how if I set a match to this excelsior, and sat here while it burned. Or I think how I could run through the store and knock the women's heads together where they're pawing over pieces of me. That's what it is, all this stuff. Spools and jumping jacks and knives and kettle covers. Me, scattered around in a million things. I ain't anywhere else. I can't stand it! Calomel!" He stopped; his thin lips seemed to stick together, dry and hot; he could feel cold sweat dripping down his chest. And there was Red, listening to him —

"Whee-oo!" Red thrust his hands into the pockets of his overalls. "Say, I didn't know it was that bad! I thought you were just sorta fed up and sore on it all, needed a vacation —"

"I ought not to talk this way to you." Sheldon's misery looked deeply out of his tired, sunken eyes. "But you're different, somehow. And now you're going off. I'd be all right, you know, if I didn't think. If I could stop thinking. There's me, working around, steady, and then there's another fellow, thinking, like a clock in my stomach what won't stop ticking. Lately the thinking's getting the best of me. And here on Wednesday this man's coming, Clinton. Firm representative. To look things over, and if they're o.k., to offer me a better job. Another store. More things."

"Turn him down, old boy." Red's voice was rough and friendly.

"I got to go on. There's my wife, Carrie. And the little girl."

"Turn him down and find something you want to do. God, you don't want to go clean bughouse, do you?"

"What do I want to do?" Sheldon flung out his hands emptily. "This is all I'm good for. And I ain't good for this."

"Selling jimcracks isn't all the world," said Red. "Take a look around."

"There's another thing." Sheldon leaned forward, his shoulders hunched. "I been looking at things, thinking. I had a notion — sorta nightmare, I guess. As if I tiptoed along past the sideshows in a circus. You know, the painted curtains they have to show what's in the sideshow tent? Only the tents are all empty. That's the joke. Empty. There are the curtains, bright, pictures of what's in the tent. When you peek in, nothing there. Love, that's one sideshow. Being respectable. What the neighbors think. Common sense. Holding your job. Making money. Nothing behind, only folks don't know it. Mebbe painting pictures is another —"

"Mebbe it isn't." Red stood up, stretching. "I tell you."

He laid his hand firmly on Sheldon's shoulder. "You come along with me. That's the ticket! Take a year off. Look around. We — you and me get on fine. I'd like a fellow along to speak English to. Beat it. Will you, huh?" He slapped his thigh resoundingly. "Now there you got it. To-morrow night. You could get a job on that sheep boat. Oo-la-la! Find a side-show that isn't empty. Say, old boy, will you?"

Sheldon sat rigid. He felt Red's wiry, hard enthusiasm boring into his emptiness, gathering together the scattered bits of self.

"That's — " he ran his tongue over his dry lips. "That's what my father did. Ran off." Within him there went on a complete sundering of himself — the Sheldon Thorpe who worked along, diligent, silent — and that other feverish, thinking self. "I couldn't do that." The old Sheldon was shrinking into a crumb. "I've got money enough, to leave for Carrie. I could tell her I was going."

"That'd spill the beans," declared Red, scornfully. "No skirt'll let go of a man for a year."

Sheldon got to his feet. The floor came up in lurches to meet him, as if he were drunk.

"I'll not ask her. I'll tell her I'm going, before I go crazy. It's too late for me to try the violin." He held his hands out, shaking. "They're used up on packing boxes and figures — stiff — But there might be something else — something a fellow could be interested in —"

"Sure there is!" Red clapped his shoulder. "Only —" he was doubtful. "If you tell her, she'll keep you."

"No!" Sheldon's voice was a shout. "I won't sneak off. Here." He reached into his pocket, fumbled with a wallet. "Here, you get me a ticket." He watched, not breathing, until Red had folded the bill and slipped it behind his watch. "Now come on." He stumbled over the filing board with the sheets of figures, kicked at it, and strode down the aisle, Red at his heels.

Outside the store he stopped automatically, tried the nightlock, and peered through the draperies of embroidery in the window to see that the office light still burned. Red watched him curiously, his cap twirling in his fingers. Sheldon turned; his feet were steady enough now.

"You'd like me to go with you?"

"Sure as blazes!" Red tossed up his cap, ducked to catch it on his head, reached out his hand for a quick handshake, and swung off down the street.

Sheldon set forth in the opposite direction. He would walk home, even if it was late. He left the business street for dimly lighted side streets. Never had he walked like this, head up, chest high: he could feel the darkness fall aside in long waves, and his thoughts, random, inchoate, bits of the old Sheldon, bits of the strange new Sheldon, falling behind him in a long, spreading wake. Only last night, as he had walked, he had thought but one thought, over and over. I wish I was dead. I wish I could die. And to-night!

He stopped a moment on the bridge across the river. He should think about Carrie and what he should say to her. Under him the dark water moved softly, and along the bank was the faint cheep of insects. There at the bend of the river he caught the swift reflection of a star. He went on more slowly.

River Park Addition. His house was down here. Funny, how wound up and twisted into each other things in life were. Six — no, seven — years ago this summer a real estate agent had plotted off this land and made a big sale. Sheldon's mother liked the advertisements. She and Sheldon had walked from the car line through the newly laid streets one Sunday, and Sheldon had pulled off the ticket on lot ten. That meant he claimed the lot. He had gone, the following noon, to the agent's office. Carrie was there, behind the desk, with smooth black hair and blue eyes. She seemed to take a fancy to him. And his mother liked her. Demure and friendly. Sheldon grimaced in the dark. He knew now. Another empty sideshow. Carrie wanted a husband. And a home. She was tired of working in an office. Well — maybe that was what women wanted. She had been good to his mother. Planning the house with her, taking care of her when she was sick. "Carrie's a wonderful wife, Sheldon," his mother had said. "Be sure you deserve her." Just before she died.

And the little girl, Marjory. A quiet, docile child. Sheldon thought sometimes that she liked him, but Carrie "wouldn't have her spoiled." Yes, Carrie was a good wife. A good mother. She didn't want any more children.

Perhaps, after all — the leaves from the poplars of his own street whistled under his feet; the dry spring was making them fall early. Perhaps it would be better, as Red said, not to speak to Carrie. She had so many ambitions: a bigger house, a car, a servant. "I've got to tell her," said Sheldon. "I can't sneak off."

Carrie was sewing, sitting close to the piano lamp with its new varnished parchment shade. She looked up, moistening an end of thread on her tongue, a series of regular high lights on her waved hair. Sheldon felt uncomfortable whenever he looked at those waves. Carrie had saved up the money for what she called a "permanent" for months, and she hadn't cared for his confession that he thought smooth hair was prettier.

"My, you're late," she said. Often her voice had little undertones of implications, even when her words were simple.

"Yes." Sheldon hesitated. He could talk better standing up — but he could lead up better if he sat down, maybe. He started toward the wing chair, but Carrie spoke quickly.

"You're probably all dust from your basement. Sit down there —" She pointed at a little imitation Windsor chair. "I cleaned every bit of the stuffed furniture to-day with the vacuum cleaner."

Sheldon sat down.

"Well?" She looked up from her sewing. "You might tell me about the reports. Are they good? Good enough to show Mr. Clinton?"

"I haven't made them out." Sheldon looked at his hands, spread on his knees. "We just finished the inventory."

"My, it takes you a long time, doesn't it?" She was whipping lace in place on a dress for Marjory, with brisk, snapping motions. "But you know it's been a good year, anyway. Clinton must do something for you. He hinted he would."

"I don't want him to." Sheldon drew one hand across his forehead, and stared at it, expecting to see it glisten with cold sweat. "Carrie, I want to go away. For a year. I — I've got to go. Or go crazy. I've got a chance —"

Carrie dropped her sewing into her lap, her hands shut firmly on it. And Sheldon, even in the intensity of his absorption, saw with a flicker of alarm, that she was not surprised. She looked at him, her eyes as expressionless as blue china, her wide, thin mouth shut firmly.

"I wasn't meant for a storekeeper," Sheldon hurried on. "I can't stand it. If I don't go away, I'll smash, that's all. There's money enough in the bank for you for a year."

"Where —" her voice was quiet — "are you planning to go, if I may ask?"

"I want a chance to look around, to see what I might do." No use to explain more to Carrie. He had just to go.

"You mean you have nothing in view? Nobody's made you a grand offer, I suppose?"

"Nobody's made me any offer." Sheldon drew a long breath. "But I have things in view."

"Just when you begin to make a decent salary for your family, when you are going to have a bigger store offered to you, with all it means, you think you can throw it over. Where *is* your common sense? You must be crazy!"

"I will be, I tell you." Sheldon shivered. What was there so formidable in the lack of surprise in Carrie's face? He had expected to find her impregnable, just because she was Carrie; but she seemed to be saying to herself, "I told you so!" she seemed to have lain in wait for him, traps set, guns trained, as if she had known that he would come home with these words, as if she had even seen him peering into the emptiness behind the sideshow placards. "I tell you I can't endure it any longer. I'm going away, to look —"

"Just like your father." Carrie folded her hands primly in her lap. "Your mother warned me. I've felt it coming. The way you've sneered at me. Picking at your food, and not eating. Sheldon, I won't allow you to disgrace yourself and your family." Her voice was unwaveringly clear. "I shall save you from yourself. Have you no ambition, no decency? Think of your innocent child."

"Ambition?" Sheldon felt his heart thundering against walls of ice. "To make more money? No! I have an ambition, to find — to find myself. To find something I can do, where I won't wish I was dead every hour in the day. I've been brought up to hate my father, sneaking off in the night and leaving a woman with a baby. Maybe he couldn't help himself. I'm telling you I've got to go."

"Couldn't help himself? If you aren't wicked and weak, you can help yourself." In each of Carrie's cheeks, just under the prominent cheekbones, flared a spot of crimson. "Perhaps you think I like what I have to do, day after day. I haven't complained, have I? I know my duty, and I do it, I hope."

"Do you hate it, day after day?" Sheldon stared at her, trying to fit that idea into place. "You don't wish you could die?"

"I'm not as wicked as that. Nobody likes what they have to do to get along. Here I gave up a good position to be your wife, and I've been as good a wife as I could —"

"Well, there!" Sheldon was suddenly triumphant. "That's easy! You could get your job back again, while I —"

"For heaven's sake!" Carrie's voice was almost shrill, but it dropped immediately into its controlled level. "Announce myself to the world as a deserted wife? Sheldon, what are you thinking of?"

"There's money enough without that. For at least a year."

"What do you suppose I've been working for? So that you could get ahead. No man has ever had so much encouragement. First your mother, and then me. You can't do anything else. You're too old to tackle a new kind of work, and anyway, you'd get tired of that too. It isn't," she added, with an undertone of sharp malice, "as if you were a genius. You have to plod along to get anywhere."

"You don't know what I might of been," cried out Sheldon, "if I'd ever had a chance!"

"I know it's taken you a long time to get where you can earn enough money to support your family decently."

"And you'd have me go on sticking it —" Red's phrase came back — "so I can buy you more stuffed furniture too good for me to sit on, and more —"

"Most men take some pride in what they can buy for their wives."

"Even when I tell you I'm going mad — that I may kill myself —"

"Sheldon, you're all tired out." Carrie rose quietly and stood beside him. "You come to bed. It's only when you're overworked that this weak strain in you comes out. You better ask

Dr. Riley for a tonic. Something to brace you up." She laid her hand on his shoulder.

Sheldon shut his eyes a moment. He thought her fingers crept up to his throat, closed about it, choking him. Cautiously he lifted his lids — no, he could see her fingers, lying softly there on his shoulder.

"I can't take a new store, a larger one. I'll fizzle it."

"Nonsense." She brushed away his words with a light gesture. "Come on to bed. I've said all I'm going to. But you'll take the store Clinton offers you, and do well. We won't even discuss it any more. In the morning you'll have more common sense."

Sheldon stumbled to his feet and crossed to the dark bedroom. As he heard Carrie lock the front door and snap out the light, he laughed. She hadn't fooled him! Back of that calm blue gaze of hers, she was worried. She wasn't sure. Talk! God, he didn't want to talk any more. He'd said all he meant to say. He'd warned her. He laughed again.

He was still laughing, inside, at breakfast the next morning, a mocking, chittering laughter, like a flock of witless birds. Carrie, in fresh blue gingham, pouring the coffee, bidding Marjory to tell her Daddy all about the nice walk they had taken along the river; Marjory, her solemn little voice running on and on. When he left the house, Marjory was sweeping the poplar leaves away from the sidewalk with her ridiculous red-handled broom. Stock number G582, mumbled Sheldon. He watched her a moment. The slender neck under cropped dark hair, cream-white, with a delicate hollow, stopped the chittering laughter. It began again as he walked along, with the thought of Carrie hurrying into the bedroom where he was looking for a clean collar. To see if he had taken any of his clothes! He hadn't. Wouldn't need them, on a sheep vessel.

The long morning held a brief encounter with Red; Sheldon had followed him down to the basement. Red held up a strip of green ticket.

"Still want it?" he grinned.

"Yes." Sheldon touched it. "You keep it. I'll meet you at the train."

"Nine-ten she goes." Red stuck the ticket away in a pocket. "Say, this afternoon I got to leave early. My folks — and there's a girl I got to see. You don't mind? So long as we're both skipping."

Sheldon knew he wanted Red there, every minute until he could lock the front door of the store behind him. But he nodded. As he climbed the stairs, he heard Red's loud whistle retreating behind the stock shelves.

He would figure up the reports. Might as well leave things all clear. He worked steadily into the afternoon. Overhead, loss, sales. The figures crawled like insects under his eyes. From his office, slightly elevated at the rear of the store, he could gaze out over this fantastic representation of his past life. It's all right, he thought, if you don't look at it too hard. Take the matter of loss on goods, now. How serious he had been, teaching the feather-brained clerks to keep their goods fresh, not to let papers get wrinkled, or embroideries mussed. Those crêpe paper decorations on the walls — he'd worked like a fool to get them hung. And *what for?* A violent gesture of his hand sent a blot sprawling over his neat page, and he reached mechanically for a bottle of ink eradicator. The old Sheldon had taken all that seriously enough. It was all right, so long as you didn't begin to think.

"Well, well, how's the chief administrator?" The loud, cheerful voice was a hook, plucking him forcibly out of his circling thoughts. Mr. Clinton leaned over the railing of the office, his hand extended, his prominent blue eyes assaulting Sheldon. "Giving an imitation of a hard-working man, eh?" His smile pulled his full lips back from uneven, small teeth. "Didn't expect me till to-morrow, I know. I got through early at Fenton, and burned up the road a little between here and there."

Sheldon was mumbling something, shaking hands, shifting chairs to make room for Clinton.

"I'm not ready for you," he said. His thoughts were frightened minnows, darting about. It wouldn't make any difference, Clinton's coming to-day. Carrie wouldn't know he was in town. Sheldon could stay late at the store, as he had planned. Clinton needn't suspect — Damn the man, why hadn't he waited until Wednesday! "Been figuring the turnover."

"Doesn't matter." Clinton lounged easily in the chair, knees crossed, a neat clocked silk ankle swinging. "The firm knows what it's got in you. Mere matter of form, asking you for reports now, you know."

As he went on, Sheldon listened to his deep, over-cheerful tones, and watched the startled minnows darting — It's his silk shirts I hate, and his eyes popping out of his head. His patronizing ways — well, my little fellow, see how smart I am. Like to tell him — His eyes would stick out some if I said I didn't give a tinker's damn for the whole shooting-match.

"So there're these two stores, in class A," Clinton was finishing, "both in need of a good, steady hand to jerk them up. One in Indiana, one in Wisconsin. Which would you like to try? The firm believes in your ability to take hold and pull them up. We haven't got the business from them they're capable of. It's the steady, quiet fellow like you that makes the fine manager."

"You better let me think it over." He expects me to look grateful and impressed, thought Sheldon, while an echo of the chittering laughter of the morning rattled in his head. "Tomorrow I can give you an answer."

"That's right. Talk it over with the wife, eh?" Clinton rose. "Then there's the matter of a little stock. You'll have a fine bonus, and the company likes its managers of class A stores to hold enough stock so they have a feeling of belonging to the firm. Not much is available. I could arrange that for you. Well, I'll look around a little. Don't bother to come." He strolled off, his tall, thin body swaggering a little, his protruding blue eyes searching out the pretty faces behind the counters.

"Belonging to the firm!" Sheldon's fists closed on the papers littering his desk. "I'll show 'em. Steady, quiet — bah! Be a good little boy, and see what we'll give you."

He was crouched over the desk, his face stubborn and white, when a voice at his elbow whanged into him. He lifted his head, to see Carrie, an effect of restrained fluttering over her features, even over her silk dress and flowered hat, and behind her, his Panama balanced on a finger, Clinton.

"Isn't this nice, Sheldon," said Carrie. "Mr. Clinton says he can take dinner with us. So lucky I should drop in. I came to rescue my poor husband, Mr. Clinton. He works too hard for your old firm." She pouted ingratiatingly up at Clinton. "He said he wasn't coming home till just awful late, so I came down to insist. A chicken in the fireless cooker. And now you'll take potluck with us —"

"I'm not through here." Sheldon eyed Carrie grimly. That demure, shy fluttering of hers was a great bluff. He knew why she had come.

"No hurry about this work now, old man." Clinton lounged beside Carrie. "Or is he such a demon for work that he can't join us in celebrating his promotion, Mrs. Thorpe?"

That shook Carrie's demureness for an instant. Her eyes leaped to Sheldon's face, hard, full of warning, of triumph.

"You've got it?" She turned to Clinton, her hands, neat and small in silk gloves, pressed imploringly together. "Tell me about it?"

"If you'll excuse me a minute." Sheldon swung the gate open. "Just sit down in here, both of you." He had heard the banging of the cash registers, which indicated that Miss Wilck, the floorwalker, was making her evening rounds. Time to lock the doors. The long, sultry day was over. He stood at the front door, to allow the few dallying customers to depart. Sudden bustling animation behind the counters: goods jerked into order, noses being powdered, a chattering renewal of life at the prospect of escape. Good-night, Mr. Thorpe. Good-night, good-night. And back there in the office, those two. Suppose he walked out with the clerks, down the street. He had a vision of himself skulking in alleys behind the stores, hiding, and Carrie in pursuit. Where could he go, until that train was due?

Miss Wilck pressed into his hand the striped canvas money bag. He had to put that into the safe. He didn't intend to run off as a thief. The store was empty now, silent, except for the two in the office. Carrie had a queer laugh, he thought. Pitched too high.

No escaping them at this point. He would have to go home with them. Plenty of time before the train, anyway.

"Pretty snug, eh?" Clinton settled himself behind the wheel in his roadster. Carrie giggled softly. She was peering about, hoping, Sheldon knew, for a glimpse of someone who would recognize her in the shining red car. The touch of her light silk made his skin crawl sluggishly.

"So good of you to spare us an evening," she was saying.

"Think of me having a chance at dinner in a home." Clinton swung out from the curb. "Home cooking — I want to get my teeth in that chicken you were talking about. Now tell me where I turn. Let's not get pinched for speeding, heh?"

"Isn't this an elegant car, Sheldon?" Carrie's ears were pink under the ripple of waved hair. "It rides so easy."

Sheldon twisted his hand away from contact with her dress. This was what Carrie liked. She should have married someone like Clinton. What kind of wife did Clinton have?

Carrie thought she had him now, wedged in that seat, dragged home to dinner, committed definitely. Nine-ten, Red had said. Not three hours away. He'd have to make a bolt for it.

A nice little home dinner. Carrie spread her best linen, unrolled her best silver from its cotton wool wrapping, made little darts to the door of the living room to cry out, "You'll starve, I'm afraid! But I'm hustling." Marjory came home from the neighbor's, stood shy and unwilling while Mr. Clinton tried to coax her onto his knee, stared round-eyed at his hearty, "Not old enough yet for that, eh?" and disappeared for her supper. "Will you see that she's in bed all right, Sheldon?" Carrie called to him.

Sheldon was thankful to escape the grind of talk with the guest. He stood beside Marjory's cot. She wanted him to make a bow of the wispy red ribbon about the neck of her fuzzy gray dog. How little she was! He fumbled with the ribbon. If he never came back, would Carrie teach her to hate him? But he meant to come back. He wasn't deserting them. Just taking a little time to look around —

"Nice daddy!" Marjory flung her arms around his neck.

"Little pipestems." Sheldon touched her wrists gently, and patted the sheet into place under her chin. "You ought to get fatter."

He glanced back from the door. Funny little tyke, so solemn. Think of your innocent child, said Carrie. He wasn't doing her any good, just sticking. If he could find something, could amount to something, then he might.

Carrie manœuvred an aside as she carried the platter of chicken to the table.

"For heaven's sake, brace up! You make me ashamed, the way you act!"

Brace up, when all his being leaned perilously toward that nine-ten train, when time — two hours, now — had grown more tangible than space, and he moved through it heavily, like a winded runner.

Clinton was spinning an interminable yarn about his first job with the firm, and Carrie listened, poised in admiring attention. Why couldn't they eat and get through? He knocked a spoon to the floor and bent clumsily to reach for it, trying to extract his watch far enough to read the face. Eight. He'd have to allow a half hour from the house. No way to get a taxi down here. He couldn't run through the streets; someone would see him. That meant forty minutes left. Forty — what was Carrie saying?

"I suppose you never get discouraged, do you?" Her voice blurred into undertones of meaning. "Tired of your work?"

"A man can't allow that, if he's going to get ahead, you know." Clinton was masterful, assured. "The game's to the fellow that goes straight after what he wants, with lots of pep, forges ahead to success. That's the American business man. He isn't tired. Discouragement belongs to the fellows that keep park benches warm. The Go-Getter! He's the man."

"It's just a matter of will, isn't it?" Carrie's glance pecked swiftly at Sheldon, as she rose to clear away the salad course.

"That's the idea. Will and brains and pep. You're a wonderful cook, Mrs. Thorpe, if I may say so."

Dessert and coffee. Sheldon's tongue was swollen and thick, until he felt that another mouthful would choke him. Would they never finish? He couldn't bolt away from the table, when Carrie was so pleased about her dinner. Humiliating her. Unbelievable, to be held fast by a web as frail as that — just manners. But he couldn't go. If he didn't make that train, if Red went without him, he knew, suddenly, that he would never go. It was Red's fire that had touched him into action.

"I wondered —" Carrie was saying, "if I might suggest —" she deprecated astutely her daring in offering a suggestion to the great Mr. Clinton — "a little vacation, before Sheldon goes to the new store? He's been working very hard."

"Fine! Much better than interrupting the work there later in the summer. A little fishing trip. Or a motor trip — but you haven't bought your car yet, have you? Well —"

Vacation! Suppose he got up and said, "Keep your damned store. I'm through. I'm leaving." He couldn't move his thick tongue. They were all rising, now, going into the living room. Carrie had his box of cigars.

"No matches? Sheldon, dear —"

He plunged into the kitchen. The back door — if he had his hat. Could he start for Europe without a hat? His hand touched the latch of the screen door, jerked violently back at the sound of a step. Carrie, coming through the dining room.

"Mr. Clinton's going to take us for a little drive, Sheldon. I'm going over to ask Mrs. Purdy to sit here till we get back, with Marjory."

She hurried past him, out of the door. He saw her pass the band of light from the living room windows, saw her outlined in the rectangle of yellow from the Purdys' side door. She could see him, if he ran out. He had to find Red! He'd wait till she came back, then dodge. Perhaps they'd chase him in that red car. But he might make it. She was laughing, the high, thin sound coming across the shadowy lawn. At last she turned and hurried back. Sheldon drew out his watch. Time, that dreary, lengthy track down which he had been running, spent and thick-tongued, had come to an end. Round and round jerked the tiny second-hand. Nine-ten, nine-eleven. Red had gone. Gone.

Carrie was at his side, catching his elbow in her hand.

"She's coming right over. Sheldon, isn't it splendid! Now come on, and do cheer up!"

THE BLUE ROOM[1]

KENNETH GRAHAME

THAT Nature has her moments of sympathy with man has been noted often enough — and generally as a new discovery. To us, who had never known any other condition of things, it seemed entirely right and fitting that the wind sang and sobbed in the poplar tops, and, in the lulls of it, sudden spirts of rain spattered the already dusty roads on that blusterous March day when Edward and I awaited on the station platform the arrival of the new tutor. Needless to say, this arrangement had been planned by an aunt, from some fond idea that our shy, innocent young natures would unfold themselves during the walk from the station, and that, on the revelation of each other's more solid qualities that must inevitably ensue, an enduring friendship, springing from mutual respect, might be firmly based. A pretty dream — nothing more. For Edward, who foresaw that the brunt of tutorial oppression would have to be borne by him, was sulky, monosyllabic, and determined to be as negatively disagreeable as good manners would permit. It was therefore evident that I would have to be spokesman and purveyor of hollow civilities, and I was none the more amiable on that account — all courtesies, welcomes, explanations, and other court-chamberlain kind of business being my special aversion. There was much of the tempestuous March weather in the hearts of both of us as we sullenly glowered along the carriage windows of the slackening train.

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[1] From *The Golden Age*. Copyright, by Dodd, Mead and Company, publishers.

One is apt, however, to misjudge the special difficulties of a situation; and the reception proved, after all, an easy and informal matter. In a trainful so uniformly bucolic a tutor was readily recognizable; and his portmanteau had been consigned to the luggage-cart, and his person conveyed into the lane, before I had discharged one of my carefully-considered sentences. I breathed more easily, and looking up at our new friend as we stepped out together, remembered that we had been counting on something altogether more arid, scholastic, and severe. A boyish, eager face and a petulant *pince-nez*, untidy hair, a head of constant, quick turns like a robin's, and a voice that kept breaking into alto — these were all very strange and new, but not in the least terrible.

He proceeded jerkily through the village, with glances on this side and that; and "Charming," he broke out presently; "quite too charming and delightful!"

I had not counted on this sort of thing, and glanced for help to Edward, who, hands in pockets, looked grimly down his nose. He had taken his line, and meant to stick to it.

Meantime our friend had made an imaginary spy-glass out of his fist, and was squinting through it at something I could not perceive. "What an exquisite bit!" he burst out. "Fifteenth century — no — yes it is!"

I began to feel puzzled, not to say alarmed. It reminded me of the butcher in the *Arabian Nights*, whose common joints, displayed on the shop-front, took to a startled public the appearance of dismembered humanity. This man seemed to see the strangest things in our dull, familiar surroundings.

"Ah!" he broke out again, as we jogged on between hedgerows, "and that field now, backed by the downs, with the rain-cloud brooding over it — that's all David Cox, every bit of it!"

"That field belongs to Farmer Larkin," I explained politely; for, of course, he could not be expected to know. "I'll take you over to Farmer Cox's to-morrow, if he's a friend of yours; but there's nothing to see there."

Edward, who was hanging sullenly behind, made a face at me, as if to say, "What sort of lunatic have we got here?"

"It has the true pastoral character, this country of yours," went on our enthusiast, "with just that added touch in cottage and farmstead, relics of a bygone art, which makes our English landscape so divine, so unique!"

Really this grasshopper was becoming a burden! These familiar fields and farms, of which we knew every blade and stick, had done nothing that I knew of to be bespattered with adjectives in this way. I had never thought of them as divine, unique, or anything else. They were — well, they were just themselves, and there was an end of it. Despairingly I jogged Edward in the ribs, as a sign to start rational conversation; but he only grinned and continued obdurate.

"You can see the house now," I remarked presently; "and that's Selina, chasing the donkey in the paddock. Or is it the donkey chasing Selina? I can't quite make out; but it's *them*, anyhow."

Needless to say, he exploded with a full charge of adjectives. "Exquisite!" he rapped out; "so mellow and harmonious! and so entirely in keeping!" (I could see from Edward's face that he was thinking who ought to be in keeping.) "Such possibilities of romance, now, in those old gables!"

"If you mean the garrets," I said, "there's a lot of old furniture in them; and one is generally full of apples; and the bats get in sometimes, under the eaves, and flop about till we go up with hairbrushes and things and drive 'em out; but there's nothing else in 'em that I know of."

"Oh, but there must be more than bats," he cried. "Don't tell me there are no ghosts. I shall be deeply disappointed if there aren't any ghosts."

I did not think it worth while to reply, feeling really unequal to this sort of conversation. Besides, we were nearing the house, when my task would be ended. Aunt Eliza met us at the door, and in the cross-fire of adjectives that ensued — both of them talking at once, as grown-up folk have a habit of doing — we two slipped round to the back of the house, and speedily put several broad acres between us and civilization, for fear of being ordered in to tea in the drawing-room. By the time we returned our new importation had gone up to dress for dinner, so till the morrow at least we were free of him.

Meanwhile the March wind, after dropping a while at sundown, had been steadily increasing in volume; and although I fell asleep at my usual hour, about midnight I was wakened by the stress and the cry of it. In the bright moonlight wind-swung branches tossed and swayed eerily across the blinds; there was rumbling in chimneys, whistling in keyholes, and everywhere a clamour and a call. Sleep was out of the question, and sitting up in bed I looked round. Edward sat up too. "I was wondering when you were going to wake," he said. "It's no good trying to sleep through this. I vote we get up and do something."

"I'm game," I replied. "Let's play at being in a ship at sea" (the plaint of the old house under the buffeting wind suggested this, naturally), "and we can be wrecked on an island or left on a raft, whichever you choose; but I like an island best myself, because there's more things on it."

Edward on reflection negatived the idea. "It would make too much noise," he pointed out. "There's no fun playing at ships, unless you can make a jolly good row."

The door creaked, and a small figure in white slipped cautiously in. "Thought I heard you talking," said Charlotte. "We don't like it; we're afraid — Selina too! She'll be here in a minute. She's putting on her new dressing-gown she's so proud of."

His arms round his knees, Edward cogitated deeply until Selina appeared, barefooted, and looking slim and tall in the new dressing-gown. Then, "Look here," he exclaimed; "now we're all together, I vote we go and explore!"

"You're always wanting to explore," I said. "What on earth is there to explore for in this house?"

"Biscuits!" said the inspired Edward.

"Hooray! Come on!" chimed in Harold, sitting up suddenly. He had been awake all the time, but had been shamming asleep, lest he should be fagged to do anything.

It was indeed a fact, as Edward had remembered, that our thoughtless elders occasionally left the biscuits out, a prize for the night-walking adventurer with nerves of steel.

Edward tumbled out of bed, and pulled a baggy old pair of knickerbockers over his bare shanks. Then he girt himself with a belt, into which he thrust on the one side a large wooden pistol, on the other an old single-stick; and finally he donned a big slouch hat — once an uncle's — that we used for playing Guy Fawkes and Charles-the-Second-up-a-tree in. Whatever the audience, Edward, if possible, always dressed for his parts with care and conscientiousness; while Harold and I, true Elizabethans, cared little about the mounting of the piece, so long as the real dramatic heart of it beat sound.

Our commander now enjoined on us a silence deep as the grave, reminding us that Aunt Eliza usually slept with an open door, past which we had to file.

"But we'll take the short cut through the Blue Room," said the wary Selina.

"Of course," said Edward approvingly. "I forgot about that. Now then. You lead the way!"

The Blue Room had in prehistoric times been added to by taking in a superfluous passage, and so not only had the advantage of two doors, but also enabled us to get to the head of the stairs without passing the chamber wherein our dragon-aunt lay couched. It was rarely occupied, except when a casual uncle came down for the night. We entered in noiseless file, the room being plunged in darkness, except for a bright strip of moonlight on the floor, across which we must pass for our exit. On this our leading lady chose to pause, seizing the opportunity to study the hang of her new dressing-gown. Greatly satisfied thereat, she proceeded, after the feminine fashion, to peacock and to pose, pacing a minuet down the moonlit patch with an imaginary partner. This was too much for Edward's histrionic instincts, and after a moment's pause he drew his single-stick, and with flourishes meet for the occasion, strode on to the stage. A struggle ensued on approved lines, at the end of which Selina was stabbed slowly and with unction, and her corpse borne from the chamber by the ruthless cavalier. The rest of us rushed after in a clump, with capers and gesticulations of delight — the special charm of the performance lying in the necessity for its being carried out with the dumbest of dumb shows.

Once out on the dark landing, the noise of the storm without told us that we had exaggerated the necessity for silence; so, grasping the tails of each other's nightgowns, even as Alpine climbers rope themselves together in perilous places, we fared stoutly down the staircase-moraine, and across the grim glacier of the hall, to where a faint glimmer from the half-open door of the drawing-room beckoned to us like friendly hostel-lights. Entering, we found that our thriftless seniors had left the sound red heart of a fire, easily coaxed into a cheerful blaze; and biscuits — a plateful — smiled at us in an encouraging sort of way, together with the halves of a lemon already squeezed, but still suckable. The biscuits were righteously shared, the lemon segments passed from mouth to mouth; and as we squatted round the fire, its genial warmth consoling our unclad limbs, we realized that so many nocturnal perils had not been braved in vain.

"It's a funny thing," said Edward, as we chatted, "how I hate this room in the daytime. It always means having your face washed, and your hair brushed, and talking silly company talk. But to-night it's really quite jolly; looks different, somehow."

"I never can make out," I said, "what people come here to tea for. They can have their own tea at home if they like — they're not poor people — with jam and things, and drink out of their saucer, and suck their fingers and enjoy themselves; but they come here from a long way off, and sit up straight with their feet off the bars of their chairs, and have one cup, and talk the same sort of stuff every time."

Selina sniffed disdainfully. "You don't know anything about it," she said. "In society you have to call on each other. It's the proper thing to do."

"Pooh! *you're* not in society," said Edward politely; "and, what's more, you never will be."

"Yes I shall, some day," retorted Selina; "but I shan't ask you to come and see me, so there!"

"Wouldn't come if you did," growled Edward.

"Well, you won't get the chance," rejoined our sister, claiming her right of the last word. There was no heat about these little amenities, which made up — as understood by us — the art of polite conversation.

"I don't like society people," put in Harold from the sofa, where he was sprawling at full length — a sight the daylight hours would have blushed to witness. "There were some of 'em here this afternoon, when you two had gone off to the station. Oh, and I found a dead mouse on the lawn, and I wanted to skin it, but I wasn't sure I knew how, by myself; and they came out into the garden, and patted my head —I wish people wouldn't do that — and one of 'em asked me to pick her a flower. Don't know why she couldn't pick it herself; but I said, 'All right; I will if you'll hold my mouse.' But she screamed, and threw it away; and Augustus (the cat) got it, and ran away with it. I believe it was really his mouse all the time, 'cos he'd been looking about as if he had lost something, so I wasn't angry with *him*. But what did *she* want to throw away my mouse for?"

"You have to be careful with mice," reflected Edward; "they're such slippery things. Do you remember we were playing with a dead mouse once on the piano, and the mouse was Robinson Crusoe, and the piano was the island, and somehow Crusoe slipped down inside the island, into its works, and we couldn't get him out, though we tried rakes and all sorts of things, till the tuner came. And that wasn't till a week after, and then —"

Here Charlotte, who had been nodding solemnly, fell over into the fender; and we realized that the wind had dropped at last, and the house was lapped in a great stillness. Our vacant beds seemed to be calling to us imperiously, and we were all glad when

Edward gave the signal for retreat. At the top of the staircase Harold unexpectedly turned mutinous, insisting on his right to slide down the banisters in a free country. Circumstances did not allow of argument. I suggested frog's-marching instead, and accordingly frog's-marched he was, the procession passing solemnly across the moonlit Blue Room, with Harold horizontal and limply submissive. Snug in bed at last, I was just slipping off into slumber when I heard Edward explode, with chuckle and snort.

"By Jove!" he said, "I forgot all about it. The new tutor's sleeping in the Blue Room!"

"Lucky he didn't wake up and catch us," I grunted drowsily; and without another thought on the matter we both sank into well-earned repose.

Next morning, coming down to breakfast braced to grapple with fresh adversity, we were surprised to find our garrulous friend of the previous day — he was late in making his appearance — strangely silent and (apparently) preoccupied. Having polished off our porridge, we ran out to feed the rabbits, explaining to them that a beast of a tutor would prevent their enjoying so much of our society as formerly.

On returning to the house at the fated hour appointed for study, we were thunderstruck to see the station cart disappearing down the drive, freighted with our new acquaintance. Aunt Eliza was brutally uncommunicative; but she was overheard to remark casually that she thought the man must be a lunatic. In this theory we were only too ready to concur, dismissing thereafter the whole matter from our minds.

Some weeks later it happened that Uncle Thomas, while paying us a flying visit, produced from his pocket a copy of the latest weekly, *Psyche: a Journal of the Unseen*, and proceeded laboriously to rid himself of much incomprehensible humour, apparently at our expense. We bore it patiently, with the forced grin demanded by convention, anxious to get at the source of inspiration, which it presently appeared lay in a paragraph circumstantially describing our modest and humdrum habitation. "Case III," it began. "The following particulars were communicated by a young member of the Society, of undoubted probity and earnestness, and are a chronicle of actual and recent experience."

A fairly accurate description of the house followed, with details that were unmistakable; but to this there succeeded a flood of meaningless drivel about apparitions, nightly visitants, and the like, writ in a manner betokening a disordered mind, coupled with a feeble imagination. The fellow was not even original. All the old material was there — the storm at night, the haunted chamber, the white lady, the murder re-enacted, and so on — already worn threadbare in many a Christmas number. No one was able to make head or tail of the stuff, or of its connection with our quiet mansion; and yet Edward, who had always suspected the fellow, persisted in maintaining that our tutor of a brief span was, somehow or other, at the bottom of it.

THE KING'S CAMELOPARD[1]

MARK TWAIN

It's lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky, up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made, or only just happened — Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to *make* so many. Jim said the moon could a *laid* them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done. We used to watch the stars that fell, too, and see them streak down. Jim allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark, and now and then she would belch a whole world of sparks up out of her chimbleys, and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty; then she would turn a corner and her lights would wink out and her pow-wow shut off and leave the river still again; and by-and-by her waves would get to us, a long time after she was gone, and joggle the raft a bit. and after that you wouldn't hear nothing for you couldn't tell how long, except maybe frogs or something.

After midnight the people on shore went to bed, and then for two or three hours the shores was black — no more sparks in the cabin windows. These sparks was our clock — the first one that showed again meant morning was coming, so we hunted a place to hide and tie up, right away.

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[1] From *Huckleberry Finn*. Copyright, by Harper and Brothers, publishers.

One morning about day-break, I found a canoe and crossed over a chute to the main shore — it was only two hundred yards — and paddled about a mile up a crick amongst the cypress woods, to see if I couldn't get some berries. Just as I was passing a place where a kind of cow-path crossed the crick, here comes a couple of men tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it. I thought I was a goner, for whenever anybody was after anybody I judged it was *me* — or maybe Jim. I was about to dig out from there in a hurry, but they was pretty close to me then, and sung out and begged me to save their lives — said they hadn't been doing nothing, and was being chased for it — said there was men and dogs a-coming. They wanted to jump right in, but I says —

"Don't you do it. I don't hear the dogs and horses yet; you've got time to crowd through the brush and get up the crick a little ways; then you take to the water and wade down to me and get in — that'll throw the dogs off the scent."

They done it, and soon as they was aboard I lit out for our tow-head, and in about five or ten minutes we heard the dogs and the men away off, shouting. We heard them come along towards the crick, but couldn't see them; they seemed to stop and fool around a while; then, as we got further and further away all the time, we couldn't hardly hear them at all; by the time we had left a mile of woods behind us and struck the river, everything was quiet, and we paddled over to the tow-head and hid in the cotton-woods and was safe.

One of these fellows was about seventy, or upwards, and had a bald head and very gray whiskers. He had an old battered-up slouch hat on, and a greasy blue woollen shirt, and ragged old blue jeans britches stuffed into his boot tops, and home-knit galluses — no, he only had one. He had an old long-tailed blue jeans coat with slick brass buttons, flung over his arm, and both of them had big, fat, ratty-looking carpet-bags.

The other fellow was about thirty and dressed about as ornery. After breakfast we all laid off and talked, and the first thing that come out was that these chaps didn't know one another.

"What got you into trouble?" says the baldhead to t'other chap.

"Well, I'd been selling an article to take tartar off the teeth — and it does take it off, too, and generly the enamel along with it — but I staid about one night longer than I ought to, and was just in the act of sliding out when I ran across you on the trail this side of town, and you told me they were coming, and begged me to help you to get off. So I told you I was expecting trouble myself and would scatter out *with* you. That's the whole yarn — what's yourn?"

"Well, I'd ben a-runnin' a little temperance revival thar, 'bout a week, and was the pet of the women-folks, big and little, for I was makin' it mighty warm for the rummies, I *tell* you, and takin' as much as five or six dollars a night — ten cents a head, children and niggers free — and business a-growin' all the time; when somehow or another a little report got around, last night, that I had a way of puttin' in my time with a private jug, on the sly. A nigger rousted me out this mornin', and told me the people was getherin' on the quiet, with their dogs and horses, and they'd be along pretty soon and give me 'bout half an hour's start, and then run me down, if they could; and if they got me they'd tar and feather me and ride me on a rail, sure. I didn't wait for no breakfast — I warn't hungry."

"Old man," says the young one, "I reckon we might double-team it together; what do you think?"

"I ain't undisposed. What's your line — mainly?"

"Jour printer, by trade; do a little in patent medicines; theatre-actor — tragedy, you know; take a turn to mesmerism and phrenology when there's a chance; teach singing-geography school for a change; sling a lecture, sometimes — oh, I do lots of things — most anything that comes handy, so it ain't work. What's your lay?"

"I've done considerable in the doctoring way in my time. Layin' on o' hands is my best holt — for cancer, and paralysis, and sich things; and I k'n tell a fortune pretty good, when I've got somebody along to find out the facts for me. Preachin's my line, too; and workin' camp-meetin's; and missionaryin' around."

Nobody never said anything for a while; then the young man hove a sigh and says —

"Alas!"

"What're you alassin' about?" says the baldhead.

"To think I should have lived to be leading such a life, and be degraded down into such company." And he begun to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag.

"Dern your skin, ain't the company good enough for you?" says the baldhead, pretty pert and uppish.

"Yes, it is good enough for me; it's as good as I deserve; for who fetched me so low, when I was so high? I did myself. I don't blame *you*, gentlemen — far from it; I don't blame anybody. I deserve it all. Let the cold world do its worst; one thing I know — there's a grave somewhere for me. The world may go on just as it's always done, and take everything from me — loved ones, property, everything — but it can't take that. Some day I'll lie down in it and forget it all, and my poor broken heart will be at rest." He went on a-wiping.

"Drat your pore broken heart," says the baldhead; "what are you heaving your pore broken heart at us f'r? We hain't done nothing."

"No, I know you haven't. I ain't blaming you, gentlemen. I brought myself down — yes, I did it myself. It's right I should suffer — perfectly right — I don't make any moan."

"Brought you down from whar? Whar was you brought down from?"

"Ah, you would not believe me; the world never believes — let it pass — 'tis no matter. The secret of my birth —"

"The secret of your birth? Do you mean to say —"

"Gentlemen," says the young man, very solemn, "I will reveal it to you, for I feel I may have confidence in you. By rights I am a duke!"

Jim's eyes bugged out when he heard that; and I reckon mine did, too. Then the baldhead says: "No! you can't mean it?"

"Yes. My great-grandfather, eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater, fled to this country about the end of the last century, to breathe the pure air of freedom; married here, and died, leaving a son, his own father dying about the same time. The second son of the late duke seized the title and estates — the infant real duke was ignored. I am the lineal descendant of that infant — I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater; and here am I, forlorn, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn, heart-broken, and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft!"

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it warn't much use, he couldn't be much comforted; said if we was a mind to acknowledge him, that would do him more good than most anything else; so we said we would, if he would tell us how. He said we ought to bow, when we spoke to him, and say, "Your Grace," or "My Lord," or "Your Lordship —" and he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain "Bridgewater," which he said was a title, anyway, and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner, and do any little thing for him he wanted done.

Well, that was all easy, so we done it. All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on him, and says, "Will yo' Grace have some o' dis, or some o' dat?" and so on, and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him.

But the old man got pretty silent, by-and-by — didn't have much to say, and didn't look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke. He seemed to have something on his mind. So, along in the afternoon, he says:

"Looky here, Bilgewater," he says, "I'm nation sorry for you, but you ain't the only person that's had trouble like that."

"No?"

"No, you ain't. You ain't the only person that's ben snaked down wrongfully out'n a high place."

"Alas."

"No, you ain't the only person that's had a secret of his birth." And by jings, *he* begins to cry.

"Hold! What do you mean?"

"Bilgewater, kin I trust you?" says the old man, still sort of sobbing.

"To the bitter death!" He took the old man by the hand and squeezed it, and says, "The secret of your being: speak!"

"Bilgewater, I am the late Dauphin!"

You bet you Jim and me stared, this time. Then the duke says:

"You are what?"

"Yes, my friend, it is too true — your eyes is lookin' at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette."

"You! At your age! No! You mean you're the late Charlemagne; you must be six or seven hundred years old, at the very least."

"Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these gray hairs and this premature balditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on and sufferin' rightful King of France."

Well, he cried and took on so, that me and Jim didn't know hardly what to do, we was so sorry — and so glad and proud we'd got him with us, too. So we set off, like we done before with the duke, and tried to comfort *him*. But he said it warn't no use, nothing but to be dead and done with it all could do him any good; though he said it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights, and got down on one knee to speak to him, and always called him "Your Majesty," and waited on him at meals, and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them. So Jim and me set to majestying him, and doing this and that and t'other for him, and standing up till he told us we might set down. This done him heaps of good, and so he got cheerful and comfortable. But the duke kind of soured on him, and didn't look a bit satisfied with the way things was going; still, the king acted real friendly towards him, and said the duke's great-grandfather and all the other Dukes of Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by *his* father, and was allowed to come to the palace considerable; but the duke staid huffy a good while, till by-and-by the king says:

"Like as not we got to be together a blamed long time, on this h-yer raft, Bilgewater, and so what's the use o' your bein' sour? It'll only make things oncomfortable. It ain't my fault I warn't born a duke, it ain't your fault you warn't born a king — so what's the use to worry? Make the best o' things the way you find 'em, says I — that's my motto. This ain't no bad thing that we've struck here — plenty grub and an easy life — come, give us your hand, duke, and le's all be friends."

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it. It took away all the uncomfortableness, and we felt mighty good over it, because it would a been a miserable business to have any unfriendliness on the raft; for what you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others.

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes, at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn't no objections, 'long as it would keep peace in the family; and it warn't no use to tell Jim, so I didn't tell him. If I never learnt nothing else out of pap I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

. . . .

It was after sun-up, now, but we went right on, and didn't tie up. The king and the duke turned out, by-and-by, looking pretty rusty; but after they'd jumped overboard and took a swim, it chippered them up a good deal. After breakfast the king he took a seat on a corner of the raft, and pulled off his boots and rolled up his britches, and let his legs dangle in the water, so as to be comfortable, and lit his pipe, and went to getting his Romeo and Juliet by heart. When he had got it pretty good, him and the duke begun to practise it together. The duke had to learn him over and over again, how to say every speech; and he made him sigh, and put his hand on his heart, and after a while he said he done it pretty well; "only," he says, "you mustn't bellow out *Romeo!* that way, like a bull — you must say it soft, and sick, and languishy, so — R-o-o-meo! that is the idea; for Juliet's a dear sweet mere child of a girl, you know, and she doesn't bray like a jackass."

Well, next they got out a couple of long swords that the duke made out of oak laths, and begun to practise the sword-fight — the duke called himself Richard III.; and the way they laid on, and pranced around the raft was grand to see. But by-and-by the king tripped and fell overboard, and after that they took a rest, and had a talk about all kinds of adventures they'd had in other times along the river.

After dinner, the duke says:

"Well, Capet, we'll want to make this a first-class show, you know, so I guess we'll add a little more to it. We want a little something to answer encores with, anyway."

"What's onkores, Bilgewater?"

The duke told him, and then says:

"I'll answer by doing the Highland fling or the sailor's hornpipe; and you — well, let me see — oh, I've got it — you can do Hamlet's soliloquy."

"Hamlet's which?"

"Hamlet's soliloquy, you know; the most celebrated thing in Shakespeare. Ah, it's sublime, sublime! Always fetches the house. I haven't got it in the book — I've only got one volume — but I reckon I can piece it out from memory. I'll just walk up and down a minute, and see if I can call it back from recollection's vaults."

So he went to marching up and down, thinking, and frowning horrible every now and then; then he would hoist up his eyebrows; next he would squeeze his hand on his forehead and stagger back and kind of moan; next he would sigh, and next he'd let on to drop a tear. It was beautiful to see him. By-and-by he got it. He told us to give attention. Then he strikes a most noble attitude, with one leg shoved forwards, and his arms stretched away up, and his head tilted back, looking up at the sky; and then he begins to rip and rave and grit his teeth; and after that, all through his speech he howled, and spread around, and swelled up his chest, and just knocked the spots out of any acting ever *I* see before. This is the speech — I learned it, easy enough, while he was learning it to the king:

To be, or not to be; that is the bare bodkin
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would fardels bear, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,
But that the fear of something after death
Murders the innocent sleep,
Great nature's second course,
And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous fortune
Than fly to others that we know not of.
There's the respect must give us pause;
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The law's delay, and the quietus which his pangs might take.
In the dead waste and middle of the night, when churchyards yawn
In customary suits of solemn black,
But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller
returns,
Breathes forth contagion on the world,

And thus the native hue of resolution, like the poor cat i' the adage,
Is sicklied o'er with care,
And all the clouds that lowered o'er our housetops,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But soft you, the fair Ophelia:
Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws,
But get thee to a nunnery — go!

Well, the old man he liked that speech, and he mighty soon got it so he could do it first rate. It seemed like he was just born for it; and when he had his hand in and was excited, it was perfectly lovely the way he would rip and tear and rair up behind when he was getting it off.

The first chance we got, the duke he had some show bills printed; and after that, for two or three days as we floated along, the raft was a most uncommon lively place, for there warn't nothing but sword-fighting and rehearsing — as the duke called it — going on all the time. One morning, when we was pretty well down the State of Arkansaw, we come in sight of a little one-horse town in a big bend; so we tied up about three-quarters of a mile above it, in the mouth of a crick which was shut in like a tunnel by the cypress trees, and all of us but Jim took the canoe and went down there to see if there was any chance in that place for our show.

We struck it mighty lucky; there was going to be a circus there that afternoon, and the country people was already beginning to come in, in all kinds of old shackly wagons, and on horses. The circus would leave before night, so our show would have a pretty good chance. The duke he hired the court house, and we went around and stuck up our bills. They read like this:

Shaksperean Revival ! ! !
Wonderful Attraction!
For One Night Only!
The world renowned tragedians,
David Garrick the younger, of Drury Lane Theatre, London,
and
Edmund Kean the elder, of the Royal Haymarket Theatre, Whitechapel, Pudding Lane, Piccadilly, London, and the
Royal Continental Theatres, in their sublime
Shaksperean Spectacle entitled

The Balcony Scene
in
Romeo and Juliet ! ! !
Assisted by the whole strength of the company!
New costumes, new scenery, new appointments!
Romeo..Mr. Garrick
Juliet...Mr. Kean
Also:
The thrilling, masterly, and blood-curdling
Broad-sword conflict
In Richard III. ! ! !
Richard III..Mr. Garrick
Richmond...Mr. Kean
Also:
(by special request,)
Hamlet's Immortal Soliloquy ! !
By the Illustrious Kean!
Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris!
For One Night Only,
On account of imperative European engagements!
Admission 25 cents; children and servants, 10 cents.

Then we went loafing around the town. The stores and houses was most all old, shackly, dried-up frame concerns that hadn't ever been painted; they was set up three or four foot above ground on stilts, so as to be out of reach of the water when the river was overflowed. The houses had little gardens around them, but they didn't seem to raise hardly anything in them but jimpson-weeds, and sunflowers, and ash-piles, and old curled-up boots and shoes, and pieces of bottles, and rags, and played-out tin-ware. The fences was made of different kinds of boards, nailed on at different times; and they leaned every which-way, and had gates that didn't generly have but one hinge — a leather one. Some of the fences had been whitewashed, some time or another, but the duke said it was in C'lumbus's time, like enough. There was generly hogs in the garden, and people driving them out. . . .

Well, that night we had *our* show; but there warn't only about twelve people there — just enough to pay expenses. And they laughed all the time, and that made the duke mad; and everybody left, anyway before the show was over, but one boy which was asleep. So the duke said these Arkansaw lunkheads couldn't come up to Shakespeare; what they wanted was low comedy — and maybe something ruther worse than low comedy, he reckoned. He said he could size their style. So next morning he got some big sheets of wrapping paper and some black paint and drawed off some handbills, and stuck them up all over the village. The bills said:

AT THE COURT HOUSE!
FOR 3 NIGHTS ONLY!
The World-Renowned Tragedians
DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!
AND
EDMUND KEAN THE ELDER!
Of the London and Continental
Theatres
In their Thrilling Tragedy of
THE KING'S CAMELOPARD
OR
THE ROYALNONE SUCH! ! !
Admission 50 cents

Then at the bottom was the biggest line of all, which said:

LADIES AND CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED.

"There," says he, "if that line don't fetch them, I don't know Arkansaw!"

Well, all day him and the king was hard at it, rigging up a stage, and a curtain, and a row of candles for footlights; and that night the house was jam full of men in no time. When the place couldn't hold no more, the duke he quit tending door and went around the back way and come on to the stage and stood up before the curtain, and made a little speech, and praised up this tragedy, and said it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; and so he went on a-bragging about the tragedy, and about Edmund Kean the Elder, which was to play the main principal part in it; and at last when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain, and the next minute the king come a-prancing out on all fours, naked; and he was painted all over, ring-streaked-and-striped, all sorts of colours, as splendid as a rainbow. And — but never mind the rest of his outfit; it was just wild, but it was awful funny. The people most killed themselves laughing; and when the king got done capering, and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed and haw-hawed till he come back and done it over again; and after that, they made him do it another time. Well, it would a made a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

Then the duke he lets the curtain down, and bows to the people, and says the great tragedy will be performed only two nights more, on accounts of pressing London engagements, where the seats is all sold already for it in Drury Lane; and then he makes them another bow, and says if he has succeeded in pleasing them and instructing them, he will be deeply obleeged if they will mention it to their friends and get them to come and see it.

Twenty people sings out:

"What, is it over? Is that *all?*"

The Duke says "yes." Then there was a fine time. Everybody sings out, "Sold!" and rose up mad, and was a-going for that stage and them tragedians. But a big, fine-looking man jumps up on a bench, and shouts:

"Hold on! Just a word, gentlemen!" They stopped to listen. "We are sold — mighty badly sold. But we don't want to be the laughing-stock of this whole town, I reckon, and never hear the last of this thing as long as we live. No. What we want, is to go out of here quiet, and talk this show up, and sell the *rest* of the town! Then we'll all be in the same boat. Ain't that sensible?" ("You bet it is! the jedge is right!" everybody sings out.) "All right, then — not a word about any sell. Go along home, and advise everybody to come and see the tragedy."

Next day you couldn't hear nothing around that town but how splendid that show was. House was jammed again, that night, and we sold this crowd the same way. When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft, we all had a supper; and by-and-by, about midnight, they made Jim and me back out and float her down the middle of the river and fetch her in and hide her about two mile below town.

The third night the house was crammed again — and they warn't new-comers, this time, but people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the duke at the door, and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging, or something muffled up under his coat — and I see it warn't no perfumery neither, not by a long sight. I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel, and rotten cabbages, and such things; and if I know the signs of a dead cat being around, and I bet I do, there was sixty-four of them went in. I shoved in there for a minute, but it was too various for me; I couldn't stand it. Well, when the place couldn't hold no more people, the duke he give a fellow a quarter and told him to tend door for him a minute, and then he started around for the stage door, I after him; but the minute we turned the corner and was in the dark, he says:

"Walk fast, now, till you get away from the houses and then skin for the raft like the dickens was after you!"

I done it, and he done the same. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding down stream, all dark and still, and edging towards the middle of the river, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience, but nothing of the sort; pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam, and says:

"Well, how'd the old thing pan out this time, Duke?"

He hadn't been up town at all.

We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below that village. Then we lit up and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. The duke says:

"Greenhorns, flatheads! I knew the first house would keep mum and let the rest of the town get roped in; and I knew they'd lay for us the third night, and consider it was *their* turn now. Well, it *is* their turn, and I'd give something to know how much they'd take for it. I *would* just like to know how they're putting in their opportunity. They can turn it into a picnic if they want to — they brought plenty provisions."

Them rapscallions took in four hundred and sixty-five dollars in that three nights. I never seen money hauled in by the wagon-load like that before.

By and by, when they was asleep and snoring, Jim says:

"Don't it s'prise you, de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"

"No," I says, "it don't."

"Why don't it, Huck?"

"Well, it don't, because it's in the breed. I reckon they're all alike."

"But, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is reg'lar rapscallions; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reg'lar rapscallions."

"Well, that's what I'm a-saying; all kings is mostly rapscallions, as fur as I can make out."

"Is dat so?"

"You read about them once — you'll see. Look at Henry the Eight; this'n 's a Sunday-School Superintendent to *him*. And look at Charles Second, and Louis Fourteen, and Louis Fifteen, and James Second, and Edward Second, and Richard Third, and forty more; besides all them Saxon Heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain. My, you ought to seen old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom. He *was* a blossom. He used to marry a new wife every day, and chop off her head next morning. And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs. 'Fetch up Nell Gwynn,' he says. They fetch her up. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!' And they chop it off. 'Fetch up Jane Shore,' he says; and up she comes. Next morning, 'Chop off her head' — and they chop it off. 'Ring up Fair Rosamun.' Fair Rosamun answers the bell. Next morning, 'Chop off her head.' And he made every one of them tell him a tale every night; and he kept that up till he had hogged a thousand and one tales that way, and then he put them all in a book and called it Domesday Book — which was a good name and stated the case. You don't know kings, Jim, but I know them; and this old rip of ourn is one of the cleanest I've struck in history. Well, Henry he takes a notion he wants to get up some trouble with this country. How does he go at it — give notice? — give the country a show? No. All of a sudden he heaves all the tea in Boston Harbour overboard, and whacks out a declaration of independence, and dares them to come on. That was *his style* — he never give anybody a chance. He has suspicions of his father, the Duke of Wellington. Well, what did he do? — ask him to show up? No — drownded him in a butt of mamsey, like a cat. S'pose people left money laying around where he was — what did he do? He collared it. S'pose he contracted to do a thing; and you paid him, and didn't set down there and see that he done it — what did he do? He always done the other thing. S'pose he opened his mouth — what then? If he didn't shut it up powerful quick, he'd lose a lie, every time. That's the kind of a bug Henry was; and if we'd a had him along 'stead of our kings, he'd a fooled that town a heap worse than ourn done. I don't say that ourn is lambs, because they ain't, when you come right down to the cold facts; but they ain't nothing to *that* old ram, anyway. All I say is, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances. Take them all around, they're a mighty ornery lot. It's the way they're raised."

"But dis one do *smell* so like de nation, Huck."

"Well, they all do, Jim. *We* can't help the way a king smells; history don't tell no way."

"Now de duke, he's a tolerable likely man, in some ways."

"Yes, a duke's different. But not very different. This one's a middling hard lot for a duke. When he's drunk, there ain't no near-sighted man could tell him from a king."

"Well, anyways, I doan' hanker for no mo'un um, Huck. Dese is all I kin stan'."

"It's the way I feel, too, Jim. But we've got them on our hands, and we got to remember what they are, and make allowances. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings."

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't a done no good; and besides, it was just as I said; you couldn't tell them from the real kind.

THE STRANGEST SERENADE[1]

LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Mrs. J. Bleeker Manfred would never attend one of Kiril Kuldaroff's recitals. The fact was remarked only because Mrs. J. Bleeker Manfred did the things everyone else did and everyone was going to hear the violinist, Kuldaroff, that year.

Even the most profanely cynical free verse writer of the day grew tenderly profane over the "hairy fists" and "guts" that he felt were suggested by Kuldaroff's mad music. And by way of contrast the poem spoke of another quality —

Be still, damn you! . . . That last soaring note
Is a frail yellow leaf
Twirled against a slate sky . . . summer is ended.

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[1] From *Town and Gown*, by Lynn and Lois Seyster Montross. Copyright, 1923, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Although she learned from all sources of the poignancy and passion and strangeness that the genius Kuldaroff put into his playing Betty Manfred was gently obdurate in her determination never to hear him. Her husband (who was *the* Manfred, famous for Manfred's Table Salt) stepped briskly into her dressing room one afternoon, announcing:

"I took a box for Kuldaroff's concert Saturday. He seems to be quite the thing this season, Betty. Very curious fellow, they say. A Russian. Or Pole, is it? Never can remember these foreigners' off's and iski's. Why don't they have decent names?"

Betty was seated before a mirror examining a tiny wrinkle at the corner of her left eye. She had just had her back massaged. The creamy flesh that had been pummeled, kneaded with perfumed lotions and powdered, curved into a delicate, velvety little roll along the top of her tight black and silver bodice.

"Oh, it's impossible," she said, continuing to smooth the insidious wrinkle with a pointed forefinger, "I have a million engagements for Saturday."

Of course the matter dropped there.

II

Her achievement of the glittering name, Manfred, had been an ambition realized shortly after her graduation from the State University.

Mrs. J. Bleeker Manfred, née Betty Udell, was one of those rare people who achieve what they want and like it after they get it. Most girls of her class achieved or struggled to achieve what their mothers wanted for them. It follows that they did not like what they got. But dictates were not laid down by an aspiring parent for Betty to follow. Her widowed mother was meek and hesitant. Beyond complying hopefully with Betty's careful plans she was a negligible adjunct to her daughter's ambitions. Betty considered that Mrs. Udell did very nicely as a respectable background; she was slim, dressed in soft black crêpes and had her hair marcelled regularly.

As Betty Udell, she had perceived that the gods had been good to her but not good enough. She had beauty and some money but not as much money as she wanted; adulation, but not as much as she thought she deserved; and really no social position worth mentioning, she felt. It gave her a little ache of longing — which was really in part a genuine desire for beauty — to see Mrs. Richie Gespell in an ermine cloak, ashes-of-roses satin fluttering in draperies about her silken knees, step out of a limousine and enter a theater door.

Betty was keenly conscious that the society column knew the name of Udell no more than Paris knew her hat and gown. It was not that she failed of loveliness, but she was convinced that she would look more lovely in ermine — that ashes-of-roses satin would become her more than the woman in the limousine. And she went on to covet the limousine and the theater tickets and the tall escort — a celebrity — in his high silk hat. Betty Udell's aspirations seldom fell short of what she deemed the magnificent.

She set about quietly, subtly to achieve them. There was an extraordinary quality of strength, of hardness, beneath her appearance of soft innocence. She was tall with an appealing slenderness but her face with its expression of engaging lucidity matched her slenderness rather than her height. The faint rouge she dusted delicately in two childishly round spots on her cheekbones gave her really satin skin its final allurement. Her eyes were touchingly youthful and wide and blue. And most wistful of all was that short, tender upper lip of hers that always curled away a little from the two tiny white front teeth with the slight gap between them.

III

At the State University Dean Agnes Watson had pronounced her "unconditionally sweet." This impression was exactly the one Betty had meant the dean to have. She had made certain overcuts. Signed excuses from Dean Watson were convenient, to say the least.

She had decided to go to the State University after a long consideration of which her mother knew nothing. It was near the city but not too near; it was not too aristocratic for her to be able to attain its highest circles; it had a champion football team that year; and, most important, certain girls from her high school club had been taken into the sorority of Pi Omega.

She intended to "make" Pi Omega.

Betty Udell did not see the lichens on the old campus trees, the ivy on crumbling University Hall, the carved "Time goes, Love stays" on the sun dial, the golden light and wavering shadows that mottled the grass in late afternoon. She noted a Rolls Royce parked across from the auditorium, the Sigma Chi emblem on a passing junior's vest, an expensive squirrel wrap worn by a girl with a Pi Phi pin and the unutterable dowdiness of a woman instructor whom someone had indicated to her as her "adviser." She could scarcely concentrate her mind on this woman long enough to answer the questions important to her curriculum. Over the woman's head her eyes were absorbing with their wide, innocent stare all the details they could glean as to the dress, manners and fraternities of the State University.

There went Marj Rider, a high school acquaintance, at the side of Dot Ambrose. Dot was also from Chicago. She was known everywhere. She was a Pi Omega. She had made it the important sorority it was. Envying the Rider girl Betty looked steadily at her, hoping she would speak, but she was chattering and glancing about with proud, nervously darting eyes that observed everything and nothing.

Betty felt nervous, too, and intent. The superiority she had experienced for a brief moment of exhilaration at the shabby station had vanished. The State University was all so very large and confusing and it was so important to make the right kind of a start. She was a bit anxious about the dates she had made with sororities. She was to go to the Upsilon Phi house that evening for dinner and would take tea with the Kappas the next afternoon. But she had no engagements with the Pi Omega's — yet.

"Do you know what you'd like your major to be?" inquired Miss Griffith, the instructor who was advising her.

"No," said Betty helplessly. The little, frightened breath she drew was in dread of Pi Omega's indifference to her, but Miss Griffith, no doubt, attributed it to awe and reverence for the department.

"I am sorry I have not the time to go into this more thoroughly with you," said the adviser, indulgently, rubbing her broad brow with a large, capable hand. "If I were you I should just take a general course in Liberal Arts and Sciences and decide upon my major later. Though I'm sure you would enjoy English." (Miss Griffith was of the Department of English herself and rather doubted if it could be worth one's while to specialize in anything else.)

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I would," said Betty in her high, childish voice, smiling her curling roseleaf smile. She moved out of the crowded office with a sense of boredom at the dowdy woman's slow, careful voice and hastily scrawled "Gen. L. A. and S." in purple ink where it said COURSE on her study list, and "English" where it stipulated MAJOR.

"Scared child," observed Miss Griffith to Dean Fannicott at the next desk.

"Quite charming," he commented coldly.

It was with no more ado that Betty Udell decided for her college career what serious minded students hesitated over for months, even years. It was with no more ado that she elected the courses suggested to her by juniors as "pipes" and bought all the textbooks written by instructors which they, themselves, recommended as "not necessary but valuable to the course."

In one class which a solicitous upper classman had recommended as soft, Betty was horribly alarmed to hear the instructor — a tall, loose-jointed, bushy-browed Professor Dyrcks, who sat carelessly on the desk and continually scratched a badly shaven cheek with his thumb — to hear this man, who moved his head so awkwardly and smiled so politely as he called the roll, drawl in a delightful voice, "I-ah-hear that this course is known as a-ah-pipe. Now, it may have been in the ah-uh-dim past. However that may be, times change, times change. In the future, my dear young friends, this course will be proclaimed as the stiffest course at the State University. *In short, not more than one or two of you need expect passing marks at all!*"

The huge assemblage of students who had enrolled in good faith that the whole thing was "nothing but a bunch of lectures," as upper classmen had assured them, shifted uneasily and wondered if they could get permission to drop the course.

"The nasty old beast!" Betty raged inwardly. She felt a keen sense of the injustice of the world that put her at the mercy of a scraggly-haired, sloppily dressed man like this one sprawled against his desk. She was furious with all misguided upper classmen, especially Upsilon Phi's — "a cheap bunch," she had decided days ago. "Not even a national sorority."

Betty found it easy to convince Miss Griffith, as her adviser, that she must drop Dyrcks' course. It was also necessary to go to the professor to get his permission.

She entered the English office one Saturday morning, wearing a purple broadcloth suit with high choker collar of fluffy gray fur. She hoped that her smart appearance would indirectly further her cause. Her short blonde hair stood out in silky ringlets.

She was vaguely conscious of a swarthy man she had seen in class, sitting on the bench outside Professor Dyrcks' private door. The office was dim, musty. A cottonwood, half stripped of its leaves, scraped one naked branch sadly, monotonously against the unwashed window.

The swarthy man moved over and she sat down beside him on the bench. He glanced up from a blue book lettered *From the Verse of Li Po*. Staring at her, his wide, shining, black eyes were like mirrors absorbing her image and, hazily, she felt disturbed by this look. She tabulated him as an "insolent foreigner."

Betty had little curiosity. She did not wonder for a minute about his nationality or about the book he was reading. She was really little more aware of him — of Kiril Kuldaroff — than of the mournful cottonwood with its naked branch groping and sighing at the unwashed window.

She sat there looking at her little gloved hands, thinking of the two invitations she had received from the two sororities that had rushed her. Of Upsilon Phi she thought with haughty scorn — of the Kappas she thought with tentative consideration — and of Pi Omega she thought with longing and discomfiture and respect, for it had made no advances at all.

Kuldaroff was unable to go on reading his thin, blue book of Chinese poetry. He shuffled his feet and glanced up every few moments from under his shadowy lashes. To him Betty Udell must have seemed, as she did to nearly everyone, wistfully young and frail and tender. An apple blossom thing wafted lightly down from some springtime tree of innocence. . . . She looked that.

Most phases of the University life had little significance for his Slavic nature. He found the University just a place to read and converse in. His room — his meals — his appearance — he thought little of them. He was engrossed in books and music.

But he was not as intent on either of these as on his own ego. Sometimes a faraway voice sounded through his dreaming and he roused from his slumbrous contemplation of himself in relation to the abstract as a sleeper might rise and seek a moonlit window. These voices and images that called him out of himself were real and yet unreal. For though they were from the actual world they were hazed over by the illusions of his own moods. He found life continually strange. People were more of phantasy to him than Paolo and Francesca or Don Quixote or Sappho.

But already two individuals had penetrated his deep unconsciousness: the Siamese student with whom he roomed that year and Professor Dyrcks, whose voice sang in his ears like music. Made unnaturally shy by the strange customs of an inexplicable country, Kuldaroff was in reality bold. His egotism was that of genius beginning to recognize itself. He did not doubt but that he could go to Dyrcks and make articulate many thoughts and desires and that Dyrcks would listen and find him coherent.

And now this girl. . . . He looked at her and looked at her and had no way of knowing that her soul was not as he thought — gentle and velvety as the inner surface of a flower petal.

That evening in the dingy room he shared with Thian Kit Lin, Kuldaroff sat by the window brooding at the mellow fall night. Round globules of light hung like moons in the tree-arched street. A chill reminder of Youth's conflict with Death and final capitulation, Autumn stalked down there stinging the ashen poplar leaves and the late wine-red dahlias with the poison of her frost. The tinkling of mandolins, the plaintive ukuleles, the rushing flash of speeding cars and sudden bursts of crude harmony — these were the trappings of a shadow world.

But the face of his friend, Lin, in the bright square of lamplight, the sound of those yellow fingers tapping a nervous Oriental tattoo on the baize-covered table, the memory of Dyrcks' voice that afternoon speaking gently and kindly of life — these were real. And with them Kiril Kuldaroff placed as real the soft oval of a girl's face, the wide luminousness of her eyes, the delicate lift of her fresh, curled lips, the sheer whiteness of the shining body his imagination gave her, the grace of her ways and the dreams and desires of her. And as he brooded he chanted aloud in a guttural Russian accent:

By the south side of the bridge at Ten-Shin
With yellow gold and white jewels
 we paid for the songs and laughter,
And we were drunk for month after month
 forgetting the kings and princes.

Thian Kit Lin looked up with an answering flame in his inscrutable eyes and replied, chanting also from the same translation of Li Po:

What is the use of talking! And there is no end of talking —
There is no end of things in the heart.

IV

The purple broadcloth suit did not swerve Professor Dyrcks in his decision that Betty Udell must go on with his course. But perhaps it made him look at her with a gaze that was shrewd but not utterly impervious and say:

"Why, Miss Udell, I couldn't think of allowing you to leave my class. If it gets too hard for you, don't be afraid to come up and ask any questions that trouble you."

At the end of the semester she was one of a number of panic-stricken youngsters to discover that Dyrcks had been chaffing and that he had politely passed them all with the uniform grade of "B"!

She had seen Kuldaroff three times without seeing him. She, who had learned to ask quickly on hearing a man's name "What is he?" meaning "To which national fraternity does he belong?" still tabulated Kuldaroff as an "insolent foreigner." (She confused all foreigners with missionaries, and believed that all foreign students in the State University would eventually return to their countries to preach.)

And he saw her three times a week without seeing her — except as a beautiful illusion of his own soul. But he thought that illusion was real and a growing desire for her smouldered in his heart.

For her part Betty was miserable these disturbing months. She had passed the whole semester in the degraded social position of a non-sorority girl. She was too proud to use the dog-eared excuse of the barb — "They asked me but I turned them down," although in her case it would have been true. She had refused the Kappas reluctantly; still she did not feel comfortable with some of them. One girl, said to possess a Phi Beta Kappa pin, had insisted that fraternities were absurd, barbarous, and snobbish, and had explained her own membership unblushingly on the score that she liked good food and couldn't get it elsewhere. The rest of the sisters had seemed a trifle horrified and yet afraid to silence her because she was a senior. Betty Udell thought this Cora Franck stupid and in very bad form, but went about quoting her because everyone knew her as "one of the most active girls on the campus."

It was not that kind of activity that Betty wanted. She admired inordinately the kind of game Dot Ambrose was playing — fast, loose, feverishly arresting. Betty saw her day after day — a girl slim and blonde like Betty, herself, but voluptuous and with a magnificent carriage and a coolly insinuating smile. How glorious she looked leaving a dance or a football game, leaning back in Ward Hobart's long racer, her arm carelessly along the back of his seat, her tailored suit dark and perfectly cut, her hair cleverly severe beneath her pheasant feather toque to set off in cameo effect her strikingly made-up cheeks and lips and eyes.

And then the shockingly daring things they put about her in the college annual and the humorous column of the students' magazine! Verses written to her dancing, about her booze parties, of the brand of cigarettes she smoked. Of course there were other girls who did the same things but none was so touted for none was so colorful as Dot Ambrose. Betty gasped, was a trifle shocked, at the picture in one annual of the Venus de Milo in which Ted Ireland, the editor, had inserted a snap shot of Dot's head. Still Betty was convinced that even this strident roast was highly complimentary to the college widow.

During the mid-semester examination she did a great deal of intensive thinking, lying on the day-bed in her room, smoking, and glancing into a mirror in the intervals of concentrated thought to wonder if she really did resemble Dot Ambrose. She still meant to "make" Pi Omega. She must! How she hated those catty high school friends who had gone into it and would apparently do nothing for her! She felt sure they had damaged her some way. Perhaps they disapproved of the street she and her mother lived on in Chicago — North Dearborn — where they still maintained an old brown front in that district of outworn aristocrats' mansions metamorphosed into rooming houses.

In that vacation Betty not only thought but acted. She bought a new fur coat of striking black and white civet; she persuaded her mother to let her take the neat little car back with her; and — her greatest triumph — succeeded in getting her to lease the old house and take a small apartment on Sheridan Road. "One's address does mean such a lot," mused Betty.

Just two weeks after her return to school she began to receive invitations from Pi Omega. She felt in sight of the final goal. And then arose that annoying complication of Kiril Kuldaroff.

Licensed by the fact that they had passed a semester together in class he spoke to her one day as she was coming out of the library. She answered him absently. A second time when she was with a Pi Omega getting a chocolate malted milk, Kuldaroff stepped in to buy tobacco and, seeing her, nodded and smiled, his great black eyes hypnotic. When he was gone the Pi Omega said:

"Do you know him?" curiously.

"M-m-m-" murmured Betty, flushing. "In my class once. Awful fish."

And then one cataclysmic day he overtook her when she was walking across the campus to her car and they met Dot Ambrose, herself! . . .

He was conscious only of his own surging discoveries — already Spring had sent the world tentative messengers. He had seen a rose-breasted grosbeak, he told Betty excitedly — he had heard of them in poems but had never seen one before. He was a Russian — it was a very strange country here. He could not understand it. America had begun so gloriously with her revolution and she was failing so miserably now. Was there any hope for her? What did she mean by this ugly, mediocre standardization of everything? Ugly machinery for everything — no freedom of thought — no freedom of speech. He would like to blow America all up and see her start over.

Betty looked at him, frightened. She was certain that he was a Nihilist, whatever that was. But he was reading in her eyes an echo of the warm call he had heard from Spring that afternoon.

He returned her look boldly; again in his imagination he was attributing to her a luminous soul and a shining, white body. He was a young dreamer . . . and he thought that some day he could have her.

Betty hastily seated herself in her car. But Kuldaroff, superbly rude, leaned against the door of it. Loitering along the footpath he espied his friend, Thian Kit Lin.

"Meet my roommate, Mr. Lin!" cried Kuldaroff joyously. Lin paused and bowed in polite confusion. The only American women he had yet met were Dean Watson, a history instructor, and two badly dressed grinds. Thian Kit Lin, who was an epicure in the matter of a rhythmic line of verse and a beautiful woman, paid homage to the charming creature with his most delicate smile.

Exactly at this embarrassing point in affairs, Dot Ambrose rode by. She spoke to Betty curtly.

Betty choked and crimsoned. She felt that she could not endure this queer, long-haired fool and his Chinaman friend. She was unconscious of just how she disengaged herself and managed to drive away.

Now the worst happened. She stopped receiving invitations from Pi Omega. And Kuldaroff continued to speak to her and she, miserably, to answer him; she had pursued so long the policy of being "sweet" to everyone no matter what hard things she was thinking, that now her habit reacted on her as a boomerang. It was almost a physical impossibility for Betty Udell to snub Kuldaroff, however much she hated him. She would stand listening to his mad observations about America, smiling her curling, rose-leaf smile, uneasy at first because she dreaded the cold looks of Pi Omega's and then because she was at once frightened and fascinated by the way he looked at her. And once or twice it really entered her mind that there was something startling and different about him — that perhaps he was the kind of an adventurer you read about in novels, some daring, ruthless revolutionist who could disrupt whole nations with his intrigues. But, oh, he was so impossibly dressed! His dreadful hands and nervous manner!

She was even growing a little defiant over the queer turn events had taken — to her sensitive mind she was getting to be an outcast, dragged down by this persistent follower to some muggy borderland outside the neat pale set by Pi Omega.

And then Dot Ambrose took things in her hands. . . . She went to the private house where Betty stayed and went straight to her room unexpectedly one afternoon. She seated herself uninvited. Betty's heart surged with emotions — what could Dot want? She hadn't come to "bid" her at last? And there was a half conscious resentment tugging at her, too, in a way that had only occurred since she knew Kuldaroff.

They spoke of commonplaces for a moment until an expectant silence fell. "Look here, Betty," Dot began deliberately, "you're an awfully nice little girl —" she fumbled at an inlaid cigarette case and Betty saw that it contained a man's cheap, strong brand, "— you're awfully nice," Dot repeated murmurously, at home now and smoking lazily, "just awfully dear and all that. Sweet. Everything." She waved her hand in a gesture that tacitly enumerated Betty's nice address and her car and civet coat as constituting the "everything" that Pi Omega demanded. "But, look here; honestly now, my dear, *what* do you see in that Kuldaroff?"

"I've never spoken more than a few words to him in my life," said Betty evenly.

"Really?" Dot gazed at her in honest surprise. "H'm'm — some story around — those fool freshmen of ours — now that's really so, is it? Never even been out with the man?"

"No! How could I? Him!" Betty was distressed.

Dot looked at her with amused, sophisticated eyes.

"I'd been sort of admiring your independence, to tell the truth. I never pay any attention to the opinions of these damned idiots around here, myself. . . . But, of course, it's different with a freshman. And non-sorority — my dear, it's hard to play a single hand in this game. To get by with the men you have to be in solid with the women first. Oh, a few girls have won out alone — take Patsy Perdue — she went to every fraternity formal on the campus and snapped her fingers in the faces of all sororities. You'd have to play a little faster than I'd like to see you, though — you're the darndest prettiest thing —" She tweaked Betty's ear in playful tenderness and Betty gazed at her with puzzled, wide, blue eyes.

She rose to go and stood at the door, swinging her vanity bag thoughtfully.

"I think if you could manage never to be seen speaking to him — maybe I could — fix things," she said, with direct insinuation. (It wasn't form for a sorority girl to be discussing such things with a barb.)

"But how can I help it?" Betty appealed, eagerly. "He just forces me to — it's awfully hard for me to snub people."

"Yes, it would be. Well, it would be hard for anyone to say a thing like that. Write him a note. You may use our name if you like. Blame us."

She smiled blandly — was gone.

V

Betty awoke at midnight on a certain night with a keen sense that the world had grown unfamiliar while she slept. She wondered if she had gone mad. Strange music was pouring in her window. She sat bolt upright, a lone little figure, straight and slim in her clinging gown. Her short hair lying in ringlets on her neck made her look a piquant child.

Because it was midnight and because the music was so unearthly and so near, she trembled with sudden emotion and crept fearfully to the open casement. Just below a man was playing on a violin. The moonlight bathed his face with whiteness.

Life smote Betty with a sudden sense of drama. Her breath came queerly. . . . All at once Kiril Kuldaroff stopped playing and called up to her — "Come down!" His voice was surly, imperative and hoarse.

Betty fumbled into a velvet dressing-gown and slippers, unquestioning his right to command her so. There was a little darting memory in the back of her head that Dot Ambrose had not been so awfully shocked — had even "admired her independence" and had derided the ordinary women as "damned idiots." Maybe this — now — was playing the game a little faster . . . she wouldn't mind — just seeing if he really was crazy over her — just watching those luminous eyes of his in the moonlight. It was different to-night — to-night nobody could see or know. It might go on that way. On the campus they would be strangers and at nights if he came this way and played — she shivered as she slid noiselessly down the stairs.

When she stood before him at last, she felt suddenly weak and powerless and unable to face the passion in his blazing eyes. She thought dreadfully that she could not resist him if he touched her. His strange music still wailed madly in her ears.

The back yard where they stood was flooded by a pool of moonlight. Two poplars seemed straight and sinister and rustled incessantly, throwing little, quivering, black shadows on the grass. An old mop leaning against the wooden stoop looked grotesquely like a witch.

Kuldaroff began to talk in a low, choked voice. At first it was as if he spoke a foreign language and she could not understand him; and then the words gradually leaped to her straining ears with unmistakable meaning.

"— at first I thought I wanted you. But I don't now. God, no! You'd have done anything I wanted to-night. I saw it in your face when you came down. Why did you come, eh? Answer me that!" He was snarling now horribly, but she dared not move. So she stood there, trembling, her slight hands picking at the throat of her velvet gown.

"Your note! What insolence! You dared say that to *me*, to me, to me! By God, I am a strong man. I am an artist and you disgust me. Your country disgusts me. Pah, how I hate its dull men — its stupid morals and ideals! And its women — oh, its women! Hard, shrewd, ugly souls inside soft, beautiful bodies . . ." He writhed in uncontrollable fury, and holding his violin carefully aside, seized her shoulder, twisted it painfully and flung her with all his might against the sharp corner of the stoop.

And he stumbled off, stumbled as if he were drunk. He must be drunk, she thought, sobbing in impotent rage and rubbing her bruised knee.

VI

A week later Betty heard that Kiril Kuldaroff had left school. She was wearing a new Pi Omega pledge pin.

MODERN GALLANTRY

CHARLES LAMB

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest of male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally — hanged.

I shall believe in it when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the applewoman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed — when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain — when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe that boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be very disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear — to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer: — when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company — the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet — was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have ever met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and there is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded — smile if you please — to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street — in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor him in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley — Old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton — who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches — the common gallantries — to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance — but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language — rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune — I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me,— but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner) — and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour — though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them — what sort of compliments should I have received then? — And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought that if it were only to do me honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man — a pattern of true politeness to a wife — of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister — the idolater of his female mistress — the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate — still female — maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed — her hand-maid, or dependant — she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when beauty, and youth, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first — respect for her as she is a woman; — and next to that — to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments — as many, and as fanciful, as you please — to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley — to reverence her sex.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

CHARLES LAMB

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food — the act of eating — should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts — a grace before Milton — a grace before Shakespeare — a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen? — but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food — the animal sustenance — is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks — for what? — for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others — a sort of shame — a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,— Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver? — no — I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns — with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word — and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches — is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

> A table richly spread in regal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
> Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
> Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
> Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host. — I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene.

The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves? — He dreamed indeed,

——— As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats? —

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn;
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook.
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude: but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for these innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted — that commonest of kitchen failures — puts me beside my tenour.— The author of the *Rambler* used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwise, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish — his Dagon — with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children: to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of these good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it;* while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing.* It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice — the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slily leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?" significantly adding, "Thank G—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense — till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us — *horresco referens* — trowsers instead of mutton.

OLD CHINA

CHARLES LAMB

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then — why should I now have? — to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective — a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends — whom distance cannot diminish — figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still — for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue — which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver — two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another — for likeness is identity on tea-cups — is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead — a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on — if far or near can be predicated of their world — see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here — a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive — so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort — when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state" — so she was pleased to ramble on — "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) — we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare — and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late — and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures — and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome — and when you presented it to me — and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it) — and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit — your old corbeau — for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen — or sixteen shillings was it? — a great affair we thought it then — which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money — and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday — holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich — and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad — and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store — only paying for the ale that you must call for — and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth — and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing — and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us — but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now — when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way — and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense — which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood — when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery — where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me — and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me — and the pleasure was the better for a little shame — and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially — that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going — that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage — because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then — and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough — but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages — and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then — but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common — in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear — to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can you have now? If we were to treat ourselves now — that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat — when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now — what I mean by the word — we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet — and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings — many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much — or that we had not spent so much — or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year — and still we found our slender capital decreasing — but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future — and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year — no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor —— hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power — those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten — with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer — and shall be wise to do so — than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return — could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day — could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them — could the good old one-shilling gallery days return — they are dreams, my cousin, now — but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa — be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers — could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours — and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us — I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in that Crœsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."

THE ANATOMY OF MANHATTAN[1]

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SHE is the only city whose lovers live always in a mood of wonder and expectancy. There are others where one may sink peacefully, contentedly into the life of the town, affectionate and understanding of its ways. But she, the woman city, who is bold enough to say he understands her? The secret of her thrilling and inscrutable appeal has never been told. How could it be? She has always been so much greater than anyone who has lived with her. (Shall we mention Walt Whitman as the only possible exception? O. Henry came very near to her, but did he not melodramatize her a little, sometimes cheapen her by his epigrammatic appraisal, fit her too neatly into his plot? Kipling seemed to see her only as the brutal heedless wanton.) Truly the magic of her spell can never be exacted. She changes too rapidly, day by day. Realism, as they call it, can never catch the boundaries of her pearly beauty. She needs a mystic.

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[1] From *Pipefuls*, by Christopher Morley. Published and copyrighted by Doubleday, Page and Company.

No city so challenges and debilitates the imagination. Here, where wonder is a daily companion, desire to tell her our ecstasy becomes at last only a faint pain in the mind. If you would mute a poet's lyre, put him on a ferry from Jersey City some silver April morning; or send him aboard at Liberty Street in an October dusk. Poor soul, his mind will buzz (for years to come) after adequate speech to tell those cliffs and scarps, amethyst and lilac in the mingled light; the clear topaz chequer of window panes; the dull bluish olive of the river, streaked and crinkled with the churn of the screw! Many a poet has come to her in the wooing passion. Give him six months, he is merely her Platonist. He lives content with placid companionship. Where are his adjectives, his verbs? That inward knot of amazement, what speech can unravel it?

Her air, when it is typical, is light, dry, cool. It is pale, it is faintly tinctured with pearl and opal. Heaven is unbelievably remote; the city itself daring so high, heaven lifts in a cautious remove. Light and shadow are fantastically banded, striped, and patchworked among her cavern streets; a cool, deep gloom is cut across with fierce jags and blinks of brightness. She smiles upon man who takes his ease in her colossal companionship. Her clean soaring perpendiculars call the eye upward. One wanders as a botanist in a tropical forest. That great smooth groinery of the Pennsylvania Station train shed: is it not the arching fronds of iron palm trees? Oh, to be a botanist of this vivid jungle, spread all about one, anatomist of the ribs and veins that run from the great backbone of Broadway!

To love her, one thinks, is to love one's fellows; each of them having some unknown share in her loveliness. Any one of her streets would be the study and delight of a lifetime. To speak at random, we think of that little world of brightness and sound bourgeois cheer that spreads around the homely Verdi statue at Seventy-Third Street. We have a faithful affection for that neighbourhood, for reasons of our own. Within a radius, thereabouts, of a quarter-mile each way, we could live a year and learn new matters every day. They call us a hustling folk. Observe the tranquil afternoon light in those brownstone byways. Pass along leisurely Amsterdam Avenue, the region of small and genial shops, Amsterdam Avenue of the many laundries. See the children trooping upstairs to their own room at the Saint Agnes branch of the Public Library. See the taxi-drivers, sitting in their cars alongside the Verdi grass plot (a rural breath of new-mown turf sweetening the crisp warm air) and smoking pipes. Every one of them is as fascinating to us as a detective story. What a hand they have had in ten thousand romances. At this very moment, what quaint and many-stranded destinies may hail them and drive off? But there they sit, placid enough, with a pipe and the afternoon paper. The light, fluttering dresses of enigmatic fair ones pass gayly on the pavement. Traffic flows, divides, and flows on, a sparkling river. Here is that mystery, a human being, buying a cigar. Here is another mystery asking for a glass of frosted chocolate. Why is it that we cannot accost that tempting riddle and ask him to give us an accurate précis of his life to date? And that red-haired burly sage, he who used to bake the bran muffins in the little lunchroom near by, and who lent us his Robby Burns one night — what has become of him?

So she teases us, so she allures. Sometimes, on the L, as one passes along that winding channel where the walls and windows come so close, there is a felicitous sense of being immersed, surrounded, drowned in a great, generous ocean of humanity. It is a fine feeling. All life presses around one, the throb and the problem are close, are close. Who could be weary, who could be at odds with life, in such an embrace of destiny? The great tall sides of the buildings fly open, the human hive is there, beautiful and arduous beyond belief. Here is our worship and here our lasting joy, here is our immortality of encouragement. Yes, perhaps O. Henry did say the secret after all: "He saw no longer a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal."

The idea — spoiling pretty fires!

Irish

AN INFAMOUS BRIGADE[1]

MAX BEERBOHM

NOT many nights ago, as I was hastening through the frost, I saw a strange glamour in the sky. "Is it Tithonus," I wondered, "shamed forth, at length, by his Lady's taunts?" The glamour grew. I thought Aurora had followed her Lord, and was beseeching him to return. But a cabman, whom I consulted, told me it was not Tithonus, nor Aurora, but only some wharf burning by the river. I let him drive me there. Through a rattle of dark alleys sped we, through brawls and squalor. Under the red glory of flames that were reduplicated in sky and water, we rested. Than the roaring of those great flames had I yet heard, than their red glory seen, nothing lovelier.

Yet, under my very eyes, there was an organised attempt to spoil this fair thing. Persons in absurd helmets ran about pouring cascades of cold water on the flames. These, my cabman told me, were firemen. I jumped out and, catching one of them by the arm, bade him sharply desist from his vandalism. I told him that I had driven miles to see this fire, that great crowds of Londoners, poor people with few joys, were there to see it also, and I asked him who was he that he should dare to disappoint us. Without answering my arguments, he warned me that I must not interfere with him "in the discharge of his duty." The silly crowd would not uphold me, and I fell back, surreptitiously slitting his water-hose with a pen-knife. But what could I avail? The cascades around me were ceaseless, innumerable. Every moment dashed up fresh firemen, imprecant on cars, behind wild horses. In less than an hour, all was over. The flames had been surrounded, driven back and stricken, at length, as they lay, cowering and desperate, in their last embers. But, as they died, there leapt from my heart's core a great residuary flame of indignation. It is still burning.

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[1] From *More*. Copyright, by Dodd, Mead and Company, publishers.

For my friends assure me that beautiful fires are constantly springing up and are never spared. This fire brigade, as it is called, is a regular organisation, winked at, if not openly encouraged, by the municipal authorities. It has its ramifications in all parts of London. It can produce, at five minutes' notice, its hundreds of hired ruffians, such as I saw that night by the river, none hindering them at their work. I know that vandalism is recurrent in all history. In the days of civil strife, our fairest monuments were marred by the fanatics of Cromwell. Athens wept over the Hermacopeia. The cultured Roman saw, as we see, helmeted Goths charging with hoarse threats through the city. But not secretly nor with fear of retribution, not in hostility to us nor in spiritual fervour, are planned the nightly outrages of "Commander" Wells and his merry men. Ah! we make a poor community. Americans, as yet inferior to us in the appreciation of most fair things, are far more spirited than we are about fires. Many years ago, when all Chicago was afire, the Mayor, watching it from the Lake-Side, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Who will say now that ours is not the finest city in all the world?" I remember, too, that some years ago, on the eve of my departure from Chicago, a certain citizen, who was entertaining me at supper, expressed his great regret that they had not been able to show me one of their fires. And indeed it must be splendid to see those twenty-three-story buildings come crashing down in less time than was required to build them up. In Chicago, extinction is not attempted. Little value is set on bricks and mortar. A fire is enjoyed; then the building is reproduced and burnt down again at leisure. But we, who pull down, year by year, old inns and almshouses, because they are obsolete in usage, despite their prettiness and their tradition, we, in London, suffer to be saved any wharf or warehouse, however beautiful its encircling flames, however hideous it.

And here is a strange anomaly! Whilst there are Companies which honour with gifts of gold and silver, any one whose silly tenement Vesta has deigned to visit, the Law still loads with chains any one who may be found to have planned the happy occasion. I am far from exalting arson to the level of a fine art. Nothing is easier than to be an incendiary. All you want is a box of matches and a sense of beauty. I know, too, that fires have often been made for unworthy ends, for the gratification of revenge, or, even, personal vanity. Nero set light to Rome that he might divert the ears of the musical critics from his indifferent fiddling, and fires, I am told, are mysteriously frequent in the little Duchy of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. But it is absurd that no distinction is made between motives of self-interest and the desire for a pretty scene. Perpend! I stay for a few days in the country. I see some hay-ricks in a field. After dark, I set light to them. Am I to be punished for doing so? Probably, I admit, the rural police would not dream of suspecting me, and would forthwith arrest the last farm-labourer who had been discharged from the place. But that does not alter the principle of the thing. I should be sorry that another should suffer for me, but, having done no wrong, I certainly should not give myself up.

Vain, though, to cavil at the follies of the law, as exemplified here and there, until the public has been thoroughly aroused on the general question of its right to the unspoilt enjoyment of fires! The sentimentalist may prattle of life-saving, but we must think, rather of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. And, as a matter of fact, the strongest objection to the fire-brigade may be raised on behalf of those very persons whom it professes to benefit. Perpend, reader, once more! You are a householder. You are sleeping in the dead of night. The insidious savour of smoke awakens you. You rush out on to the landing, only to find the staircase enveloped in smoke, whose dense volumes are flame-cloven. Escape is impossible! You rush back and rouse your wife and children. In half-conscious terror, they cling to your knees. It is the most tragic moment of your life. You feel that the Ministers of Fate have compassed you about, that Death is grinning at you from their ranks and will soon beckon. Already the smoke is curling round you, already. . . . The sash of the window is thrown up. In jumps a perfect stranger and in fancy dress and proceeds to play snapdragon with you and your wife and children. An anti-climax! The whole scene ruined! You are bundled down a ladder, protesting that an Englishman's house is his castle. Some scores of licensed practical-jokers are below with their squirts, and you are drenched to the skin, as likely as not. Finally, you are put to bed in some neighbour's house. So ends your tragedy, dear reader.

Not forgetting that before the next dawn breaks your house may be wet ashes and you its unwilling survivor, try now, reader, to take an altruist view. For the fire-brigade is most hateful, not because it invades the sanctity of our home-life, but because it takes constantly from so many citizens their enjoyment of fair things. I know that the fire-brigade is strong. It will die hard. Years hence, it may still be flourishing. But, meanwhile, one should not be idle. I am forming an Artists' Corps, whose aim will be to harass the members of the fire-brigade on all occasions. I am maturing an elaborate system of false alarms, and I shall train my recruits to waylay the enemy in their onrush, seize the bridles of their horses, cut their reins. We, too, shall hold ourselves in readiness to start off at five minutes' notice, but there will be no furious driving, no terrorising of harmless traffic. We shall go about our work in a quiet, gentlemanly manner; servants, not tyrants, of the public. Though at first, necessarily, our organisation will be small, we shall extend it gradually, I hope. We shall, in time, despise mere guerilla warfare and take our stand upon the very field of battle. Each one of us will trail a sinuous hose. It will not be filled with water. It will be filled with oil.

NECKWEAR [1]

HEYWOOD BROUN

THIS, we are informed, is Autumn Neckwear Week and we have decided to co-operate by wearing a necktie throughout the period assigned to the celebration.

However, we are not disposed to dismiss the subject of neckties casually, because it is a problem which enlists our emotions. Nobody ever has taken neckties with sufficient seriousness. We have even known men who went into the haberdasher's and said, "Let me have a necktie," which seems to us just as ignominious as the not unfamiliar formula of "Please let me have a book."

The one suggestion in the festival proclamation which worries us is the qualifying word "autumn." The necktie men, we fear, are seeking to promote the theory that during the sadder seasons some recognition of the fading glories of the world should be expressed in cravats. We know that there is such a notion abroad in the world, because only the other day we asked a friend, "How do you like this necktie?" (It happened to be the one in two blues with red and yellow splotches.) And he replied, "It might be all right for summer."

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[1] From the *New York World*. By permission of the author.

We are prepared to fight any such craven surrender. We purpose to stand by the colors. The leaves may go into dull browns if they please and the trees turn black, but give us a scarf with sap in it for any sort of weather.

Man was not meant to be the slave of the seasons. He may win a moral victory of sorts by putting in his gayest and bravest shades to indicate his indifference to the most chilling blasts. Indeed, throughout the year no necktie is worthy unless it contains some hint of revolt. We are all dun by the cruelty of customary clothes. Nothing more than a stripe of red or some dim checks of purple and green are allowed to us on coat and trousers. But the cravat is an escape. They have taken away our doublet and hose, the ruffles from our wrists, the plumes from our hats, and so no man of any spirit should ever wear a necktie without being able to say as he puts it on: "Oh, you would, would you!"

And the necktie itself should be articulate. It should be gallant in its incompatibility with the mediocre colors which are forced upon our backs. Some hint of revolt, did we say? Even that seems to us mean spirited and niggardly. Rather let us have neckties which are irreconcilable and shout aloud the stirring slogan "Back to the rainbow!"

Of course we do not intend to suggest that freedom through neckwear is in any way easy. The shops are filled with time-serving and compromising cravats. Silk as often as not is squelched into black and the more dreary browns. But unless our eyes deceive us a new note is creeping in. Up to a year ago we had never encountered a cravat which really seemed what you might call loud. Recently we have come across one or two which moved us to think, "Radicalism is a fine thing, and all that, but criminal anarchy is something else again."

The thing which encourages us is the discovery of neckties which attempt more than a short and conventional theme. The serialized color scheme is coming in. Here and there we find ties in which the pattern at the bottom departs radically from that at the top instead of striking the same note over and over again.

We have seen promising neckties, ingenious neckties, arresting neckties, quarts and quarts of adequate neckties, but we have yet to encounter anything which we could conscientiously call a great necktie. The field lies open, beckoning to genius.

Perhaps some change in the basic nature of the industry is necessary to encourage and foster high talent. First of all, anonymity should be done away with. At present we have no label except that of the shopkeeper or the manufacturer. Clearly that is insufficient. It would be like naming no playwright and simply classifying plays as Shubert, Al Woods or Erlanger. We confess that we don't even know how a necktie comes into being.

The person we are interested in is the idea man. He is the one whose name should be signed at the bottom of the cravat. We don't know whether he works in paint, water colors, pastel or directly upon the material itself. But at any rate he should be allowed to sit in some pleasant place until inspiration comes upon him and then when he has finished his masterpiece the world ought to know that he did it. The mere merchandiser is not important.

Money, honor and reputation go to the men who fashion combinations of color which we hang upon the walls of rooms where they are seen by few and infrequently. Why should we be so careless of the colors which we hang about our necks? Why can't a young man be encouraged to sit down and resolve, "I am now about to compose the great American necktie?"

In the days to come, when we begin to realize that art ought to be brought into everyday life, such things will come to pass. Then when one passerby stops another to say, "I certainly like that necktie. It has a quality of sincerity and emotion," he may be answered, "Yes, it's a Sargent."

Of course the subject which we are discussing is too vast in its implications and ramifications to be exhausted here. We must save some for another day. There is, for instance, the subject of silk handkerchiefs, in which some noteworthy revolutionary propaganda is being carried on. In fact, we have seen just once what we should call an authentically great silk handkerchief. Unfortunately, it was in the possession of a young man who did not appreciate it in the least. He was disposed to ill-timed levity about his great silk handkerchief. It seemed to him a joke that a handkerchief should be beautiful, if, indeed, he was capable of appreciating that it was beautiful.

However, he refused to sell in spite of offers of money and a pledge of a long and enthusiastic review of his collection of presumably inconsequential essays which are to be issued in the spring. Of course, it isn't fair for us to pass judgment on his book in advance, even though he wouldn't sell his handkerchief to a man who was prepared to give it a good home. Still, sight unseen, we are willing to wager that nothing in the book will be half so brilliant as the handkerchief.

Then there are sox. There is a great deal of unrest in sox at the moment. At this point we must confess a certain conservatism. To us sox are just wearing apparel, and the more trivial the better. All comes down to sox!

Style · Stevenson & Lamb. Compare

TUNBRIDGE TOYS

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

I WONDER whether those little silver pencil-cases with a moveable almanack at the butt-end are still favourite implements with boys, and whether pedlars still hawk them about the country? Are there pedlars and hawkers still, or are rustics and children grown too sharp to deal with them? Those pencil-cases, as far as my memory serves me, were not of much use. The screw, upon which the moveable almanack turned, was constantly getting loose. The 1 of the table would work from its moorings, under Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case may be, and you would find, on examination, that Th. or W. was the 23½ of the month (which was absurd on the face of the thing), and in a word your cherished pencil-case an utterly unreliable timekeeper. Nor was this a matter of wonder. Consider the position of a pencil-case in a boy's pocket. You had hard-bake in it; marbles, kept in your purse when the money was all gone; your mother's purse knitted so fondly and supplied with a little bit of gold, long since — prodigal little son! — scattered amongst the swine — I mean amongst brandy-balls, open tarts, three-cornered puffs, and similar abominations. You had a top and string; a knife; a piece of cobbler's wax; two or three bullets; a *Little Warbler;* and I, for my part, remember, for a considerable period, a brass-barrelled pocket-pistol (which would fire beautifully, for with it I shot off a button from Butt Major's jacket); — with all these things, and ever so many more, clinking and rattling in your pockets, and your hands, of course, keeping them in perpetual movement, how could you expect your moveable almanack not to be twisted out of its place now and again — your pencil-case to be bent — your liquorice water not to leak out of your bottle over the cobbler's wax, your bull's-eyes not to ram up the lock and barrel of your pistol, and so forth?

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionaire? Is he a bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed and eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the moveable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be? They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell *me*, you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August, 1823, passed in agonies then, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure of a calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy, coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? ludicrous! Why did not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old — try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days; and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. O mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow! . . . There was Hawker when I came back — of course there he was. As he looked in my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honour, without so much as a half-crown! It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious, and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary. I wish I *did* like 'em. What raptures of pleasure one could have now for five shillings, if one could but pick it off the pastrycook's tray! No. If you have any little friends at schools, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the little fleeting joys of their age.

Well, then. At the beginning of August, 1823, Bartlemy-tide holidays came, and I was to go to my parents, who were at Tunbridge Wells. My place in the coach was taken by my tutor's servants — Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, seven o'clock in the morning, was the word. My Tutor, the Rev. Edward P——, to whom I hereby present my best compliments, had a parting interview with me: gave me my little account for my governor: the remaining part of the coach-hire; five shillings for my own expenses; and some five-and-twenty shillings on an old account which had been overpaid, and was to be restored to my family.

Away I ran and paid Hawker his three-and-six. Ouf! what a weight it was off my mind! (He was a Norfolk boy, and used to go home from Mrs. Nelson's Bell Inn, Aldgate — but that is not to the point.) The next morning, of course, we were an hour before the time. I and another boy shared a hackney-coach; two-and-six: porter for putting luggage on coach, three-pence. I had no more money of my own left. Rasherwell, my companion, went into the Bolt-in-Tun coffee-room, and had a good breakfast. I couldn't; because, though I had five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money, I had none of my own, you see.

I certainly intended to go without breakfast, and still remember how strongly I had that resolution in my mind. But there was that hour to wait. A beautiful August morning — I am very hungry. There is Rasherwell "tucking" away in the coffee-room. I pace the street, as sadly almost as if I had been coming to school, not going thence. I turned into a court by mere chance — I vow it was by mere chance — and there I see a coffee-shop with a placard in the window, *Coffee Twopence. Round of buttered toast, Twopence.* And here am I hungry, penniless, with five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money in my pocket.

What would you have done? You see I had had my money, and spent it in that pencil-case affair. The five-and-twenty shillings were a trust — by me to be handed over.

But then would my parents wish their only child to be actually without breakfast? Having this money, and being so hungry, so *very* hungry, mightn't I take ever so little? Mightn't I at home eat as much as I chose?

Well, I went into the coffee-shop, and spent fourpence. I remember the taste of the coffee and toast to this day — a peculiar, muddy, not-sweet-enough, most fragrant coffee — a rich, rancid, yet not-buttered-enough, delicious toast. The waiter had nothing. At any rate, fourpence I know was the sum I spent. And the hunger appeased, I got on the coach a guilty being.

At the last stage,— what is its name? I have forgotten in seven-and-thirty years,— there is an inn with a little green and trees before it; and by the trees there is an open carriage. It is our carriage. Yes, there are Prince and Blucher, the horses; and my parents in the carriage. Oh! how I had been counting the days until this one came! Oh! how happy had I been to see them yesterday! But there was that fourpence. All the journey down the toast had choked me, and the coffee poisoned me.

I was in such a state of remorse about the fourpence, that I forgot the maternal joy and caresses, the tender paternal voice. I pull out the twenty-four shillings and eight-pence with a trembling hand.

"Here's your money," I gasp out, "which Mr. P. owes you, all but fourpence. I owed three-and-sixpence to Hawker out of my money for a pencil-case, and I had none left, and I took fourpence of yours, and had some coffee at a shop."

I suppose I must have been choking whilst uttering this confession.

"My dear boy," says the governor, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel?"

"He must be starved," says my mother.

I had confessed; I had been a prodigal; I have been taken back to my parents' arms again. It was not a very great crime as yet, or a very long career of prodigality; but don't we know that a boy who takes a pin which is not his own, will take a thousand pounds when occasion serves, bring his parents' grey heads with sorrow to the grave, and carry his own to the gallows? Witness the career of Dick Idle, upon whom our friend Mr. Sala has been discoursing. Dick only began by playing pitch-and-toss on a tombstone: playing fair, for what we know: and even for that sin he was promptly caned by the beadle. The bamboo was ineffectual to cane that reprobate's bad courses out of him. From pitch-and-toss he proceeded to manslaughter if necessary; to highway robbery; to Tyburn and the rope there. Ah! heaven be thanked, my parents' heads are still above the grass, and mine still out of the noose.

As I look up from my desk, I see Tunbridge Wells Common and the rocks, the strange familiar place which I remember forty years ago. Boys saunter over the green with stumps and cricket-bats. Other boys gallop by on the riding-master's hacks. I protest it is *Cramp, Riding Master*, as it used to be in the reign of George IV, and that Centaur Cramp must be at least a hundred years old. Yonder comes a footman with a bundle of novels from the library. Are they as good as *our* novels? Oh! how delightful they were! Shades of Valancour, awful ghost of Manfroni, how I shudder at your appearance! Sweet image of Thaddeus of Warsaw, how often has this almost infantile hand tried to depict you in a Polish cap and richly embroidered tights! And as for Corinthian Tom in light blue pantaloons and Hessians, and Jerry Hawthorn from the country, can all the fashion, can all the splendour of real life which these eyes have subsequently beheld, can all the wit I have heard or read in later times, compare with your fashion, with your brilliancy, with your delightful grace, and sparkling vivacious rattle?

Who knows? They *may* have kept those very books at the library still — at the well-remembered library on the Pantiles, where they sell that delightful, useful Tunbridge ware. I will go and see. I wend my way to the Pantiles, the queer little old-world Pantiles, where, a hundred years since, so much good company came to take its pleasure. Is it possible, that in the past century, gentlefolks of the first rank (as I read lately in a lecture on George II in the *Cornhill Magazine*) assembled here and entertained each other with gaming, dancing, fiddling, and tea? There are fiddlers, harpers, and trumpeters performing at this moment in a weak little old balcony, but where is the fine company? Where are the earls, duchesses, bishops, and magnificent embroidered gamesters? A half dozen of children and their nurses are listening to the musicians; an old lady or two in a poke bonnet passes, and for the rest, I see but an uninteresting population of native tradesmen. As for the library, its window is full of pictures of burly theologians, and their works, sermons, apologues, and so forth. Can I go in and ask the young ladies at the counter for "Manfroni, or the One-Handed Monk," and "Life in London, or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esq., and their friend Bob Logic?" — absurd. I turn away abashed from the casement — from the Pantiles — no longer Pantiles, but Parade. I stroll over the common and survey the beautiful purple hills around, twinkling with a thousand bright villas, which have sprung up over this charming ground since first I saw it. What an admirable scene of peace and plenty! What a delicious air breathes over the heath, blows the cloud shadows across it, and murmurs through the full-clad trees! Can the world show a land fairer, richer, more cheerful? I see a portion of it when I look up from the window at which I write. But fair scene, green woods, bright terraces gleaming in sunshine, and purple clouds swollen with summer rain — nay, the very pages over which my head bends — disappear from before my eyes. They are looking backwards, back into forty years off, into a dark room, into a little house hard by on the Common here, in the Bartlemy-tide holidays. The parents have gone to town for two days: the house is all his own, his own and a grim old maid-servant's, and a little boy is seated at night in the lonely drawing-room, poring over "Manfroni, or the One-Handed Monk," so frightened that he scarcely dares to turn round.

NIGHT LIFE [1]

SIMEON STRUNSKY

THE sun heaves up from its sleeping-place somewhere in the vicinity of Flatbush, an extremely early riser, like most suburban residents, and loses no time in setting out upward and westward to its place of business over Manhattan. But the sun is not the first comer there. Its earliest rays surprise an army at work. Creatures of the night, they cower and dissolve in the oncoming of the light. The yellow glare of their oil torches and the ghastly violet-blue of their vacuum tubes pale, flicker, and go out before the onrush of dawn. It is amazing how a great city can snore with equanimity while entire regiments and squadrons carry on operations in the streets, quietly but with no attempt at concealment, under the very eyes of the police with whom, in fact, they seem to have a complete understanding. No political revolutions in the name of good citizenship, no shifting of Commissioners and Inspectors and Captains, can conceivably destroy the *entente cordiale* between the police and these workers in the dark. If anything, the patrolman will stop in his rounds to watch their maneuvers with an eye of amicable appraisal, and when they begin to scatter with the dawn from their places of congregation he speeds them on their way with a word of cheer.

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[1] From *Belshazzar Court*. Copyright, by Dodd, Mead and Company, publishers.

And the great city sleeps, its pulse scarcely disturbed by the feverish activity of the army of darkness. Or if the city catches a rumble of their movements and stirs in its slumber, it is only to turn over and go to sleep again. No hypnotic spell will account for this indifference of a city of five millions to the presence of an army in its gaslit streets. It is merely habit. If here and there in the cubical hives where New York takes its rest an unquiet sleeper tosses in his bed and resents the disturbance, it is not to wish that these prowlers of the night were caught and sent to jail, but only to wish that they went about their business more discreetly — this great host of marketmen, grocers, butchers, milkmen, push-cart engineers, and news vendors who have been engaged since soon after midnight in the enormous task of preparing the city's breakfast.

For this, of course, is the real night life of New York — the life that beats at rapid pace in the great water-front markets, in the newspaper press-rooms around Brooklyn Bridge, under the acetylene glare over excavations for the new Subways, and in the thousand bakery shops that line the avenues and streets. This is the Underworld of which we speak so little because it is a real underworld. It is not made up of subterranean galleries and shafts inhabited by a race engaged in undermining the upper world. It is a true Underworld on which the upper world of the daylight hours is grounded. The foundations of society run down into the night where the city's food, the city's ways of communication, and the city's news are being made ready and garnished for the full roar of the day's life. Compared with these workers of the dark the operations of the housebreaker and his sister of the shadowy sidewalks sink into insignificance. It is but a turn of the hand for the army of the laborious Underworld to undo the mischief which the outlaws of the night have performed. Between one and five in the morning they create ten thousand times the wealth which it is in the power of the jail-bird to destroy.

The point fascinates me. We need urgently a vindication of the night, and especially of night in the city. Occasionally, it is true, we pay lip service to Night as the kindly nurse that brings rest to the fevered brow and forgetfulness to the uneasy conscience. But at heart we think of the things of night as of things of evil. It would pay to set to work a commission of moralists, economic experts and statisticians, at striking a balance between the good and evil that are done in the night and the day. Personally I have no doubt at all as to which way the figures would point. It is only a question of how far the day is behind the night in its net contribution to the welfare of humanity. Against night in Greater New York you would have to debit, say, half a hundred burglaries and highway assaults, a handful of fires, a handful of joy-ride fatalities, much gambling and debauchery, and possibly some of the latest plays on Broadway. But from the monetary point of view the wastage and pilferings of the night are trifle compared to what an active quarter of an hour may show in Wall Street after ten in the morning. And as for the moral laxities of the dark it depends on what you call immorality. Greater harm to the fiber of the race may be wrought during the day by the intrigues of unscrupulous business, by factory fire-traps, by sweat-shops, by the manipulators of our political democracy, than by all the gambling houses and dives in the Tenderloin. After all, the railroad-wrecking financiers, the get-rich-quick promoters, the builders of jerry tenements, the bank looters, bosses, and ward heelers suspend their labors at night.

No; the more you think of it the more you will be persuaded that night is primarily the time of the innocent industries, and for the most part the primitive industries, employing simple, innocent, primitive men — slow-speaking truck farmers, husky red-faced slaughterers in the abattoirs, solid German bakers, and milkmen. The milkman alone is enough to redeem the night from its undeserved evil reputation. A cartload of pasteurized milk for nurslings at four o'clock in the morning represents more service to civilization than a cartful of bullion on its way from the Sub-treasury to the vaults of a national bank five hours later.

I am, of course, not thinking now of the early part of the night on Broadway, which is only the bedraggled fringe of day, but of the later half of night which is the fresh anticipation of the dawn. In the still coolness before daybreak the interests of the city come down to human essentials. The commodities dealt in are those that men bought and sold tens of thousands of years before they trafficked in safety-razors and Brazilian diamonds. The dealers of the night are concerned with bread, flesh, milk, butter, cheese, fruits, and the green offerings of the fields. Contact with these things cannot but keep the soul clean. There is a fortune for the nerve specialist who will first advise his patients to rise at three in the morning and walk a mile between the rows of wagons and stalls in Gansevoort or Wallabout Market and draw strength from the piles of sweet green produce dewy under the lamp-light, and learn patience from the farmer's horses, and observe that even men in their chafferings can be subdued to the innocent medium in which they traffic.

To be sure there are the newspaper men. I have always assumed that it is primarily for them the churches in the lower part of the city offer special services for night-workers. If any class of night-workers stands in need of prayer it must be the men of my own profession, surely the least innocent of all legitimate trades that are plied after midnight. But as I think of it, even among newspaper men it is the comparatively unspoiled and innocent who work after midnight, members of the lobster squad left on emergency duty, cubs who have not lost all the freshness of the little towns in the Middle West and the South, the men on the linotype machines, the men sweating in the press-rooms, and the short, squat unshaven men who stagger under enormous bundles of newspapers to the cars and the elevated trains. Here, too, night has exercised its cleansing selective effect. The big men of the press, the shrewd manipulators of newspaper policy, the editorial pleaders of doubtful causes, the city editors with insistence on the "punch" as against the fact, the Titans of the advertising columns, have all gone home before midnight. As I think of it, the only unrespectable members of the newspaper profession that work at 2 A.M. are the writers of the Extra Special afternoon editions for the next day. Let us hope that they take advantage of the churches' standing offer of special services and prayer for night-workers.

When you stroll through the markets, between rows of wagons, stalls, crates, baskets, and squads of perspiring men, you need not force the imagination to call up the solid square miles of brick and stone barracks in which New York's five million, minus some thousands, are asleep, outside the glare of the arc lights and kerosene torches. You can tell Hercules from his foot and you can tell New York from the size of its maw, of which a single day's filling keeps these thousands of men at work. There it sleeps, the big, dark brute, and in another three hours it will yawn and sit up and blink its eyes and roar for its food. The markets are only the spots of highest activity in the business of providing fodder for the creature. Turn out of the crush of Gansevoort Market and walk south through Washington Street and Greenwich Street and Hudson Street, a good mile and a half south through silent warehouses all crammed with food, a solid square mile of provender. The contents of these grim weather-beaten storehouses are open to appraisal by the mere sense of smell as you pass through successive strata of coffee, and sugar, and tea, and spices, and green vegetables, and fruits. If you are sufficiently educated you may detect the individual species within the genus, discern where the pepper merges into cloves, and the heavy odor of banana into the acid aroma of the citrus. It seems almost indecent, this vast debauch of gluttony, this great area given up to the most elemental of the appetites, this Tenderloin of the stomach, until you once more recall the five million individual cells of the animal that will soon have to be fed.

The markets and the warehouses are not the belly of the city, as Zola has called them in his own Paris. The digestive processes of a great city are worked out later and in a million homes. The markets are the heart of the city, pumping the life-fuel to themselves from across the rivers and the seas, and pumping them out again by drayloads and cartloads through the avenues and streets. In the late afternoon of the day before, everywhere on the circumference of the city, you have come across the driblets and streamlets of nourishment which the markets suck to themselves. In Jersey, in Long Island, and in Westchester you encounter, toward nightfall, heavy farm-wagons of exactly the prairie-schooner type that you first met in the school histories, plodding on toward the ferries and the bridges, the drivers nodding over the reins, the horses philosophically conscious of the long hours as well as the long miles ahead of them. Taken one by one these farmer's wagons moving at two miles an hour seem pitifully inadequate to the appetites and imperious demands of a metropolis. But they are only the unquestioning units in the great mobilization of the army of food providers. Their cubic contents and their rate of progress have been accurately estimated by the Von Moltkes of the provision markets. At the appointed time they will drop into their appointed place, forming by companies and squadrons into hollow squares for the daily encounter with humanity's oldest and most indefatigable foe — hunger.

The markets on the water-front are the heart of the city's night life, but in all the five boroughs there are local centers of concentrated vitality — the milk depots, the street-railway junctions, the car barns. Where Elevated or Subway meets with Crosstown and longitudinal surface lines you will find at three in the morning as active and garishly illuminated a civic center as many a city of the hinterland would boast of at nine o'clock in the evening. Groups of switchmen, car dispatchers, conductors, motormen, and the casual onlooker whom New York supplies from its inexhaustible womb even at three in the morning, stand in the middle of the road and discuss the most wonderful mysteries — so it seems at least in the hush before dawn. And because the cars which they switch and side track and dispatch on their way depart empty of passengers and lose themselves in the shadows, their business, too, seems one of impressive mystery.

A car conductor at three o'clock in the morning is the most delightful of people to meet. His hands are not yet grimy with the filth of alien nickels and dimes. His temper is as yet unworn with the day's traffic. In the beneficent cool of the night his thwarted social instincts unfold. If you share the rear platform with him, as you will do as a rule, he will accept your fare with a deprecating smile as money passes between gentlemen who stoop to the painful necessity but take no notice of it. Having registered your fare, he will engage you in conversation, and it is amazing how the harassed soul of the car conductor is open to the ideas and forces that rule the great world. If you are timid with conductors and take your way into the car after paying your fare, he will make a pretense of business with the motorman and, coming back, he will find a remark to draw you out of your surliness or your timidity. He may even sit down next to you and after five minutes you will be cursing the mechanical necessity of the daylight life which takes this eminently human creature and turns him into a bundle of rasping hurry and incivility. If a visit to the markets is a good cure for neurosis, a trip down Amsterdam Avenue in a surface car at three A.M. is a splendid tonic for democracy.

And once more food. For the men who labor in the night, primarily for the city's breakfast, must themselves be fed. Clustered around the markets, and around the railway junctions and car barns, are the brilliantly illuminated Shanleys and Delmonicos of the industrious Underworld. What places of warm cheer they are, on a winter night, these long rows of Lunches, whose names are a perpetual lesson in the national geography — Baltimore Lunch, Hartford Lunch, Washington Lunch, New Orleans and Memphis and Utica and Milwaukee Lunches. They all have tiled floors and white walls and spacious arm-chairs with a table extension like the chairs in which we used to write examination papers at college. In the rear of the room is the counter supporting the great silver coffee-urn. The placards on the walls reek with plenty. You wonder how the resources of an establishment operating on an average level of fifteen cents the meal can supply the promised bounty — sirloins and small steaks, and shellfish out of season and all the delicacies of the griddle and the casserole; — only the prudent consumer will concentrate on the coffee and doughnuts. The rarities are to be had, if you insist, and who would quarrel with the quality of a sirloin steak selling for twenty cents with bread, butter, and coffee, at three in the morning? But it is better to ask for coffee and doughnuts.

An affable humanism permeates the Baltimore Lunch. The proprietor, the chef, the waiter, and the cashier will come forward to meet you and exchange a word or two with you as he wipes up the arm-table. He will take your order, and going behind the counter, will deliver it to himself. If you are extravagant and ask for meats, he will disappear into some sort of cupboard, which is a kitchen, and pleasant pungent odors will precede his reappearance. He will punch your check as a protection against malfeasance by the waiter and he will ring up your payment on the cash-register as a protection against malfeasance on the part of the cashier. If your manners permit he will come forward and watch you while you eat, not with the affected paternal mien of the head waiter at the Waldorf, but as a brother, a democrat, and a chef who has presided over your food from the first moment till the last and is qualified to take an intimate interest in its ultimate disposal. He is generous with the butter, and as a rule he is indifferent to tips.

Can I do you justice, oh Baltimore Lunchman of the Gay White Way in the vicinity of Broadway and Manhattan Streets, where the enormous black iron span of the Subway viaduct casts its shadow over all the cars that run west to Fort Lee and north to Fort George and south into the deserted regions of lower Broadway? Your napkins unquestionably were white once upon a time, and your apron is but so-so, but your heart is in the right place, and consequently your manners are perfect. On you, too, the night has exercised its cleansing effect, wiping out commercialism and leaving behind the instinct for service. You accept my money, but only that you may have the means to go on feeding the useful toilers of the night and occasional castaways like myself. The spirit of profits does not lurk under your flaring arc lights; where is the profit in sirloin steak with bread, butter, and coffee at twenty cents? You are not a trafficker in food, but a minister to human needs, almost as disinterested as the dogs of Saint Bernard, of whom, if you don't mind my saying so, you strongly remind me, with your solid bulk and great shock of hair and the two days' beard and your strangely unmanicured fingers. You do not cater to the pampered palate of the rich, which lusts for strange plants and strange animals and strange liquids to devour. Your sizzling coffee is nectar in the veins of big men who run in on winter nights stamping their feet and smiting their palms stiff from the icy brake-handle and switching-lever — the simple, innocent toilers of the night. Occasionally your walls resound to the gayety of young voices and your arc lights glow on the shimmer of linen and silks which put your regular customers somewhat out of countenance, as when a troop of young men and girls after loitering wickedly at the dance seek refuge with you while waiting for a car. They taste your coffee and nibble at your doughnuts for a lark. So they say. It is pretense. They do not nibble, they do not taste; they eat and drink with undeniable relish the rough, unfamiliar fare. After five hours' exercise on the dancing floor and a ten minutes' wait on a wintry corner there is an electric spark in your coffee and Titan's food in your doughnuts. Motormen, draymen, what a line of customers is yours! Oh Youth! Oh Night! Oh Baltimore Lunchman!

The gray of dawn overtakes the armies from the markets, the car barns, and the excavation pits in full retreat. They scatter in every direction, weary, heavy-eyed, but with no sense of defeat in their souls. They throng to the river to lose themselves in the mysterious wilds of Jersey. Their cavalry and train rumble down empty Broadway to South Ferry. They pour eastward toward the bridges or hide themselves in the cellars and ramshackle corner booths of the East Side. They plunge into the Subway and, stretched out at full length in the illuminated spaciousness of the Interborough's cars, they pass off into the sleep which falls alike upon the just and the unjust, contrary to general supposition. When the day breaks it finds their haunting-places deserted or given over to small brigades of sweepers and cleaners who make ready for the other kinds of business that are carried on in the full glare of the sun.

Blessed are the meek! While waiting for the inheritance of the earth they are already in full possession of the glory of the sunrise, which we of the comfortable classes know only by hearsay. The tremulous milky gray of the firmament followed by the red flush of daylight is reserved in New York for the truck farmer from the suburbs, the drayman, the food vendors, and the early factory hands. For them only is the beauty of New York as it heaves up out of the shadows. The farmer who has disposed of his wares with expedition and is now on his way back to the Jersey shore, when he looks back, sees the jagged silhouette of our towers and massed brick piles like a host of negroid Titans plodding northward in retreat. Or if his way is by the Municipal boats to Staten Island, he may look back and see a thin shaft of light, ethereal, tremulous, almost faëry, and that pillar of light will be Broadway canyon between its brick walls still clad in shadow. It is given only to the foreign-born ditchers and hewers of the crowded lower Bronx, as they trudge across the bridges over the Harlem, to see before them mighty iron spans flung forward into the shadows or to catch the mirrored sweep of magic arches lifting up out of the water to link themselves to the arch overhead.

The beauty of New York, rising to meet a new day, is for these lowly workers, and for the unfortunates who stay out in the night not to work, but to sleep, because night and the open is their only refuge. When the curtain of night rises on Riverside and reveals Grant's Tomb in frosty vagueness at the end of a green vista, the sight is rarely for those who sleep in the expensive caravansaries along the Drive, and most often for the sleepers on the benches. It is the men who sleep on the benches in Morningside Park that are the first to wonder at the dark line of poplars holding desperate defense against the changing line of daylight, and over the poplars the huge, squat octagon of Saint John's buttressed chapels; unless the sleepers on the benches are anticipated by the angel atop of Saint John's greeting the dawn with his trumpet. Because night loiterers are excluded from Central Park, I suppose that all its awakening loveliness must go for naught. But if the first impingement of the sun on the massed verdure of the park, on its lakes, its Alpine views, its waterfalls, and the fresh, sweet meadows, does find a rare spectator, it must be again one of the homeless who has eluded police regulations to find a night's rest in the great green inclosure. Possibly there may be a poet or two wandering about in Central Park at dawn, but the poets are early risers only in the country. To them the city is only the monstrous, noisy machine of the full day. That on New York City, too, the sun rises in the morning, working its miracles of beauty, seems to have escaped the poets; or else they have escaped me.

As the sun continues to mount from Flatbush towards the East River bridges, the demoralization of the hosts of night-workers grows complete. Either they have disappeared or they straggle on through isolated streets, mere units, like the flotsam of a beaten army. The full light strips them of their dignity. As late even as five o'clock, the milkman in the quiet streets is a symbol and a mystery. By six o'clock he is a common purveyor. Contact with frowsy elevator boys and gaping grocer's clerks has vulgarized him. His interests are no longer in food, but in commerce. Instead of communing with the night, he is busy with a memorandum book and a lead pencil.

In the full dawn the acetylene flares over the excavation pits have gone out. The dazzling arc lights in the Baltimore and Hartford Lunches are out. The street cars, running on shorter schedules, have taken on their daylight screech and clangor. The conductor is fast sinking into daylight surliness. The huge bundles of newspapers which at night and in bulk have the merit of a really great commodity, the dignity almost of a bag of meal or a crate of eggs, are now resolved into units on the stationers' stands, and if the new day be Sunday the newsman is busy sorting out the twelve different sections of the Sunday paper and putting the comic section on top. Nor can I think of anything in human affairs which can be more futile in the eyes of a Creator than a stationer sorting out comic supplements in the full glory of early sunrise. With its newspaper waiting for it, New York of the ordinary life is ready to get out of bed.

THE PARADOX OF OXFORD[1]

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

MANY people have written about the riddle of Oxford. To many serious academic minds it has been a mystery that this odd collection of separate colleges, without alumni organizations and without advertising, with antiquated prejudices and mediæval buildings, should continue to be a power in the world of learning. To an outsider, and especially to an American, Oxford is a mess of paradoxes stirred together by a spoon. It is something as if one had a whole group of our small colleges in one town, each competing with all the others in scholarship and athletics, in general prestige. There *must* be a secret to this University.

Great scholarliness in a place of no plumbing to speak of! "Why should we install bathrooms?" a college head asked indignantly not so many years ago. "The young gentlemen are here only eight weeks at a time!" I remember my first college bath; the years turned back, and I saw again the look of injured dignity in the haughty eyes of a pet gander when the saucer he had chosen for his bath vanished under his feathers.

Dr. Johnson's college still uses candles. And Oxford flourishes on an endowment that would hardly keep the wolf from the door of a small American college. There are no campaigns launched to make "the sunset years" of the faculty secure. Yet men with fame in their names teach there while their hairs grow white and their names grow golden, and their books go around the world.

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[1] From *The Forum*. By permission of the editor and the author.

Many a don on a salary of an American high school principal fills shelves of our university libraries with sound learning.

And there are more paradoxes than this of lean purses and rich scholarship. Some of these dons write books that children love, that men who come home with grime on their hands enjoy. Others give their names to the world on a new kind of pun. Some of them, authorities on the morphology of Homeric verbs, catch astounding fish or climb all manner of Alps. They put off gowns and play Homeric tennis. Bearded like the major prophets, book-laden and gowned, they pedal ahead of captains of crew and rugby. They do things well, the dons: they drink ale, they crawl under hedges, wear old clothes, eat strawberry jam and cheese with ditchers and diggers in village inns, and take nobody's backwash in talk of ferreting and poaching; they know how to play; they set down their learning so that it is pleasant to read; they know how to live.

Here [illegible]

Oxford is the home of such paradoxes. There are no "drives" for new equipment. Yet the old place grows, is full of the youth and the promise of the best of England and the Colonies. No great alumni bodies with secretaries and reunions assist in keeping alive an Oxonian tradition. But the tradition is there, and the old men come swarming back to college cups and college boats from the underside of the earth, from India and Manitoba, from veldt and pampas. Poets write verses about Oxford; all her sons bring their renown home to her towers and green gardens.

There is no great cult of athletics, no great Diana of the muscles before whom graduates prostrate themselves and gouge their purses. There are no professional coaches to say that games shall be work and not play, no gladiatorial schools hardening a handful of men for shows for the many. Yet teams of the dark blue set up world records and do glorious things in lands overseas.

The University is one without classrooms, without quizzes, without lectures if you wish; each college has its own tutors in subjects offered elsewhere; there is no close coöperation of departments as we have it; dons overlap and contradict one another; it is their glory. There is no real central office of information; the *Excerpta e Statutis*, written partly in the learned tongue of Chaucer's day, is like an essay in mediæval metaphysics or astrology. No advertising! I know an American professor who spent five years in getting the *Excerpta*, and another five in attempting to decipher it.

There is a library, the Bodleian, the best university library in the world; but you cannot take books out of it, you must spend days in getting admitted to it, it takes hours to have books found and fetched by irresponsible shavers who play marbles on the way; you must read by such light as filters through old glass covered with Virginia creeper. The home of priceless manuscripts, the "jewels of the learned," is unlighted, unheated, and it closes at four in the afternoon.

It is no wonder that the newly matriculated man from overseas goes about with a smile on his face the first week. And yet that smile changes, grows into the smile of the believer, stays on his face for better or for worse to the end of his Oxford days, stays to sweeten all the days and the ways of his life. This unique and refreshing Oxonian pleasure, incredulous at first, becomes a creed for living, for finding the humor in all things, for the gospel and glory of old age.

There is a riddle to Oxford. But it is simple of solution. It is nothing more mysterious than this: here is a university that teaches life, the life each undergraduate is going to live. Other universities give one setting-up drills, preparation for life; others teach departments of life, athletics, teaching, business, religion; but all as *specialities*. Say what one may, there is a Puritanic intensity to all that most American undergraduates do. Hence most American colleges are treadmills; in them one goes through the steps that will give training in the one set of interests of one's choosing, be they athletic or intellectual. We go in for football or Greek poetry. In rare instances for both; but always *separately*. We do not combine the two. One has the Puritan's feeling of the sanctity and aloofness of the affair at hand from all that is easy and pleasant and comfortable and decorative. And so we often miss the liberal and the magic of proportion and vitality; and, missing these, miss life. For life seems to be a mixed matter: geraniums and gerunds, pancakes and talk of friends. We scrimmage or we scan; and with our whole souls. A sense of the artistic or the historical is as much out of place on the football field as a joviality such as only a rare sense of the physical can give is out of place among dead participles. Either way we strain and contort and narrow ourselves, go into a sort of mediæval absorption in the thing contemplated; the green beauty of trees and blue loveliness of sky or the red pulse of life we lose from our beings along this *Via Negativa*. On the playing fields our books are sealed to us; among our books the kingliness of bodily well-being is an unbidden guest.

Now obviously people must exercise, even though they are business magnates or professors; and people must read and think after the hours of bricklaying. Every man must be able to get the fullest pleasure possible out of all he does. Colleges ought to teach him so to do. Oxford does teach a man this. Whatever else the University might teach, she schools him in the way best to enjoy himself, here and now, while the bloom of his prime is still upon him. If a boy cannot feel the pulses of a book beat when his own are all April and morning, his books will always be mummies. If a young oarsman cannot feel the rhythm that all the poets have found singing in their hearts and the glory that all kingly minds have worn, then his exercise in age will be a cheating of the grave and not a daily poetry.

Youthful impressions go deepest; if the young can rub elbows with all sorts of pleasant things, academic and unacademic, if they can learn to live just as they would like to live right up to the sunset, as they will live if they are wise, then the race is won at the start. The young Oxonian tastes the pleasant, varied things in store for him beyond the University. On matriculation he is put squarely upon the two feet that are to bear him to the end. He can work or play, or find the golden mean.

So much, in theory at least, the liberty of the Oxford system allows him, this system without classroom exercises, periodic examinations, or close scrutiny of his academic progress. Actually, however, he is guided on every side by the example of older students and dons, men who have caught the magic of Oxford and who are making life seem a thing of great ease and gracefulness. There is about Oxford, as about so many of the older English things, something Chaucerian, something of the grace of the Cavalier. Perhaps our fathers left our racial aptitude for lightness and joviality behind them with the easier life and surroundings when they spread out their Puritan canvas to the West. Certainly, we take our genealogies, our sports, our wars, and our learning much more seriously than the English take theirs.

The very setting of Oxford is a paradox, the paradox of life. Pigs would be out of place on most American campuses; they are always about your feet in Oxford; they gather especially about the steps of the Bodleian. Lean cows and sheep, too, are always under your windows. The whole soils of Berkshire and rich Oxfordshire move into the City of Towers once a week on market days. You can read Homer with Homer's men and Homer's beasts beside you; a sheep drover may turn out another Nestor when you get him into conversation.

The simplicities of life, the holy miracle of daily bread, the stark kingliness of poverty, the wealth of simple faith and belief — these you can learn from unspoiled children of field and furrow right in the shadow of Saint Mary's. The cabmen alone are as good as Rabelais for your education. You can look up from living books and see living men of all picturesque sorts around you. Besides, outside the City are a hundred villages where rich courses in uncommercialized human nature can be had for the walking. Great men of the cottages, "village Hampdens," can join the great men of the colleges in teaching you that life is a breathless beauty, that the commonest things and the simplest are the brass and bronze that time cannot move.

The scholars of the University can instruct one in the Greek tenet of the golden mean, too. They go out every afternoon, all of them, to row or hunt or play cricket, just as they will do all their lives, not because they are being loyal to their college or because they wish to win from Cambridge, but simply because they like to play games, and simply because the games they play are, not prayerful exercises in Spartan discipline or grimly weeded-out drills for the very expert, but pleasant and sociable affairs for even the inexpert into which tea can and does intrude always at the stroke of five,— tea for which the British Tommy was wellnigh ready to stop the late War,— tea that nearly disrupted one disgruntled American regiment I know of, newly arrived into the paradox of English life at old Winchester. All boys like to play; they are boys for good and all, even when their beards will be gray; so they play their games. So runs the paradox of the scholars.

The athletes offer their paradox in turn. They are men who can usually write astonishingly well and who like books so well that their minds are full of the figures of speech and rhetorical and humane ornamentation of great ideas even when they chase a football. I once heard a prince of rugby players recite quite apropos a line of Virgil after a hard tackle had smeared him with mud. No one ridiculed him. I think some one went him one better and quoted Homer.

I am confident that there is not one such college in our country. The "blue" and the "first" at Oxford are absolutely as great in the undergraduate estimation. In fact, it is hard to tell them apart; for the "blue" is usually a scholarly man, and the "first" is probably an excellent man with an oar or bat. They mix the good things of life well.

But, best of all, there are the dons. It would be a strange sight in America to see a graybeard in running shorts pursuing a college boat and pushing people into the river as he ran, shouting and shooting a revolver likely; it would be doubly strange if that venerable runner were a professor of Latin. It is no uncommon sight at Oxford. Or a college dean, perhaps, pouring out port for one. What is there wrong about it? Why is it wrong to mix two zestful matters? I know a vice-chancellor of Oxford who, in a tall and respectable hat which one had to rescue from under the very wheels of a 'bus, led one through ploughland and thorn to show one a mediæval carving in a village church, a carving in which a bagpipe player piped and a listener held hands to his ears in self defence. Double symbolism. . . . And to crown it all the august man led his undergraduate, on a short cut, straight into a barnyard.

Why should a vice-chancellor keep his pedestal always? It is not fair to his university to have him so. Oxford tutors like the picturesque in quaint and simple ways and men. November wheatfields are golden things, so are young men, likewise the learned. It is impossible to disentangle the threads of gold that make up the fabric of Oxford. The old are so young and the young so venerable in the wisdom of doing things wholeheartedly that age or station in life ceases to matter.

Why should one make education a matter of a hermit's cell, a bitter, a hard exercise, or even a compartment of life? There is no reason why aristocracy, good clothes, and good living are not best for right thinking. Oxford, since the day of Laud the most aristocratic of universities, has proved it. There is no reason why the glory of the mind should not go hand in hand with the glory of the body. So the Oxonian man of books plays games. There is no reason why learning should be uncomfortable, or should make a hedgehog of a man, or a pedant, or a dry statistician. Again Oxford proves it.

There is no justification for getting shut off by one's education from one's fellows, from one's sympathy with the lusty, grimy book of human nature that is a mender of roads. At Oxford one reads him, with other books. There is no call for learning to shut one away from other beauties in field flowers, in trees, in animals, from dawn and stars. There is no reason why learning should not make of you a richer man, a better father of a family, a playmate of boys, a lover of games, a greater lover of the old hills and the new babies, of talking and smoking, of wine and books and walks, of all things good and sweet and fair.

THE OBVIOUSNESS OF DICKENS[1]

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

In the college world it is a point of honor for the successive classes to treat each other with contumely. The feud between freshman and sophomore goes on automatically. Only when one has become a senior may he, without losing caste, recognize a freshman as a youth of promise, and admit that a sophomore is not half bad. Such disinterested criticism is tolerated because it is evidently the result of the mellowing influence of time.

The same tendency is seen in literary and artistic judgments. It is never good taste to admit the good taste of the generation that immediately precedes us. Its innocent admirations are flouted and its standards are condemned as provincial. For we are always emerging from the dark ages and contrasting their obscurity with our marvelous light. The sixteenth century scorned the fifteenth century for its manifold superstitions. Thomas Fuller tells us that his enlightened contemporaries in the seventeenth century treated the enthusiasms of the sixteenth century with scant respect. The price of martyrs' ashes rises and falls in Smithfield market. At a later period Pope writes —

> "We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
> Our wiser sons, perhaps, will think us so."

He need not have put in the "perhaps."

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[1] From *Humanly Speaking*. Copyright, by Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

The nineteenth century had its fling at the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and treated it with contempt as the age of doctrinaires. And now that the twentieth century is coming to the age of discretion, we hear a new term of reproach, Mid-Victorian. It expresses the sum of all villainies in taste. For some fifty years in the nineteenth century the English-speaking race, as it now appears, was under the sway of Mrs. Grundy. It was living in a state of most reprehensible respectability, and Art was tied to the apron-strings of Morality. Everybody admired what ought not to be admired. We are only now beginning to pass judgment on the manifold mediocrity of this era.

All this must, for the time, count against Dickens; for of all the Victorians he was the midmost. He flourished in that most absurd period of time — the time just before most of us were born. And how he did flourish! Grave lord chancellors confessed to weeping over Little Nell. A Mid-Victorian bishop relates that after administering consolation to a man in his last illness he heard him saying, "At any rate, a new *Pickwick Paper* will be out in ten days."

Everywhere there was a wave of hysterical appreciation. Describing his reading in Glasgow, Dickens writes: "Such pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humor, I never saw the slightest approach to. . . . Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the wall. The whole B family were borne on the top of a wave and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau, or gigantic picnic,— one pretty girl lying on her side all night, holding on to the legs of my table."

In New York eager seekers after fiction would "lie down on the pavement the whole of the night before the tickets were sold, generally taking up their position about ten." There would be free fights, and the police would be called to quell the riot.

Such astonishing actions on the part of people who were unfortunate enough to live in the middle of the nineteenth century put us on our guard. It would not have been a serious interest in English literature that evoked the mob spirit. Dickens must have been writing the kind of books which these people liked to hear read. We remember with some misgivings that in the days of our youth we wept over Little Nell, just as the lord chancellor did. The question which disturbs us is, Ought we to have done so?

Let us by a soft answer turn away the wrath of the critic. Doubtless we ought not to have done so. Our excuse is that, at the time, we could not help it. We may make the further plea, common to all soft-hearted sinners, that if we hadn't wept, other people would, so that no great harm was done, after all.

But letting bygones be bygones, and not seeking to justify the enthusiasms of the nineteenth century, one may return to Dickens as to the home of one's childhood. How do the old scenes affect us? Does the charm remain? When thus we return to Dickens, we are compelled to confess the justice of the latter-day criticism. In all his writings he deals with characters and situations which are wholly obvious; at least they are obvious after he deals with them. Not only is he without the art which conceals art, but, unlike some novelists of more recent fame, he is without the art that conceals the lack of art. He produces an impression by the crude method of "rubbing it in." There are no subtleties to pique our curiosity, no problems left us for discussion, no room for difference of opinion. There is no more opportunity for speculation than in a one-price clothing store where every article is marked in plain figures. To have heartily disliked Mr. Pecksniff and to have loved the Cheeryble Brothers indicates no sagacity on our part. The author has distinctly and repeatedly told us that the one is an odious hypocrite and that the others are benevolent to an unusual degree. Our appreciation of Sam Weller does not prove that we have any sense of humor save that which is common to man. For Mr. Weller's humor is a blessing that is not in disguise. It is a pump which needs no priming. There is no denying that the humor, the pathos, and the sentiment of Dickens are obvious.

All this, according to certain critics, goes to prove that Dickens lacks distinction, and that the writing of his novels was a commonplace achievement. This judgment seems to me to arise from a confusion of thought. The *perception* of the obvious is a commonplace achievement; the *creation* of the obvious, and making it interesting, is the work of genius. There is no intellectual distinction in the enjoyment of *The Pickwick Papers;* to write *The Pickwick Papers* would be another matter. . . .

It may be said in extenuation of Dickens that the blemish of obviousness is one which he shared with the world he lived in. It would be too much to say that all realities are obvious. There is a great deal that we do not see at the first glance; but there is a great deal that we do see. To reproduce the freshness and wonder of the first view of the obvious world is one of the greatest achievements of the imagination.

The reason why the literary artist shuns the obvious is that there is too much of it. It is too big for the limited resources of his art. In the actual world, realities come in big chunks. Nature continually repeats herself. She hammers her facts into our heads with a persistency which is often more than a match for our stupidity. If we do not recognize a fact to-day, it will hit us in the same place to-morrow.

We are so used to this educational method of reiteration that we make it a test of reality. An impression made upon us must be repeated before it has validity to our reason. If a thing really happened, we argue that it will happen again under the same conditions. That is what we mean by saying that we are under the reign of law. There is a great family resemblance between happenings.

We make acquaintance with people by the same method. The recognition of identity depends upon the ability which most persons have of appearing to be remarkably like themselves. The reason why we think that the person whom we met to-day is the same person we met yesterday is that he *seems* the same. There are obvious resemblances that strike us at once. He looks the same, he acts the same, he has the same mannerisms, the same kind of voice, and he answers to the same name. If Proteus, with the best intention in the world, but with an unlimited variety of self-manifestations, were to call every day we should greet him always as a stranger. We should never feel at home with so versatile a person. A character must have a certain degree of monotony about it before we can trust it. Unexpectedness is an agreeable element in wit, but not in friendship. Our friend must be one who can say with honest Joe Gargery, "It were understood, and it are understood, and it ever will be similar, according." . . .

The criticism of Dickens that his characters repeat themselves quite misses the mark. As well object to an actor that he frequently responds to an encore. If indicted for the offense, he could at least insist that the audience be indicted with him as accessory before the fact.

Dickens tells us that when he read at Harrogate, "There was a remarkably good fellow of thirty or so who found something so very ludicrous in Toots that he could not compose himself at all, but laughed until he sat wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, and whenever he felt Toots coming again he began to laugh and wipe his eyes afresh."

"Whenever he felt Toots coming again" — there you have the whole philosophy of the matter. The young fellow found Toots amusing when he first laid eyes on him. He wanted to see him again, and it must always be the same Toots. . . .

It is the minor characters of Dickens that are remembered. And we remember them for the same reason that we remember certain faces which we have seen in a crowd. There is some salient feature or trick of manner which first attracts and then holds our attention. A person must have some tag by which he is identified, or, so far as we are concerned, he becomes one of the innumerable lost articles. There are persons who are like umbrellas, very useful, but always liable to be forgotten. The memory is an infirm faculty, and must be humored. It often clings to mere trifles. The man with the flamboyant necktie whom you saw on the 8.40 train may also be the author of a volume of exquisite lyrics; but you never saw the lyrics, and you did see the necktie. In the scale of being, the necktie may be the least important parcel of this good man's life, but it is the only thing about him which attracts your attention. When you see it day after day at the same hour you feel that you have a real, though perhaps not a deep, acquaintance with the man behind it. It is thus we habitually perceive the human world. We see things, and infer persons to correspond. One peculiarity attracts us. It is not the whole man, but it is all of him that is for us. In all this we are very Dickensy.

We may read an acute character study and straightway forget the person who was so admirably analyzed; but the lady in the yellow curl-papers is unforgettable. We really see very little of her, but she is real, and she would not be so real without her yellow curl-papers. A yellow-curl-paper-less lady in the Great White Horse Inn would be as unthinkable to us as a white-plume-less Henry of Navarre at Ivry.

In ecclesiastical art the saints are recognized by their emblems. Why should not the sinners have the same means of identification? Dickens has the courage to furnish us these necessary aids to recollection. Micawber, Mrs. Gummidge, Barkis, Mr. Dick, Uriah Heep, Betsey Trotwood, Dick Swiveller, Mr. Mantalini, Harold Skimpole, Sairey Gamp, always appear with their appropriate insignia. We should remember that it is for our sakes.

According to the canons of literary art, a fact should be stated clearly once and for all. It would be quite proper to mention the fact that Silas Wegg had a wooden leg; but this fact having been made plain, why should it be referred to again? There is a sufficient reason based on sound psychology. If the statement were not repeated, we should forget that Mr. Wegg had a wooden leg, and by and by we should forget Silas Wegg himself. He would fade away among the host of literary gentlemen who are able to read *The Decline and Fall*, but who are not able to keep themselves out of the pit of oblivion. But when we repeatedly see Mr. Wegg as Mr. Boffin saw him, "the literary gentleman *with* a wooden leg," we feel that we really have the pleasure of his acquaintance. There is not only perception of him, but what the pedagogical people call apperception. Our idea of Mr. Wegg is inseparably connected with our antecedent ideas of general woodenness.

Again, we are introduced to "a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged man, with a mouth like a fish, dull, staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had been choked and had at that moment come to." This is Mr. Pumblechook. He does not emerge slowly like a ship from below the horizon. We see him all at once, eyes, mouth, hair, and character to match. It is a case of falling into acquaintance at first sight. We are now ready to hear what Mr. Pumblechook says and see what he does. We have a reasonable assurance that whatever he says and does it will be just like Mr. Pumblechook.

We enter a respectable house in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square. We go out to dinner in solemn procession. We admire the preternatural solidity of the furniture and the plate. The hostess is a fine woman, "with neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features and majestic headdress." Her husband, large and pompous, with little light-colored wings "more like hair brushes than hair" on the sides of his otherwise bald head, begins to discourse on the British Constitution. We now know as much of Mr. Podsnap as we shall know at the end of the book. But it is a real knowledge conveyed by the method that gives dinner-parties their educational value. We forgive Dickens his superfluous discourse on Podsnappery in general. For his remarks are precisely of the kind which we make when the party is over, and we sit by the fire generalizing and allegorizing the people we have met.

That Mr. Thomas Gradgrind was unduly addicted to hard facts might have been delicately insinuated in the course of two hundred pages. We might have felt a mild pleasure in the discovery which we had made, and then have gone our way forgetting what manner of man he was. What is Gradgrind to us or we to Gradgrind? Dickens introduces him to us in all his uncompromising squareness — "square coat, square legs, square shoulders, nay, his very neckcloth is trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp." We are made at once to see "the square wall of a forehead which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in the two dark caves overshadowed by the wall." Having taken all this in at a glance, there is nothing more to be done in the development of the character of Mr. Gradgrind. He takes his place among the obvious facts of existence. But in so much as we were bound to find him out sometime, shall we quarrel with Dickens because we were enabled to do so in the first chapter?

Nor do the obvious exaggerations of Dickens arising from the exuberance of his fancy interfere with the sense of reality. A truth is not less true because it is in large print. We recognize creatures who are prodigiously like ourselves, and we laugh at the difference in scale. Did not all Lilliput laugh over the discovery of Gulliver? How they rambled over the vast expanse of countenance, recognizing each feature — lips, cheek, nose, chin, brow. "How very odd," they would say to themselves, "and how very like!"

It is to the wholesome obviousness of Dickens that we owe the atmosphere of good cheer that surrounds his characters. No writer has pictured more scenes of squalid misery, and yet we are not depressed. There is bad weather enough, but we are not "under the weather." There are characters created to be hated. It is a pleasure to hate them. As to the others, whenever their trials and tribulations abate for an instant, they relapse into a state of unabashed contentment.

N.B.

This is unusual in literature, for most literary men are saddest when they write. The fact is that happiness is much more easy to experience than to describe, as any one may learn in trying to describe a good time he has had. One good time is very much like another good time. Moreover, we are shy, and dislike to express our enthusiasm. We wouldn't for the world have any one know what simple creatures we are and how little it takes to make us happy. So we talk critically about a great many things we do not care very much about, and complain of the absence of many things which we do not really miss. We feel badly about not being invited to a party which we don't want to go to.

The story-teller is on the lookout for these eager attitudes. He cannot afford to let his characters be too happy. There is a literary value in misery that he cannot afford to lose.

That "the course of true love never did run smooth" is an assertion of story-tellers rather than of ordinary lovers. The fact is that nothing is so easy as falling in love and staying there. It is a very common experience, so common that it attracts little attention. The course of true love usually runs so smoothly that there is nothing that causes remark. It is not an occasion of gossip. Two good-tempered and healthy persons are obviously made for each other. They know it, and everybody else knows it, and they keep on knowing it, and act, as Joe Gargery would say, "similar, according."

The trouble is that the literary man finds that this does not afford exciting material for a best seller. So he must invent hazards to make the game interesting to the spectators. In a story the course of true love must not run smooth or no one would read it. The old-time romancer brought his young people through all sorts of misadventures. When all the troubles he could think of were over, he left them abruptly at the church door, murmuring feebly to the gentle reader, "they were happy ever after."

The present-day novelist is offended at this ending. "How absurd!" he says. "They are still in the early twenties. The world is all before them, and they have time to fall into all sorts of troubles which the romanticist has not thought of. Middle age is just as dangerous a period as youth, and matrimony has its pitfalls. Let me take up the story and tell you how they didn't live happily ever afterwards, but, on the contrary, had a cat-and-dog life of it."

Now I would pardon the novelist if he were perfectly honest and were to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am trying to interest you. I have not the skill to make a story of placid happiness interesting. So I will do the next best thing. I will tell you a story of a different kind. It is the picture of a kind of life that is easier to make readable."

In making such a confession he would be in good company. Even Shakespeare, with all his dramatic genius, confessed that he could not avoid monotony in his praise of true love. Its ways were ways of pleasantness, but did not afford much incentive to originality.

> "Since all alike my songs and praises be
> To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
> Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
> Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
> Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
> One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
> 'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
> 'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
> And in this change is my invention spent."

But the novelist, when he takes himself too seriously as the man who is to show us "life as it is," is not content to acknowledge his limitations. When he pictures a situation in which there is nothing but a succession of problems and misunderstandings, he asks us to admire his austere faithfulness. Faithful he may be to his Art, as he understands it, but he is not faithful to reality, unless he is able to make us see ordinary people in the act of enjoying themselves.

The most obvious thing in life is that people are seldom as unhappy as their circumstances would lead us to expect. Nobody is happy all the time, and if he were, nobody is enough of a genius to make his undeviating felicity interesting. But a great many people are happy most of the time, and almost everybody has been happy at some time or other. It may have been only a momentary experience, but it was very real, and he likes to think about it. He is excessively grateful to any one who recalls the feeling. The point is that the aggregate of these good times makes a considerable amount of cheerfulness.

Dickens does not attempt the impossible literary feat of showing us one person who is happy all the time, but he does what is more obvious, he makes us see a great many people who have snatches of good cheer in the midst of their humdrum lives. He lets us see another obvious fact, that happiness is more a matter of temperament than of circumstance. It is not given as a reward of merit or as a mark of distinguished consideration. There is one perennial fountain of pleasure. Any one can have a good time who can *enjoy himself*. Dickens was not above celebrating the kind of happiness which comes to the natural man and the natural boy through what he calls the "creature comforts." He could sympathize with the unadulterated self-satisfaction of little Jack Horner when

"He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a great boy am I!'"

The finding of the plum was not a matter of world-wide importance, but it was a great pleasure for Jack Horner, and he did not care who knew it.

What joy Mr. Micawber gets out of his own eloquence! We cannot begrudge him this unearned increment. We sympathize, as, "much affected, but still intensely enjoying himself, Mr. Micawber folded up his letter and handed it with a bow to my aunt as something she might like to keep."

And R. Wilfer, despite his meagre salary, and despite Mrs. Wilfer, enjoys himself whenever he gets a chance. When he goes to Greenwich with Bella he finds everything as it should be. "Everything was delightful. The Park was delightful; the punch was delightful, the dishes of fish were delightful; the wine was delightful." If that was not happiness, what was it?

Said R. Wilfer: "Supposing a man to go through life, we won't say with a companion, but we will say with a tune. Very good. Supposing the tune allotted to him was the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' Well. It would be a very suitable tune for particular occasions — none more so — but it would be difficult to keep time with it in the ordinary run of domestic transactions."

It is a matter of common observation that those who have allotted to them the most solemn music do not always keep time with it. In the "ordinary run of domestic transactions" they find many little alleviations. In the aggregate these amount to a considerable blessing. The world may be rough, and many of its ways may be cruel, but for all that it is a joyful sensation to be alive, and the more alive we are, the better we like it. All of which is very obvious, and it is what we want somebody to point out for us again and again.

PULVIS ET UMBRA[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

We look for some reward of our endeavors and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honoured for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalised, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain.

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[1] From *Across the Plains*. Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp: nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction, NH_3 and H_2O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it to us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible properties no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumours that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable: one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds; a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, or growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;— and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy; the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in all, in their degrees, it is a bosom thought: — Not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honour sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom we know so little: — But in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish: that appetites are starved, fears are conquered, pains supported; that almost the dullest shrinks from the reproof of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand amid the risks of war; and the more noble, having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted practice, they think they are to be rewarded in some future life: stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this blow, which they solicit, will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of misconception and misconduct man at large presents: of organised injustice, cowardly violence and treacherous crime; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive; and surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting, that in a field from which success is banished, our race should not cease to labour.

If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight, he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality; by camp-fires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employments, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbours, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her child in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honour and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost, rejecting riches: — everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness: — ah! if I could show you this! if I could show you these men and women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however misconceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step farther into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in him, too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far removed from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polity and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the godlike law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us — like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle — to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness, we call wicked? It may be, and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures, compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes — God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain.

THE PORTABLE PARK[1]

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, has a park which can be moved from place to place. What was formerly a particularly disreputable-looking vacant lot is now a park, although it is closed in on two sides with brick walls and fronts one of the busiest streets of the city. One business house began it, but the City Park Commission, the State Agricultural College, a big club of professional and business women, an artist, florists, business firms, and numerous private individuals soon joined in the good work. It promises to be the beginning of an endless chain of little parks which will carry beauty to the city where beauty is most needed.

Three years ago George Brothers and their employees decided something must be done to the lot next to their printing and art shop at Twelfth and N Streets. The lot was so high priced no one had as yet felt rich enough to erect a suitable building. So the thousands who daily hurried by saw old excavations and boards, brick, and mortar from razed buildings. The Georges, although they did not own the lot, decided to turn the 65 × 100 foot space into a park on their own responsibility.

"It strengthens a fellow's faith in human nature to see how the public responded," says Mr. B. A. George. "Most of the vines and flowers we first planted came from my own home or were brought by the men who work here; but when people saw what we were doing we had more shrubs and flowers offered than we could use. People were continually dropping in with plans or plants or praise, and not one thing in that park was ever harmed—not a flower picked, not a seat marked."

Here are some of the helps offered, most of them unsolicited:

"Charley" Bryan, Street Commissioner, now candidate for the Vice-Presidency, loaned men and teams for several days to fill the excavations.

The City Park Commission set out poplar trees at the back of the lot, and some of the larger shrubs.

A wholesale grocer gave the long slats from banana crates for the tall lattice fence.

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[1] From *The Outlook*, New York. By permission of the editor.

The State Agricultural College gave coleus and other plants for the beds.

Plants, bulbs, and shrubs were given by florists and numerous citizens.

The Axis Club, of business and professional women, helped care for the flowers, though much of the watering was done by a dentist whose office adjoins the lot on the east side.

Lights were supplied by an electric-light company during the State Fair and other special occasions.

Seats were offered by business firms, whose names are to be painted on them in small letters.

All other supplies for the park were given at wholesale prices.

The lot was sold last winter, but this does not mean the destruction of the park. Its promoters have already selected the next link in the chain of parks, and as soon as building begins the fence, seats, vines, and some three hundred dollars' worth of shrubs wili be moved to a lot, opposite the City Library, sadly in need of beautifying.

So the park will move from lot to lot.

Except for the planting of coleus, the plan seems worthy of adoption by other cities. The omission of coleus from any open space is sufficient for the creation of a spot of genuine beauty.

GREEKS, GIRLS, AND 1944[1]

THE Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ were not feminists. Their Olympic games were severely masculine. Women could neither be competitors nor spectators. They were not even allowed to cross the Alpheus or approach the plain of Olympia while the games were in progress. The winners of the contests were honored by the proud communities from which they came; at Athens they were supported for life at public expense. Neither the honor nor the chance to live without labor was within the reach of women. The ancient Olympic games died out in the fourth century A. D. and were not revived until 1896 when the modern international Olympics were instituted at Athens. Each fourth year since then, with the exception of 1916, the Olympic games have been held in different cities. Women are now admitted both as spectators and as contestants in women's events, but their fame is of a mild luster in spite of their popularity in the Sunday picture supplements.

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[1] From *The Nation*, New York. By permission of the editor.

Now suddenly a new question arises; a woman has appeared who can outclass all the women in her field and all the men as well. She has done what no woman has done in all history: she has broken a world's record held by a man. No man in all the annals of sport has finished the quarter-mile back-stroke swim within five seconds of Miss Sybil Bauer's time, and naturally Miss Bauer wants to enter the regular event in the games. But on the other hand, no woman has ever been permitted to compete with men in the Olympic games. Shall Greek tradition be allowed so disastrously to lapse? After 2500 womanless years, shall a girl suddenly precipitate herself into a contest of men — and then, conceivably, thrash them? Would not great Zeus himself rumble and groan on Olympus if his games were thus finally profaned?

Sybil Bauer's, after all, is a modest invasion of men's rights, but it invites interesting speculations. The women of Athens never had a chance to discover their skill or their muscles. The women of to-day have had only a few years of participation in sport, and even now an insignificant number of girls go into athletics as a vocation or even as a serious side-issue. The tradition of the girl athlete is not yet established. But if events move as fast for twenty years as they have in the twenty just past, who can say what the Olympic games will be like or how many world's records will hang at the belts of girl swimmers or hurdlers? It is not hard to imagine the New York *Times* of July 10, 1944, discussing the subject editorially. "Sports in general," it will say, "and especially swimming, are fundamentally feminine pastimes, and thus it is natural that most of the prizes in the contests just concluded at Moscow should have gone to women. After all, the exercise of speed and mere unthinking physical strength are not qualities that men should either desire or seek to develop. None the less, we are gratified to note that in this feminine field of endeavor our American girls have so clearly outclassed, etc." But perhaps, in 1944, the New York *Times* editorial will be written by a woman, in which case it may be different.

PROGRESS THROUGH CHEMISTRY[1]

THE work of the chemist is, in effect, says Dr. Hendrik Baekeland, President of the American Chemical Society, a war "against waste, disease, poverty, misery, sorrow, narrow-mindedness — a war against ignorance, which breeds all of these calamities." This is a large claim, yet one that might be substantiated in detail. The chemist has saved many a waste product for social use, found many a remedy for disease, rescued many a citizen and community from the squalor that once inevitably accompanied lack of means, counteracted much misery, prevented sorrow by saving lives, banished a thousand superstitions.

But, as Dr. Baekeland goes on to remind the chemists, "the human race has suffered as often from knowledge without idealism as from idealism without knowledge." It is not yet settled how greatly the human race is improved by chemical or other invention. Longer-lived it may be, cleanlier, healthier, less hard-working; still, comparing the Elizabethans point for point with Americans of this century does not leave everything in our favor.

The chemists produced celluloid and made the moving-picture possible; is the movie superior to the play? The chemists produced anæsthetics and at the same time high explosives; is modern war more agreeable than the ancient variety?

In scientific matters the race has indeed demonstrated that it can pick itself up by its bootstraps. It can create power where there was none, can delegate labor to mechanical devices, can defend itself against infection. Spiritually and culturally these things leave us exactly where we were, if not poorer, because of our dependence on them. There is so far no substitute for genius, leadership and inspiration.

"CARRY ON!"[2]

IN the peaceful spring sunshine the veterans of three wars parade solemnly, with reverence in their hearts for their dead comrades. Past us their tattered banners flutter, tokens of victories bought in blood, victories which made our nation the greatest potential force for good or evil in modern civilization.

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[1] From *The New York World*. By permission of the editor.

[2] From *Collier's, The National Weekly*. By permission of the editor.

These veterans and their fallen comrades fought not for aggression, not for any lust of power, not for leadership among the nations, but — let no cynical materialist deny it — for high principles. The moral motive inspired them. In blood they bought us an enduring union, and freedom for Cuba from a cruel tyranny; at the same toll of sacrifice they helped crush autocracy in Europe and give the world six new republics.

They had no thought of raising their country from a second-rate naval and military power to a first-rate power of such strength that no other nation now would dare attack us. They had no thought of winning us undisputed economic preëminence, or the potential political leadership of the world, or a moral influence which, if we chose to exert it, no other power could approach.

But such greatness, whether we like it or not, was thrust upon us in the train of those victorious wars. By the blood we shed on foreign soil, by our wealth poured forth in war loans until half of Europe staggers under the debts incurred: by these "entanglements"— and later by the needs of our industries, manufacturing more than we ourselves can buy, and of our farms, producing more than we can eat or wear — we are forever routed from our traditional isolation, our destinies entwined with the destinies of all the other civilized nations. And these veterans, old and middle-aged and the hosts of youth, who march past us with their tattered banners — they and their fallen comrades, not seeking it, not reckoning it, brought this to pass.

Why, if they will shed their blood for a principle in wartime, should we not "carry on" in time of peace for the same sort of moral motive? All the world would gain if we did so, as it gained when we called a conference for naval disarmament. That our power of leadership was unsought alters not the fact that it exists and carries with it grave responsibilities. A league for peace and economic welfare — call it by what name you will — is the most desperate need of modern civilization, and cannot succeed without our active coöperation. If we do not meet that need now and willingly, our economic interests will force it painfully in time to come.

No one has summed up that situation more clearly or bluntly than our own Admiral Mahan:

"Race, yes; territory — country — yes; the heart thrills, the eyes fill, self-sacrifice seems natural, the moral motive for the moment prevails; but in the long run the hard pressure of economic truth comes down upon these with the tyranny of the despot."

YOUTH IS ALWAYS RIGHT[1]

THE keenest intelligence in the British Isles has recently uttered what is perhaps its keenest observation. The intelligence is, of course, Bernard Shaw's. The observation is that if a great teacher of his age has done all he ought to do he must expect, and he should desire, to come in time to seem outmoded, superfluous, even something of a nuisance. Thinking, Mr. Shaw perceives, is in this respect like walking: once the habit has been acquired the learner has to practice it alone. As he cannot be precisely the same person his teacher was, he must go by different paths to different goals. Indeed, the measure of the valuable teacher of thinking is his power to show his pupils how they may reach conclusions he himself never could reach. After Socrates, Plato; after Plato, Aristotle. It calls, indeed, for an almost inhuman degree of magnanimity to rejoice when we see ourselves distanced by those whom we first set upon their feet; Mr. Shaw's attitude of willingness, even of eagerness, is a sign of that capacity for elevated vision which has lent wings to his words and barbs to his truth. But his prompt admission of a thing which his mind lets him see is only what he has taught his followers, and his age, to expect of him. No matter if it does not flatter his pride. He does not have that kind of pride by the exercise of which a man would rather be president than be right. He knows that the life of thought depends not upon the fidelity with which it continues in one direction but in the vitality with which it stirs successive generations.

For thinking is part of the human process no less than play or work or love or aspiration. Its roots are in the protoplasm and its nourishment comes from living growth. To look back over the long and jagged history of opinion is to discover that opinions rise and fall but that only the making and testing of opinion go on forever; and it is to discover that opinion has always prospered most when it was most nearly allied with the creative forces of youth. Perhaps one should hardly call it opinion at all when those who cherish it are following it in full pursuit. Perhaps then it is instinct and little more. But the instincts of youth are precious as nothing else is precious. Youth, viewed broadly, is always right.

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[1] From *The Nation*, New York. By permission of the editor.

Viewed thus broadly, conservatism is the element of death and radicalism is the element of life. The human tribe, straggling through the wilderness of the world, perpetuates itself by begetting and bearing its young, who, at first protected by bosom and counsel, eventually detach themselves and move toward the front while their parents gradually slip toward the rear and are left behind. The process is cruel but it is real; and it is irresistible. What other course, after all, is there to take? Who knows where we come from or where we are going to? If youth has now and then plunged blindly along blind roads, so has age wrought incalculable evil by inquisitions and oppressions aimed to check the march of mankind in its natural advance. Experience grows cynical and lags heavily back, scorning the impulse to create. Youth staggers under the burden of freeing itself, as if it were not enough to perform the hard tasks and fight the bitter battles which the old men of the tribe "wish" upon it. No wonder high hearts falter under their fate when they do not rebel; no wonder they grow old so soon and take up the immemorial complaint; no wonder the youth of any particular generation always does so little. It is right but it is in the minority.

Fortunately years alone are not the final evidence of youth or age. Always there are wise men who, like Socrates or Goethe in their days, or like Bernard Shaw or Anatole France in ours, refuse to grow old as the seasons increase upon them. They put forth new leaves, they unfold new blossoms, with a continuous rejuvenescence. They are the links between young and old. Through their intercession youth grows conscious of the meaning of its urges, as it is already conscious of its essential rightness. Through their interpretation age is reminded of what, left alone, it would always forget: the generous intentions and the authentic power of youth. They are the true spiritual parents of the race. Yet what they do is no more than what all parents do who are not jealous of their children. They watch them at their wild games with joy that they are so strong. They offer advice which, they hope, may save them the experience of unnecessary pain and may help them to realize their potentialities, but they do not feel too much chagrin when the advice is slighted, knowing that wisdom is incommunicable and must be learned over again in person by each new apprentice to life. Alas that there are so few good or wise parents! It is the fault of the bad and the unwise if they find youth wilful, heedless, insolent. They have fixed their eyes upon individuals who go astray and not upon the larger drift in which life is perpetually renewed. Is life itself good or bad? There are, it is true, divergent answers to the question, but few are better than that of E. W. Howe, who says: "We have it, and must make the best of it. And as long as we do not blow our brains out, we have decided life is worth living." At least life is best where it is most vivid — in the heart and ways of youth.

THE RICH BUM VS. THE POOR BUM [1]

IT'S an outrage that our laws show such leniency toward the "poor bum" and a stop should be put to it.

On the flimsiest pretext he is jailed, given a comfortable bed, good food. He lives in idleness at the public expense, while, on the other hand, the rich bum, committing the same crime of idleness, has none of these advantages. He is forced to spend his own money for board and lodging.

Surely that's not a square deal. This mollycoddling of the poor bum must stop. These class distinctions in this great republic of ours must cease.

We say, run them both in — the rich bum and the poor bum. Give them equal advantages — in jail, with no charge to either for board and lodging.

And while they are there let's give them both a few practical lessons on the subject of work: first, in the form of delightful motion pictures; and, next, as actors several hours each day while filming a new movie entitled "Work, Dern You, Work."

From the standpoint of the law the vagrant — the poor bum — is one "living without employment, wandering abroad," and "not able to give a good account of himself." When the law gets him he is yanked before a magistrate who jails him.

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[1] From *Collier's, The National Weekly*. By permission of the editor.

These things happen to the "poor bum," but there are no similar laws applied to our rich vagrants. In our opinion that is unfair discrimination, especially as the lesser nuisance is the poor vagrant.

Selfish, useless idleness, with the attendant habits, is offensive and demoralizing, generally in proportions increasing with the size of the bank roll. With no bank roll there is often something of humor in the careless, happy-go-lucky life of the poor vagrant.

No excuse, however, can be made for those who, born well-to-do and with all advantages, are ever chasing pleasure.

There is work to be done — work for everyone — if not for gain or self, then for others.

This country is a nation of workers, and to rub shoulders with this idle class, these bums, rich or poor, is obnoxious. There is no place for these idlers in America.

"Your Honor, may we suggest that you treat this rich bum *just as you did that poor bum?*"

"Ninety days in the workhouse."

"Thanks, Your Honor."

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND[1]

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people — and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed, it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion — that is to say, free utterance decently and in order — your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar-coat it with expediency. This state to-day is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because, in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice temperately made in the name of peace only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when he got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

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[1] From *The Editor and His People*, by William Allen White. Copyright, 1924, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold — by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

WHAT KIND OF MARRIAGE?[1]

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

HOWEVER much we may all suffer through marriage, most of us think so little about it that we regard it as a fixed part of the order of nature, like gravitation. Except for this error, which may be regarded as constant, we use the word with reckless looseness, meaning a dozen different things by it, and yet always assuming that to a respectable man it can have only one meaning. The pious citizen, suspecting the Socialist (for example) of unmentionable things, and asking pointedly whether he wishes to abolish marriage, is infuriated by a sense of unanswerable quibbling when the Socialist asks him what particular variety of marriage he means: English civil marriage, sacramental marriage, indissoluble Roman Catholic marriage, marriage of divorced persons, Scotch marriage, Irish marriage, French, German, Turkish, or South Dakotan marriage. In Sweden, one of the most highly civilized countries in the world, a marriage is dissolved if both parties wish it, without any question of conduct. That is what marriage means in Sweden. In Clapham that is what they call by the senseless name of Free Love. In the British Empire we have unlimited Kulin polygamy, Muslim polygamy limited to four wives, child marriages, and, nearer home, marriages of first cousins: all of them abominations in the eyes of many worthy persons. Not only may the respectable British champion of marriage mean any of these widely different institutions; sometimes he does not mean marriage at all. He means monogamy, chastity, temperance, respectability, morality, Christianity, anti-socialism, and a dozen other things that have no necessary connection with marriage. He often means something he dare not avow: ownership of the person of another human being, for instance. And he never tells the truth about his own marriage either to himself or any one else.

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[1] From *Getting Married.* Copyright, by Brentano's, publishers.

"ROUND"[1]

WILLIAM JAMES

Some years ago, being with a camping party in the mountains, I returned from a solitary ramble to find everyone engaged in a ferocious metaphysical dispute. The corpus of dispute was a squirrel — a live squirrel supposed to be clinging to one side of a tree-trunk; while over against the tree's opposite side a human being was imagined to stand. This human witness tries to get sight of the squirrel by moving rapidly round the tree, but no matter how fast he goes, the squirrel moves as fast in the opposite direction, and always keeps the tree between himself and the man, so that never a glimpse of him is caught. The resultant metaphysical problem now is this: Does the man go round the squirrel or not? He goes round the tree, sure enough, and the squirrel is on the tree; but does he go round the squirrel? In the unlimited leisure of the wilderness, discussion had been worn threadbare. Everyone had taken sides and was obstinate; and the numbers on both sides were even. Each side, when I appeared, therefore appealed to me to make it a majority. Mindful of the scholastic adage that whenever you meet a contradiction, you must make a distinction, I immediately sought and found one, as follows: "Which party is right," I said, "depends on what you practically mean by going round the squirrel. If you mean passing from the north of him to the east, then to the south, then to the west, and then to the north of him again, obviously the man does go round him, for he occupies these successive positions. But if, on the contrary, you mean being first in front of him, then on the right of him, then behind him, then on his left, and finally in front again, it is quite obvious that the man fails to go round him, for by the compensating movements the squirrel makes, he keeps his belly turned towards the man all the time, and his back turned away. Make the distinction and there is no occasion for any further dispute. You are both right and both wrong according as you conceive the verb 'to go around' in one practical fashion or the other."

Although one or two of the hotter disputants called my speech a shuffling evasion, saying that they wanted no quibbling or

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[1] From *Pragmatism*. Copyright, by Longmans, Green and Company, publishers.

N-E-S-W Front-Rt-Behind-Left-Fr

scholastic hair-splitting, but meant just plain honest English "round," the majority seemed to think that the distinction had assuaged the dispute.

"GENTLEMAN" [1]

JAMES B. GREENOUGH AND GEORGE L. KITTREDGE

THE adjective *gentle* (whence *gentleman*) is from the Latin *gens*, and means properly 'belonging to one of the great families or *gentes* of Rome.' It implied, therefore, in its first use in English, high station and what we may call 'gentle breeding,' and came, in England, to be applied to a definite rank in society, corresponding to that of the 'lower' or untitled nobility of the Continent ('ye *gentles* all'). The adjective *gentle*, however, had acquired a secondary meaning in French before it was taken into our language. It had been applied, by association of ideas, to the characteristics supposed to accompany high birth (exactly as in the case of *noble*, *generous*, *courteous*, and the like), and this sense, still further limited, has prevailed in English. *Gentleman*, however, has not gone quite so far. In England it has retained its literal meaning of 'a man of good family.' Still, even there, the extension of the word has been so great that the phrase 'gentleman by birth' has often been employed to prevent ambiguity. Indeed, the moral or ethical sense of *gentleman* was insisted on long ago by Chaucer, who defined the true gentleman as one who always tries to 'do the gentil dedes that he can.' Pope's famous line 'Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,' points the same distinction between *fellow* and *man* which many now make between *man* and *gentleman*, and Pope's verse correctly represents the usage in this country fifty years ago.

Courtesy, however, has affected *gentleman* exactly as it has affected *lady* and many other terms of respect. It has become, in vulgar use, a mere synonym for man, without regard to birth or breeding. A young woman once spoke of a room in an art museum as 'the room where all those *gentlemen* are,' referring to the casts of antique statuary. The incident is significant enough. It illustrates the tendency to call all men (even in plaster)

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[1] From *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*, by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge. Copyright, 1901, by The Macmillan Co. Reprinted by permission.

'gentlemen.' But it does more. It shows how free such language is from self-assertion. The same lesson may be learned from the respectful formula 'Gentlemen,' which is freely employed in addressing one's audience, even by speakers who would never be guilty of the vulgarism of making *gentleman* a mere synonym for 'male human being.' Courtesy, not democratic push, is the explanation of the kind of magniloquence which we have been studying. There is nothing 'new' or essentially vulgar in the process demonstrated by the facts we have presented. The history of the commonest forms of address in our family of languages is precisely parallel to the latest and most amusing extension of *lady* and *gentleman.*

THE CANON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT[1]

MATTHEW ARNOLD

WE know how the Scriptures of the Old Testament are appealed to in the New. They are appealed to as an authority established and recognised, just as the Bible is now appealed to by us. But when did the New Testament, in that form in which we possess it, come to be recognised as *Scripture* like the Old Testament? Clearly the documents composing it appeared at different times, and were not first published to the world as one authorised whole called the New Testament. Clearly there was a time when they had not acquired the authority they possessed afterwards; when people preferred, for instance, to any written narrative, the oral relations of eye-witnesses. One of the earliest and most important witnesses to the written narratives, Papias, is a distinct witness, at the same time, to this preference for oral relations. "I did not consider," he says, speaking in the first half of the second century after Christ, about the year 140 — "I did not consider things from books to be of so much good to me, as things from the living and abiding voice." And he goes on to mention his communications with those who had actually heard "the disciples of the Lord." For Papias, then, there was not yet a body of Scriptures fully answering to our New Testament, and having like authority with the Old; if there had been, he would hardly have spoken in this fashion. And no man can point to any exact moment and manner in which our body of New Testament Scriptures received its authority. But we can point to a moment after which we find our present New Testament Canon in possession of undisputed authority in the Church of the West, and before which we do not.

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[1] From *God and The Bible.* Copyright, by The Macmillan Co. Reprinted by permission.

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We have mentioned the African Synods. The two Synods of Carthage,— the first of them held in the year 397 of our era, the second in the year 419,— deliver the Canon of the New Testament as we have it now. All its books, and no others, are canonical; that is, they furnish the rule of faith, they form a class by themselves, they are authorised for public use. And so, as everyone knows they have continued. For the Eastern Church, a similar authoritative enunciation of our Canon of the New Testament is first found in the Festal Letter of Saint Athanasius, of which the date is probably A.D. 365. But an absence of fixed consent as to certain books goes on showing itself amongst Greek Christians for long afterwards. Our present business, however, is with our own Western Christianity.

Saint Jerome died in 420, the year after the second Synod of Carthage. His Biblical labours and learning are celebrated; he knew more about the Bible than any of his contemporaries. Cavillers he had, as have all men who bring new criticism to disturb old habits; but his orthodoxy was undoubted. His Biblical publications were undertaken at a Pope's request; and the first instalment of them, a corrected Latin version of the Four Gospels, appeared in the year 383 with a prefatory letter addressed to the Pope himself. This great churchman has left us his remarks on several of the works which the African Synods were presently to include in the Canon of the New Testament, and which have stood there ever since, possessing in the eyes of Christendom a like sacredness and authority with the rest of the Canon. In reading him, we are to bear in mind the character of the speaker. It is as if Dr. Pusey, with the reputation for learning and orthodoxy which we know him to have, and commissioned besides, by the heads of the Anglican Church to revise the Bible, was speaking of the Canon. Saint Jerome, then, says of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "The custom of the Latin Christians does not receive it among the Canonical Scriptures." Of the Apocalypse he says: "The Greek Churches use the same freedom in regard to John's Apocalypse." Of the so-called Second Epistle of Peter he says: "It is denied by most to be his." Of the Epistle of James, he says: "It is asserted to have been brought out by someone else under his name." Of the Epistle of Jude he says: "Inasmuch as the author appeals to the Book of Enoch, which is apocryphal, the Epistle is rejected by most." Of the three Epistles attributed to Saint John, Jerome says: "He wrote one Epistle which is acknowledged by all churches and scholars, but the remaining two are asserted to be by John the Elder."

Now, all Jerome's sympathies were with what was orthodox, ecclesiastical, regular. The works on which he has here been remarking seemed to him good and edifying; they had been much used, and had inspired attachment. The tendency in the Church was to admit them to canonicity, as the African Synods presently did. Jerome wished them to be admitted. He helped forward their admission by arguments in its favour, some of them not a little strained. But what we want the reader to observe is the entire upset which Jerome gives to our popular notion of the Canon of the New Testament; to the notion of a number of sacred books, just so many and no more, all alike of the most indisputable authenticity, and having equal authority from the very first. It is true, they were about to get invested with this character, but through the authority of the Church, and because — while this authority was on the increase — learning and criticism, amidst the invasions and miseries of the general break-up which was then befalling Europe, languished and died nearly out. Already the African Synods, which may be said to have first laid down authoritatively for our Western Europe the Canon of the New Testament, imagined that Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus were by Solomon, although Wisdom was composed in Greek hardly half a century before the Christian era. Saint Augustine, who died ten years after Saint Jerome, was far too accomplished a man not to know, although his studies had not lain in this special direction, how, in general, the Canon of the New Testament had arisen, and how great was the difference between the evidence for some books and for others. But the authority of the Church was enough for him. In a sentence, which for Paul would have been inconceivable, he shows us how the idea of this authority had by his time grown: "I receive the Gospel itself," he says, "only upon the authority of the Catholic Church." The Reformation arrived, and to Protestants the authority of the Church ceased to appear all-sufficient for establishing the canonicity of books of Scripture. Then grew up the notion that our actual New Testament intrinsically possessed this character of a Canon, the notion of its having from the first been one sure and sacred whole as it stands, a whole with all its parts equipollent; a kind of talisman, as we have elsewhere said, that had been handed to us straight out of heaven.

ON JARGON [1]

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

WE parted, Gentlemen, upon a promise to discuss the capital difficulty of Prose, as we have discussed the capital difficulty of Verse. But, although we shall come to it, on second thoughts I ask leave to break the order of my argument and to interpose some words upon a kind of writing which, from a superficial likeness, commonly passes for prose in these days, and by lazy folk is commonly written for prose, yet actually is not prose at all; my excuse being the simple practical one that, by first clearing this sham prose out of the way, we shall the better deal with honest prose when we come to it. The proper difficulties of prose will remain; but we shall be agreed in understanding what it is, or at any rate what it is not, that we talk about. I remember to have heard somewhere of a religious body in the United States of America which had reason to suspect one of its churches of accepting spiritual consolation from a coloured preacher — an offence against the laws of the Synod — and despatched a Disciplinary Committee with power to act; and of the Committee's returning to report itself unable to take any action under its terms of reference, for that while a person undoubtedly coloured had undoubtedly occupied the pulpit, and had audibly spoken from it in the Committee's presence, the performance could be brought within no definition of preaching known or discoverable. So it is with that infirmity of speech — that flux, that determination of words to the mouth, or to the pen,— which, though it be familiar to you in parliamentary debates, in newspapers, and as the staple language of Blue Books, Committees, Official Reports, I take leave to introduce to you as prose which is not prose and under its real name of Jargon.

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[1] From *On the Art of Writing*. Copyright, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

You must not confuse this Jargon with what is called Journalese. The two overlap, indeed, and have a knack of assimilating each other's vices. But Jargon finds, maybe, the most of its votaries among good douce people who have never written to or for a newspaper in their life, who would never talk of "adverse climatic conditions" when they mean "bad weather"; who have never trifled with verbs such as "obsess," "recrudesce," "envisage," "adumbrate," or with phrases, such as "the psychological moment," "the true inwardness," "it gives furiously to think." It dallies with Latinity,—"sub silentio," "de die in diem," "cui bono?" (always in the sense, unsuspected by Cicero, of "What is the profit?") — but not for the sake of style. Your journalist at the worst is an artist in his way; he daubs paint of this kind upon the lily with professional zeal; the more fragrant (or, to use his own word, arresting) the pigment, the happier is his soul. Like the Babu he is trying all the while to embellish our poor language, to make it more floriferous, more poetical — like the Babu, for example, who, reporting his mother's death wrote, "Regret to inform you, the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

There is metaphor; *there* is ornament; *there* is a sense of poetry, though as yet groping in a world unrealised. No such gusto marks — no such zeal, artistic or professional, animates — the practitioners of Jargon, who are, most of them (I repeat), douce respectable persons. Caution is its father; the instinct to save everything and especially trouble; its mother, Indolence. It looks precise, but is not. It is, in these times, safe: a thousand men have said it before and not one to your knowledge had been prosecuted for it. And so, like respectability in Chicago, Jargon stalks unchecked in our midst. It is becoming the language of Parliament; it has become the medium through which Boards of Government, County Councils, Syndicates, Committees, Commercial Firms express the processes as well as the conclusions of their thought and so voice the reason of their being.

Has a Minister to say "No" in the House of Commons? Some men are constitutionally incapable of saying no; but the Minister conveys it thus: "The answer to the question is in the negative." That means "No." Can you discover it to mean anything less, or anything more except that the speaker is a pompous person? — which was no part of the information demanded.

That is Jargon, and it happens to be accurate. But as a rule Jargon is by no means accurate, its method being to walk circumspectly around its target; and its faith, that having done so it has either hit the bull's-eye or at least achieved something equivalent, and safer.

Thus the clerk of a Board of Guardians will minute that —

> In the case of John Jenkins deceased the coffin provided was of the usual character.

Now this is not accurate. "In the case of John Jenkins deceased," for whom a coffin was supplied, it is wholly superfluous to tell us that he is deceased. But actually John Jenkins never had more than one case, and that was the coffin. The clerk says he had two,— a coffin in a case; but I suspect the clerk to be mistaken, and I am sure he errs in telling us that the coffin was of the usual character; for coffins have no character, usual or unusual.

For another example (I shall not tell you whence derived) —

> In the case of every candidate who is placed in the first class [So you see the lucky fellow gets a case as well as a first-class. He might be a stuffed animal: perhaps he is] — In the case of every candidate who is placed in the first class the class-list will show by some convenient mark (1) the Section or Sections for proficiency in which he is placed in the first class and (2) the Section or Sections (if any) in which he has passed with special distinction.

"The Section or Sections (if any)" — But how, if they are not any, could they be indicated by a mark however convenient?

> The Examiners will have regard to the style and method of the candidate's answers, and will give credit for excellence in *these respects.*

Have you begun to detect the two main vices of Jargon? The first is that it uses circumlocution rather than short straight speech. It says: "In the case of John Jenkins deceased the coffin" when it means "John Jenkins's coffin"; and its yea is not yea, neither is its nay nay; but its answer is in the affirmative or

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in the negative, as the foolish and superfluous "case" may be. The second vice is that it habitually chooses vague woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones. I shall have something to say by-and-by about the concrete noun, and how you should ever be struggling for it whether in prose or in verse. For the moment I content myself with advising you, if you would write masculine English, never to forget the old tag of your Latin Grammar —

> Masculine will only be
> Things that you can touch and see.

But since these lectures are meant to be a course in First Aid to writing, I will content myself with one or two extremely rough rules; yet I shall be disappointed if you do not find them serviceable.

The first is: Whenever in your reading you come across one of these words, *case*, *instance*, *character*, *nature*, *condition*, *persuasion*, *degree*, whenever in writing your pen betrays you to one or another of them — pull yourself up and take thought. If it be "case" (I choose it as Jargon's dearest child — "in Heaven yclept Metonomy") turn to the dictionary, if you will, and seek out what meaning can be derived from *casus*, its Latin ancestor, then try how, with a little trouble, you can extricate yourself from that case. The odds are, you will feel like a butterfly who has discarded his chrysalis.

Here are some specimens to try your hand on:

(1) All those tears which inundated Lord Hugh Cecil's head were dry in the case of Mr. Harold Cox.

Poor Mr. Cox! left gasping in his aquarium!

(2) [From a cigar-merchant.] In any case, let us send you a case on approval.

(3) It is contended that Consols have fallen in consequence: but such is by no means the case.

"*Such*," by the way, is another spoilt child of Jargon, especially in Committee's Rules — "Co-opted members may be eligible as such; such members to continue to serve for such time as" — and so on.

(4) Even in the purely Celtic areas only in two or three cases do the Bishops bear Celtic names.

For "cases" read "dioceses."

Instance. In most instances the players were below their form.

But what were they playing at? Instances?

Character — Nature. There can be no doubt that the accident was caused through the dangerous nature of the spot, the hidden character of the by-road, and the utter absence of any warning or danger signal.

Mark the foggy wording of it all! And yet the man hit something and broke his neck! Contrast that explanation with the verdict of a coroner's jury in the west of England on a drowned postman: "We find that deceased met his death by an act of God, caused by sudden overflowing of the river Walkham and helped out by the scandalous neglect of the way-wardens."

The Aintree course is notoriously of a trying nature.

On account of its light character, purity, and age, Usher's whiskey is a whiskey that will agree with you.

Order. The mésalliance was of a pronounced order.

Condition. He was conveyed to his place of residence in an intoxicated condition.

"He was carried home drunk."

Quality and Section. Mr. ——, exhibiting no less than five works, all of a superior quality, figures prominently in the oil section.

— This was written of an exhibition of pictures.

Degree. A singular degree of rarity prevails in the earlier editions of this romance.

That is Jargon. In prose it runs simply "The earlier editions of this romance are rare" — or "are very rare" — or, even (if you believe what I take leave to doubt), "are singularly rare"; which should mean that they are rarer than the editions of any other work in the world.

Now what I ask you to consider about these quotations is that in each the writer was using Jargon to shirk prose, palming off periphrases upon us when with a little trouble he could have gone straight to the point. "A singular degree of rarity prevails," "the accident was caused through the dangerous nature of the spot," "but such is by no means the case." We may not be capable of much; but we can all write better than that, if we take a little trouble. In place of, "the Aintree course is of a trying nature" we can surely say "Aintree is a trying course" or "the Aintree course is a trying one" — just that and nothing more.

ROMANCE[1]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE meaning of Romance will never come home to him who seeks for it in modern controversies. The name Romance is itself a memorial of the conquest of Europe by the Romans. They imposed their language on half Europe, and profoundly influenced the other half. The dialectical, provincial Latin, of various kinds, spoken by the conquered peoples, became the Romance speech; and Romance literature was the new literature which grew up from the ninth century onwards,— or from an earlier time, if the fringe of Celtic peoples, who kept their language but felt the full influence of Christianity, be taken into account. . . .

The note of this Romance literature is that it was actual, modern, realistic, at a time when classical literature had become a remote convention of bookish culture. It was sung in the banqueting hall, while Latin poetry was read in the cells of monks. It flourished enormously, and extended itself to all the matter of history and legend, to King Arthur, Theseus, Alexander, ancient heroes and warriors who were brought alive again in the likeness of knights and emperors. Its triumph was so complete, that its decadence followed swiftly. Like the creatures that live in the blood of man, literary forms commonly die of their own excess. Romances were multiplied, and imitated; professional poets, not content with marvels that had now become familiar, sought for a new sensation in extravagant language and incident. The tales became more and more sophisticated, elaborate, grotesque, and unreal, until, in the fourteenth century, a stout townsman, who ticketed bales in a custom-house, and was the best English poet of his time, found them ridiculous. In *Sir Thopas* Chaucer parodies the popular literature of his day. Sir Thopas is a good reader of romances; he models himself on the heroes whose deeds possess his imagination, and scours the English countryside, seeking in vain for the fulfilment of his dreams of prowess. . . .

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[1] From *Romance*. Copyright, by The Princeton University Press, publishers.

The historical meaning of the word Romance is exact and easy to define. But in common usage the word means something much vaguer than this. It is a note, an atmosphere, a kind of feeling that is awakened not only by literature but by the behavior of men and the disposition of material objects. John Evelyn the diarist, enjoys the reputation of having been the first to speak of a "romantic site," — a phrase which leads the way to immeasurable possibilities in the application of the word. Accuracy in the definition of this larger meaning is unattainable; and would certainly be false, for the word has taken its meaning from centuries of usage by inaccurate thinkers. A whole cluster of feelings, impressions, and desires, dimly recognized as cognate, has grown around the word, which has now been a centre of critical discussion and controversy for the better part of a century. Heine, in his dissertation on the Romantic School, takes the Christianity of the Middle Ages as his starting-point, and relates everything to that. Perhaps he makes too much of allegory and symbolism, which have always been dear to the church, but are not conspicuous in early Romance. Yet no one can go far astray who keeps in touch, as Heine does, with the facts of history. Goethe, impatient of the wistful intensities of youth, said that the Classical is health, and the Romantic disease. Much has been made, by many critics, of the statue and the picture, as types of ancient and modern art, the one complete in itself, the other suggesting more than it portrays. Mr. Walter Pater, borrowing a hint from a sentence of Bacon, finds the essence of Romance in the addition of strangeness to beauty, of curiosity to desire. It would be easy to multiply these epigrammatic statements, which are all not obscurely related to the fundamental changes wrought on the world by Christian ideas. No single formula can hope to describe and distinguish two eras, or define two tempers of mind. If I had to choose a single characteristic of Romance as the most noteworthy, I think I should choose Distance, and should call Romance the magic of Distance. What is the most romantic line in Virgil? Surely it is the line which describes the ghosts, staying for waftage on the banks of the river, and stretching out their hands in passionate desire to the further shore:

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.

Scott expounds the harmonizing power of distance in his *Journal*, where he describes the funeral of his friend Laidlaw's infant:

I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that Distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdness, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance; the gay band of the dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators,— the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snuffle, and the whine and the scream, should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker. Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback with their plaids wrapped around them — the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road — not one of the subordinate figures is discord with the general tone of the incident — seeming just accessories, and no more — this *is* affecting.

The same idea is the subject of T. E. Brown's poem, *The Schooner:*

Just mark that schooner westward far at sea —
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.
. . . .

And now, behold! a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose —
She sleeps and dreams away,
Soft blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes,
'Neath the broad benediction of the West.

Shelley finds the suggestion of distance in beautiful music:

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

Wordsworth hears it in the song of the Highland Girl:

> Will no one tell me what she sings? —
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

These quotations are enough to show what a width of view is given to modern Romantic poetry. Man is, in one sense, more truly seen in a wide setting of the mountains and the sea than close at hand in the street. But the romantic effect of distance may delude and conceal as well as glorify and liberate. The weakness of the modern Romantic poet is that he must keep himself aloof from life, that he may see it. He rejects authority, and many of the pleasures, along with the duties, of society. He looks out from his window on the men fighting in the plain, and sees them transfigured under the rays of the setting sun. He enjoys the battle, but not as the fighters enjoy it. He nurses himself in all the luxury of philosophic sensation. He does not help to bury the child, or to navigate the schooner, or to discover the Fortunate Islands. The business of every poet, it may be said, is vision, not action. But the epic poet holds his reader fast by strong moral bonds of sympathy with the actors in the poem. "I should have liked to do that" is what the reader says to himself. He is asked to think and feel as a man, not as a god.

The weakness of revived Romance found the most searching of its critics in Tennyson, who was fascinated, when he was shaping his own poetic career by the picture and the past, yet could not feel satisfied with the purely æsthetic attitude of art to life. In poem after poem he returns to the question, Is poetry an escape from life? Must it lull the soul in a selfish security? The struggle that went on in his mind has left its mark on *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Voyage*, *The Vision of Sin*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, and others of his poems. The Lady of Shalott lives secluded in her bower, where she weaves a magic web with gay colors. She has heard that a curse will fall on her if she looks out on the world and down to the city of Camelot. She sees the outer world only in a mirror, and

> In her web she still delights
> To weave the mirror's magic sights

— villages, market-girls, knights riding two and two, funerals or pairs of lovers wandering by. At last she grows half-sick of seeing the world only in shadows and reflections. Then a sudden vivid experience breaks up this life of dream. Sir Lancelot rides past, in shining armor, singing as he rides. She leaves her magic web and mirror, and looks upon the real world.

> Out flew the web and floated wide;
> The mirror crack'd from side to side;
> "The curse has come upon me," cried
>   The Lady of Shalott.

She goes into the world, and there she meets her death. The poem is not an allegory, but there is no mistaking the thought that generated it. The mirror and the web are the emblems of Romantic art. The feelings which stir the heart to action, which spring to meet the occasion or the object, are contrasted, in the poem, with the more pensive feelings which are excited by the sight of the object in a mirror, and the suggestions of color and design which are to be transferred to the embroidery. The mirror is a true and subtle symbol. When Shakespeare treated the same problem, he made King Richard II, the most romantically minded of all his kings, call for a mirror. The thing that is easiest for a man to see in a mirror is himself; egotism in its many forms, self-pity, self-cultivation, self-esteem, dogs Romanticism like its shadow. The desire to be the spectator of your own life, to see yourself in all kinds of heroic and pathetic attitudes, is the motive-power of Romantic poetry in many of its later developments. Yet life must be arrested and falsified before the desire can be fulfilled. No one has ever seen himself in a mirror as he is seen by others. He cannot catch himself looking away, self-forgetful, intent on something outward; yet only when he is in these attitudes does his true character show itself in his face. Nor, if he could so see himself, would he be a witness of the truth. The sensation of drowning, or of leading an assault in war, is very unlike the sentiment which is aroused in the spectator of either of these adventures. Romanticism, in its decline, confuses the sentiment with the sensation, and covets the enjoyment of life on the easy terms of a bystander.

These faults and failings of late Romance are far enough removed from the simple heroism of the death of Roland in the pass of Roncesvalles. Later Romance is known everywhere by its derivative, secondary, consciously literary character. Yet it draws sometimes from the original source of inspiration, and attains, by devious ways, to poetic glories not inferior to the old.

CLASSIC, ROMANTIC, AND REALISTIC[1]

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THE labels attached to schools and periods in the history of literature are convenient devices for marking off certain broad general distinctions. But their use often results in a kind of misconception analogous to that produced through defining poetry by isolating one of its elements. The definitions given of such words as Classical and Romantic, or Medieval and Renascence, have often led the student to view literary phenomena as possessing a simplicity quite alien to the real nature of such things. Were such words used only to describe tendencies, the danger might not be so great; but when they are applied to periods it should always be remembered that what they describe is not the whole content of the period, but at best only its dominating characteristic. For the qualities and tendencies indicated by such terms as those just instanced are permanent and persistent throughout all periods and schools. Their forms and manifestations alter, and cause confusion among critics who would measure by rules of thumb the utterances of the human spirit; but the same forces not only recur, but continuously endure. As a theory, this has often been recognized by literary historians; yet their books still profess to describe "the beginnings of classicism" and "the beginnings of romanticism," terms which, if ever applicable, belong only to the dawn of civilization. If the exigencies of textbook-making demand that history be divided into epochs, let it be remembered not only that no hard lines separate these epochs, but that the characteristics which are used to mark them exist before and after, and are chosen for emphasis only because they dominate, but do not extinguish, other characteristics which, for the time, happen to be exhibited with less strength or frequency.

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[1] From *The Essentials of Poetry*. Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

This limitation of the prevalent characteristic may be carried still farther. Not only is no period purely Romantic, but no writer who has expressed his personality with any fullness is purely Classical or purely Romantic. Pope and Johnson had their Romantic moments as surely as Wordsworth and Keats their Classical. And this is due to the fact that these terms indicate effects of which the varying proportions of the constituent elements of poetry are the cause.

This view receives corroboration from another fact which is not likely to be questioned upon reflection: that the supremely great writers, and the recognized masterpieces even of writers usually of the second class, are especially difficult to label with the catchwords of many of the schools. It is in a man like Dekker, for example, that one finds Elizabethan Romanticism most clearly exhibited; Shakespeare is too much besides; it is *Götz von Berlichingen*, not *Faust*, that serves as the convenient specimen of a movement. "Perhaps," says a modern writer, *à propos* of ethics, "all theories of practice tend, as they rise to their best, as understood by their worthiest representatives, to identification with each other." A somewhat similar statement could be made of theories of art, and illustrated by works of art. It is the lesser men, or the greater men in their immaturity or in their decline, who show extreme tendencies and invite nicknames. The supreme artists at their best rise above conflicts and propaganda, and are known, not by the intensity of their partisanship, but by the perfection of their balance. They show the virtues of all the schools; and in them each virtue is not weakened, but supported, by the presence of others which the lesser men had supposed to be antagonistic.

This situation points to the conclusion that the tendencies thus balanced in great art are in themselves perfectly sound, however they may at times seem vicious in the work of the inferior artists; that what has sometimes made Classicism seem a barrenness and Romanticism a disease, is not the positive element in either, but the lack of the supporting and balancing qualities, and the loss of truth or beauty consequent upon the disproportion. The controversial critic who indulges in tirades against either Classicism or Romanticism as the root of all artistic evil, is himself guilty of the vice he is actually, though unconsciously, attacking: for he fails to see that it is not the essential element in either of these tendencies that rouses his protest, but the same lack of balance that distorts his own critical view. Any human impulse that persists from generation to generation, and under favorable conditions manifests itself in forms of beauty, is unlikely to be essentially vicious. This persistence and these manifestations should rather warn us to avoid wholesale condemnation, and to seek to understand under what conditions, with what checks and complements, such an impulse finds its most beautiful and satisfying expression.

"The best division of human learning," according to Bacon, "is that derived from the three faculties of the rational soul, which is the seat of learning. History has reference to the Memory, poesy to the Imagination, and philosophy to the Reason." * Modern representatives of these three forms of intellectual activity object to being confined to the exclusive exercise of one of these functions. The historian now claims the right to reason philosophically and to reconstruct the past with the aid of imagination as well as merely to chronicle memoranda. The philosopher observes facts and uses the imagination to construct hypotheses, as well as reasons. And the poet, as we shall see, extends his province in similar fashion. Yet the threefold division supplied by Bacon, though perhaps not expressed in terms which would satisfy the modern psychologist, is sufficiently fundamental to supply a basis for the discussion of those elements of poetry of which we are in search.

The criticism of antiquity began the inquiry into the nature of poetry, not, like Bacon, by assigning it to the field of imagination, but rather to the memory.† The characteristic which Aristotle found to be common to the kinds of poetry he examined — epic, dramatic, and lyric — was that of imitation, and imitation depends primarily on observation and recollection, on what Bacon called memory, on what may be called more comprehensively the sense of fact. But imitation as used by Aristotle and

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* *De Augmentis*, book ii, chap. i.

† Memory with Bacon implies not merely the faculty of recollection, but all those mental activities which deal with the apprehension of facts: observation, for example, and the interpretation of the evidence of the senses, as well as mere reminiscence; since history for him included what he called "Natural History," what we call the physical sciences.

his successors meant much more than the reproduction of what was observed and recorded. The important element of selection plays a large part; and in later criticism we hear much of "ideal imitation," that is, a reproduction of facts selected, modified, arranged, and heightened, in order to bring them into accordance with a mental conception. In other words, imagination has taken its place beside the sense of fact: "ideal imitation" is the reproduction in any artistic medium of observed or recorded facts remoulded by the imagination.

The greater part of Aristotle's discussion of the different kinds of poetry concerns, not definitions, but the means by which each kind becomes effective in producing its appropriate sort of pleasure. It is largely critical generalization from the practice of the Greek poets whose works he knew; and it became the basis for almost all future discussion on the formal side of poetry. It is here that we find a place for Bacon's division of reason; for the intellectual qualities necessary for the adept use of the prescribed means to artistic effectiveness are mainly qualities of judgement; — the sense of probability, proportion, fitness, harmony, coherence, and the like. It is on such qualities as these that what we call *form* in art primarily depends; and this group of form-giving qualities will be intended when we speak of the element of reason in poetry.

It will now have become clear that there has long been a recognition of the existence in poetry of these three fundamental elements of imagination, reason, and the sense of fact. Other factors, of course, enter into the production of poetical effects, and some of those will be taken up later; but there is ground for regarding these three as, in some sense, essential. The *absence* of any one of them is fatal in a way which cannot be maintained of those other subsidiary factors. The *presence* of all three, balanced and coöperating, will be found to characterize those works which a consensus of opinion places in the first rank. The *excess* of any one indicates the presence of a tendency which may not be destructive, but which, while conferring qualities which for a time bring popularity, ultimately stamps the work in which it appears as, in some essential respect, inferior.

The particular qualities in poetry which are to be traced to the exercise of each of the three faculties just enumerated may best be perceived by a consideration of classes of poetry in which each in turn may be seen dominant. As soon as this is done, we shall find ourselves in the midst of familiar classifications, but with, it is hoped, a clearer view of their nature and contents.

The three most persistent tendencies exhibited in the history of poetry are Romanticism, Classicism, and Realism. These terms have been used with a freedom that has often resulted in confusion, and there is no general agreement in defining them; but that the tendencies exist, and are distinguishable in the concrete, seems to be admitted by all. If a correspondence between them and our threefold division of the faculties employed in poetry can be discerned, we shall have made some progress towards definite conceptions. Such a correspondence is revealed by the theory that each of these three tendencies is definable as the predominance of one of the faculties over the other two. Romanticism is the tendency characterized by the predominance of imagination over reason and the sense of fact. Classicism is the tendency characterized by the predominance of reason over imagination and the sense of fact. Realism is the tendency characterized by the predominance of the sense of fact over imagination and reason.

At first sight, such a statement falls under suspicion from its very baldness and simplicity. Literary and artistic phenomena, one is apt to reflect, are hardly to be adequately disposed of by a formula apparently so mechanical. The subject-matter under discussion involves the infinite variety of mood and emotion, the complex interplay of ideas and their hidden associations, the perpetually shifting panorama of mental imagery, which take place in the consciousness when it is confronted with a work of art. And in each separate art there is, in addition, the whole mass of considerations affecting the technical devices by which color, form, and sound are brought into the service of expression. All this, it might be urged, is too complex, too full of minute shadings, to be cleared up by a handful of drastic distinctions.

To this it may be replied that the simplicity of the definitions proposed is more apparent than real. The three important terms employed contain each a central idea, but they have a vast number of manifestations, and are, moreover, practically never found in isolation. In later chapters, the attempt will be made to expound the more important of these manifestations, and to show that they really belong to the central ideas. But, in the mean time, the argument may be safely followed without the fear that the criticism of poetry is to be rendered either easy or mechanical.

In looking to literary history for some preliminary corroboration of our definitions, it will be well to recall a principle to which allusion has already been made. Just as no poem is created exclusively by the imagination, the reason, or the sense of fact, so no age is exclusively Romantic, Classical, or Realistic. If we yield to current fashion and speak, say, of a Romantic period, let it be understood that this implies only that in that period there was a notable increase in the amount of the imaginative element in the poetical product of the time, not that reason and the sense of fact had completely vanished. Further, the greater the age from the artistic point of view, the less likely is it to be marked by a notable deficiency in any of the three faculties. In so far as it succeeded in giving in artistic form a deep, broad, permanently and universally satisfying representation of human life, it contained in itself, in well-balanced proportion, the three great elements of artistic effectiveness.

It will probably be granted that the period of the Renascence is the most notable age in the history of art and letters, if one regards the breadth of its activity as well as the height of its loftiest achievements. The age of Pericles in Greece, however we may compare Sophocles and Shakespeare, Phidias and Michelangelo, was much more restricted both in point of time and of extent. If our theory is correct, then, we ought to find in the Renascence testimony to the activity, in fair equilibrium, of all the faculties under discussion.

The evidence of the workings of the imagination in this period is not far to seek. Historian after historian has laid stress on the breaking down at that time of the walls which had limited the intellectual vision, and on the growth of an insatiable curiosity, peering out on all sides into the unknown. The records of the century of exploration that followed the discovery of the New World by Columbus are full of the spirit of wide-eyed wonder in which the prows of England and Spain were pushed into strange seas; and the tales of marvellous adventure brought back by these splendid pirates stimulated to the highest degree the imaginations of those who stayed at home. In a more intellectual sphere, the rebirth of the study of classical antiquity operated with hardly less power on the imaginations of the learned. The spirit of humanism lay in the cultivation of imaginative sympathy with men of all races and times, in the escape through this power from the narrow limits of actual present conditions. The rise of the new astronomy opened to the receptive mind such possibilities of cosmic speculation that even now the imagination reels under the effort to grasp them. These and a hundred other features of that time are the commonplaces of the histories, and are touched on here merely to recall the obvious fact of the unparalleled multiplicity of imaginative stimuli in the Europe of the Renascence.

The activity of the rational element in the life of that time is less prominent, yet by no means absent. The theological thinking of the Protestant Reformation may seem far from pure rationalism to-day, yet, when one considers the Lutheran criticism of the abuse of indulgences, the logical structure of the Calvinistic system, the wide emphasis laid by Protestantism at the outset on the right of individual judgment, one sees that this religious revolution meant, with whatever else, a profound stirring of the reasoning powers. Nor was this confined to the Reformed party. The movement produced a period of theological controversy, and the impulse to find a reasoned standing ground affected the defence as well as the attack. Some of the factors already cited for their imaginative significance were of importance for the reason also. The Copernican hypothesis was based by its author quite as much on *a priori* reasoning as on observation, and the whole struggle to emerge from the scholastic tradition meant a vigorous assertion of the rational judgment. Along with the broadening of imaginative sympathy from the study of the classics, came an intense, if partial, realization of their beauty of form and style, and a vigorous attempt both to emulate these and to find from the study of Aristotle the laws of literary composition. It is in the commentators of this period that one finds the source of that stream of criticism which carried down to the eighteenth century, in however perverted a form, the rationalized æsthetic by which the neo-classical writers sought both to create and to criticize. Reason, then, was abundantly active also.

Nor was the sense of fact lacking to that age. In it the modern sciences of observation and experience took their rise. With all their far-reaching imaginings and rational speculation, the men of the Renascence had a most vivid and intense sense of the actual. In contrast with the other-worldliness of the Middle Age, it was a very worldly time, when men were by no means inclined to ignore the good things of this life. Science and exploration had their material as well as their imaginative and rational sides; and the abundance of social satire in the literature of the time bears witness to the persistency of the tendency to look facts in the face, and even to take a grim satisfaction in reversing the romantic surface and displaying the seamy side.

It is to be admitted that in any age evidences of all these tendencies could be exposed; the distinction of the Renascence is in the vigor and intensity of the activity of all of them. None is negligible; and in the high degree of the development of all is to be found one explanation of the full-blooded completeness of the art and literature of the time.

Yet so long a historical digression would hardly be justifiable here, were it not for its importance as a background for the great literary figures of the period. For England, if not for the world, the Renascence culminates in Shakespeare; and while it is useless to deny or explain away the miracle of genius, it can be shown that the supreme effectiveness of Shakespeare in the picturing of human life finds some explanation in the balance of the elements under discussion, both in his age and in his own temperament.

The most remarkable characteristic of the earliest work of Shakespeare is its Realism. Reasoned adaptation of means to ends in the mastery of form it undoubtedly has, but this is along somewhat conventional lines, and he is, in the main, trying his hand at other men's devices. Imagination is present in the tentative creation of somewhat vague types of character, in the vivid conjuring up of mental images. But these are heavily impressed by literal recollection. *Venus and Adonis*, the "first heir of his invention," is, indeed, an imaginative working over of a familiar myth, with much attention to technical form; but its most remarkable quality, and that which sets it apart from the mass of similar Elizabethan re-tellings of classical stories, is its vivid sense of fact. Take, for instance, the famous description by Venus of the hunted hare, or the familiar catalogue of the points of the horse of Adonis:

> Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
> High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
> Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
> Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

So far as imagination is present in such passages it is that kind of imagination which comes closest to the sense of fact, the power of calling up remembered scenes vividly before the mental eye. The rational element appears chiefly in the careful manipulation of details, and the insertion of fragments of moralizing, like "Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear," suggested by the resourcefulness of the hare. But both of these elements are clearly subordinate to the sense of fact. The passage, as, indeed, the whole poem, is distinguished by an extraordinary degree of precision in the recording of observed and remembered detail. Here, surely, is what is called Realism.

We turn now, to a passage written in the midst of his career, from the speech of Ulysses on the necessity of "degree," or rank and order, in the *Troilus and Cressida:*

> O, when degree is shak'd,
> Which is the ladder to all high designs,
> Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
> Degrees in school, and brotherhoods in cities,
> Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
> The primogenitive and due of birth,
> Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
> But by degree, stand in authentic place?
> Take but degrees away, untune that string,
> And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
> And make a sop of all this solid globe.
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead.
> Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
> Between whose endless jar Justice resides,
> Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
> (I, iii, 101–118.)

In the selection of details and in the phrasing of these lines there is evidence enough of both fact and fancy, but their predominant quality is surely rational. The play in which they occur, and other plays written about the same time, are full of such reasoned, even argumentative, speeches, and bear ample witness to the strength of Shakespeare's capacity for that highly finished and carefully considered expression of the results of contemplation and generalization on human nature and the ways of the world, which has distinguished the so-called Classical periods of modern literature.

Finally, let us regard for a moment the speech from *The Tempest,* so often quoted as a kind of epilogue to the dramas as a whole:

> Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air;
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.
> (IV, i, 148–158.)

In such a passage the imagination of the poet rises above details of observation and links of argument, and, like an eagle soaring sunwards in vast spirals above the sights and sounds of the actual world, draws us up and up, till the faculties lose themselves in an attempt to penetrate the infinite. Such are the supreme achievements of the imagination.

My purpose in assembling these quotations from Shakespeare is not primarily to suggest a characterization of the different periods of his production, but to emphasize the existence in it, in a high degree of frequency and intensity, of all the three elements under discussion. Slight reflection will show the possibility of supporting each of these illustrations with scores like it, so that a special pleader for any of the schools could produce evidence which would seem to prove Shakespeare to be Realist, Classicist, or Romanticist. But disinterested consideration will convince us that all of these tendencies are constantly appearing in his work, and that no one of the labels can long seem adequate. In the greatest figure of all, then, we find a confirmation of our theory, that supreme achievement in art is to be obtained only by a balance of qualities.

FOUR KINDS OF THINKING[1]

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

WE do not think enough about thinking, and much of our confusion is the result of current illusions in regard to it. Let us forget for the moment any impressions we may have derived from the philosophers, and see what seems to happen in ourselves. The first thing that we notice is that our thought moves with such incredible rapidity that it is almost impossible to arrest any specimen of it long enough to have a look at it. When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have recently had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find that even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. I believe this must be true of everyone. We do not, of course, know what goes on in other people's heads. They tell us very little and we tell them very little. The spigot of speech, rarely fully opened, could never emit more than driblets of the ever renewed hogshead of thought — *noch grösser wie's Heidelberger Fass.* We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are.

We all appear to ourselves to be thinking all the time during our waking hours, and most of us are aware that we go on thinking while we are asleep, even more foolishly than when awake. When uninterrupted by some practical issue we are engaged in what is now known as a *reverie.* This is our spontaneous and favorite kind of thinking. We allow our ideas to take their own course and this course is determined by our hopes and fears, our spontaneous desires, their fulfillment or frustration; by our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates and resentments. There is nothing else anything like so interesting to ourselves as ourselves. All thought that is not more or less laboriously controlled and directed will inevitably circle about the beloved Ego. It is amusing and pathetic to observe this tendency in ourselves and in others. We learn politely and generously to overlook this truth, but if we dare to think of it, it blazes forth like the noontide sun.

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[1] From *The Mind in the Making.* Copyright, by Harper and Brothers, publishers.

The reverie or "free association of ideas" has of late become the subject of scientific research. While investigators are not yet agreed on the results, or at least on the proper interpretation to be given to them, there can be no doubt that our reveries form the chief index to our fundamental character. They are a reflection of our nature as modified by often hidden and forgotten experiences. We need not go into the matter further here, for it is only necessary to observe that the reverie is at all times a potent and in many cases an omnipotent rival to every other kind of thinking. It doubtless influences all our speculations in its persistent tendency to self-magnification and self-justification, which are its chief preoccupations, but it is the last thing to make directly or indirectly for honest increase of knowledge. Philosophers usually talk as if such thinking did not exist or were in some way negligible. This is what makes their speculations so unreal and often worthless.

The reverie, as any of us can see for himself, is frequently broken and interrupted by the necessity of a second kind of thinking. We have to make practical decisions. Shall we write
2. a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half past? Shall we buy U.S. Rubber or a Liberty Bond? Decisions are easily distinguishable from the free flow of the reverie. Sometimes they demand a good deal of careful pondering and the recollection of pertinent facts; often, however, they are made impulsively. They are a more difficult and laborious thing than the reverie, and we resent having to "make up our mind" when we are tired, or absorbed in a congenial reverie. Weighing a decision, it should be noted, does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge, although we may, of course, seek further information before making it.

A third kind of thinking is stimulated when anyone questions
3. our beliefs and opinions. We sometimes find ourselves changing our minds without any resistance or heavy emotion, but if we are

told that we are wrong we resent the imputation and harden our hearts. We are incredibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when anyone proposes to rob us of their companionship. It is obviously not the ideas themselves that are dear to us, but our self-esteem, which is threatened. We are by nature stubbornly pledged to defend our own from attack, whether it be our person, our family, our property, or our opinion. A United States Senator once remarked to a friend of mine that God Almighty could not make him change his mind on our Latin-American policy. We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory.

Few of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions; indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing. We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. *The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.*

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons; what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the Bolsheviki. But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country, and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. Moreover, as Mr. Trotter has pointed out, these judgments, being the product of suggestion and not of reasoning, have the quality of perfect obviousness, so that to question them

> . . . is to the believer to carry skepticism to an insane degree, and will be met by contempt, disapproval, or condemnation, according to the nature of the belief in question. When, therefore, we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a nonrational one, and probably, therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence.

Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality of "primary certitude." I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul, I was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back now I see that I had at the time no interest in the matter, and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue, nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention, served to prevent an angry resentment when I heard *my* ideas questioned.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions — this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs — is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing" — clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest enlightenment, because, no matter how solemnly they may be marshaled, they are at bottom the result of personal preference or prejudice, and not of an honest desire to seek or accept new knowledge.

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self-justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes. So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the onus of our own failures and disappointments. *Rationalizing is the self-exculpation which occurs when we feel ourselves, or our group, accused of misapprehension or error.* 4

The little word *my* is the most important one in all human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom. It has the same force whether it is *my* dinner, *my* dog, and *my* house, or *my* faith, *my* country, and *my* God. We not only resent the imputation that our watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conception of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation of "Epictetus," of the medicinal value of salicine, or the date of Sargon I, are subject to revision.

Philosophers, scholars, and men of science exhibit a common sensitiveness in all decisions in which their *amour propre* is involved. Thousands of argumentative works have been written to vent a grudge. However stately their reasoning, it may be nothing but rationalizing, stimulated by the most commonplace of all motives. A history of philosophy and theology could be written in terms of grouches, wounded pride, and aversions, and it would be far more instructive than the usual treatments of these themes. Sometimes, under Providence, the lowly impulse of resentment leads to great achievements. Milton wrote his treatise on divorce as a result of his troubles with his seventeen-year-old wife, and when he was accused of being the leading spirit in a new sect, the Divorcers, he wrote his noble *Areopagitica* to prove his right to say what he thought fit, and incidentally to establish the advantage of a free press in the promotion of Truth.

All mankind, high and low, thinks in all the ways which have been described. The reverie goes on all the time not only in the mind of the mill hand and the Broadway flapper, but equally in weighty judges and godly bishops. It has gone on in all the philosophers, scientists, poets, and theologians that have ever lived. Aristotle's most abstruse speculations were doubtless tempered by highly irrelevant reflections. He is reported to have had very thin legs and small eyes, for which he doubtless had to find excuses, and he was wont to indulge in very conspicuous dress and rings and was accustomed to arrange his hair carefully. Diogenes the Cynic exhibited the impudence of a touchy soul. His tub was his distinction. Tennyson in beginning his *Maud* could not forget his chagrin over losing his patrimony years before as the result of an unhappy investment in the Patent Decorative Carving Company. These facts are not recalled here as a gratuitous disparagement of the truly great, but to insure a full realization of the tremendous competition which all really exacting thought has to face, even in the minds of the most highly endowed mortals.

And now the astonishing and perturbing suspicion emerges that perhaps almost all that had passed for social science, political economy, politics, and ethics in the past may be brushed aside by future generations as mainly rationalizing. John Dewey has already reached this conclusion in regard to philosophy. Veblen and other writers have revealed the various unperceived presuppositions of the traditional political economy, and now comes an Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto, who, in his huge treatise on general sociology, devotes hundreds of pages to substantiating a similar thesis affecting all the social sciences. This conclusion may be ranked by students of a hundred years hence as one of the several great discoveries of our age. It is by no means fully worked out, and it is so opposed to nature that it will be very slowly accepted by the great mass of those who consider themselves thoughtful. As a historical student I am personally fully reconciled to this newer view. Indeed, it seems to me inevitable that just as the various sciences of nature were, before the opening of the seventeenth century, largely masses of rationalizations to suit the religious sentiments of the period, so the social sciences have continued even to our own day to be rationalizations of uncritically accepted beliefs and customs.

It will become apparent as we proceed that the fact that an idea is ancient and that it has been widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it as a probable instance of rationalization.

This brings us to another kind of thought which can fairly easily be distinguished from the three kinds described above. It has not the usual qualities of the reverie, for it does not hover about our personal complacencies and humiliations. It is not made up of the homely decisions forced upon us by everyday needs, when we review our little stock of existing information, consult our conventional preferences and obligations, and make a choice of action. It is not the defense of our own cherished beliefs and prejudices just because they are our own — mere plausible excuses for remaining of the same mind. On the contrary, it is that peculiar species of thought which leads us to *change* our mind.

It is this kind of thought that has raised man from his pristine, subsavage ignorance and squalor to the degree of knowledge and comfort which he now possesses. On his capacity to continue and greatly extend this kind of thinking depends his chance of groping his way out of the plight in which the most highly civilized peoples of the world now find themselves. In the past this type of thinking has been called Reason. But so many misapprehensions have grown up around the word that some of us have become very suspicious of it. I suggest, therefore, that we substitute a recent name and speak of "creative thought" rather than of Reason. *For this kind of meditation begets knowledge, and knowledge is really creative inasmuch as it makes things look different from what they seemed before and may indeed work for their reconstruction.*

In certain moods some of us realize that we are observing things or making reflections with a seeming disregard of our personal preoccupations. We are not preening or defending ourselves; we are not faced by the necessity of any practical decision, nor are we apologizing for believing this or that. We are just wondering and looking and mayhap seeing what we never perceived before.

Curiosity is as clear and definite as any of our urges. We wonder what is in a sealed telegram or in a letter in which some one else is absorbed, or what is being said in the telephone booth or in low conversation. This inquisitiveness is vastly stimulated by jealousy, suspicion, or any hint that we ourselves are directly or indirectly involved. But there appears to be a fair amount of personal interest in other people's affairs even when they do not concern us except as a mystery to be unraveled or a tale to be told. The reports of a divorce suit will have "news value" for many weeks. They constitute a story, like a novel or play or moving picture. This is not an example of pure curiosity, however, since we readily identify ourselves with others, and their joys and despair then become our own.

We also take note of, or "observe," as Sherlock Holmes says, things which have nothing to do with our personal interests and make no personal appeal either direct or by way of sympathy. This is what Veblen so well calls "idle curiosity." And it is usually idle enough. Some of us when we face the line of people opposite us in a subway train impulsively consider them in detail and engage in rapid inferences and form theories in regard to them. On entering a room there are those who will perceive at a glance the degree of preciousness of the rugs, the character of the pictures, and the personality revealed by the books. But there are many, it would seem, who are so absorbed in their personal reverie or in some definite purpose that they have no bright-eyed energy for idle curiosity. The tendency to miscellaneous observation we come by honestly enough, for we note it in many of our animal relatives.

Veblen, however, uses the term "idle curiosity" somewhat ironically, as is his wont. It is idle only to those who fail to realize that it may be a very rare and indispensable thing from which almost all distinguished human achievement proceeds. Since it may lead to systematic examination and seeking for things hitherto undiscovered. For research is but diligent search which enjoys the high flavor of primitive hunting. Occasionally and fitfully idle curiosity thus leads to creative thought, which alters and broadens our own views and aspirations and may in turn, under highly favorable circumstances, affect the views and lives of others, even for generations to follow. An example or two will make this unique human process clear.

Galileo was a thoughtful youth and doubtless carried on a rich and varied reverie. He had artistic ability and might have turned out to be a musician or painter. When he had dwelt among the monks at Vallombrosa he had been tempted to lead the life of a religious. As a boy he busied himself with toy machines and he inherited a fondness for mathematics. All these facts are of record. We may safely assume also that, along with many other subjects of contemplation, the Pisan maidens found a vivid place in his thoughts.

One day when seventeen years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town. In the midst of his reverie he looked up at the lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, worshipers, or the services; of his artistic or religious interests; of his reluctance to become a physician as his father wished. He forgot the question of a career and even the *graziosissime donne.* As he watched the swinging lamps he was suddenly wondering if mayhap their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time. Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him.

This observation, however remarkable in itself, was not enough to produce a really creative thought. Others may have noticed the same thing and yet nothing came of it. Most of our observations have no assignable results. Galileo may have seen that the warts on a peasant's face formed a perfect isosceles triangle, or he may have noticed with boyish glee that just as the officiating priest was uttering the solemn words, *ecce agnus Dei*, a fly lit on the end of his nose. To be really creative, ideas have to be worked up and then "put over," so that they become a part of man's social heritage. The highly accurate pendulum clock was one of the later results of Galileo's discovery. He himself was led to reconsider and successfully to refute the old notions of falling bodies. It remained for Newton to prove that the moon was falling, and presumably all the heavenly bodies. This quite upset all the consecrated views of the heavens as managed by angelic engineers. The universality of the laws of gravitation stimulated the attempt to seek other and equally important natural laws and cast grave doubts on the miracles in which mankind had hitherto believed. In short, those who dared to include in their thought the discoveries of Galileo and his successors found themselves in a new earth surrounded by new heavens.

On the 28th of October, 1831, three hundred and fifty years after Galileo had noticed the isochronous vibrations of the lamps, creative thought and its currency had so far increased that Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a disk of copper between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disk revolved an electric current was produced. This would doubtless have seemed the idlest kind of an experiment to the stanch business men of the time, who, it happened, were just then denouncing the child-labor bills in their anxiety to avail themselves to the full of the results of earlier idle curiosity. But should the dynamos and motors which have come into being as the outcome of Faraday's experiment be stopped this evening, the business man of to-day, agitated over labor troubles, might, as he trudged home past lines of "dead" cars, through dark streets to an unlighted house, engage in a little creative thought of his own and perceive that he and his laborers would have no modern factories and mines to quarrel about had it not been for the strange practical effects of the idle curiosity of scientists, inventors, and engineers.

The examples of creative intelligence given above belong to the realm of modern scientific achievement, which furnishes the most striking instances of the effects of scrupulous, objective thinking. But there are, of course, other great realms in which the recording and embodiment of acute observation and insight have wrought themselves into the higher life of man. The great poets and dramatists and our modern story-tellers have found themselves engaged in productive reveries, noting and artistically presenting their discoveries for the delight and instruction of those who have the ability to appreciate them.

The process by which a fresh and original poem or drama comes into being is doubtless analogous to that which originates and elaborates so-called scientific discoveries; but there is clearly a temperamental difference. The genesis and advance of painting, sculpture, and music offer still other problems. We really as yet know shockingly little about these matters, and indeed very few people have the least curiosity about them. Nevertheless, creative intelligence in its various forms and activities is what makes man. Were it not for its slow, painful, and constantly discouraged operations through the ages man would be no more than a species of primate living on seeds, fruit, roots, and uncooked flesh, and wandering naked through the woods and over the plains like a chimpanzee.

The origin and progress and future promotion of civilization are ill understood and misconceived. These should be made the chief theme of education, but much hard work is necessary before we can reconstruct our ideas of man and his capacities and free ourselves from innumerable persistent misapprehensions. There have been obstructionists in all times, not merely the lethargic masses, but the moralists, the rationalizing theologians, and most of the philosophers, all busily if unconsciously engaged in ratifying existing ignorance and mistakes and discouraging creative thought. Naturally, those who reassure us seem worthy of honor and respect. Equally naturally those who puzzle us with disturbing criticisms and invite us to change our ways are objects of suspicion and readily discredited. Our personal discontent does not ordinarily extend to any critical questioning of the general situation in which we find ourselves. In every age the prevailing conditions of civilization have appeared quite natural and inevitable to those who grew up in them. The cow asks no questions as to how it happens to have a dry stall and a supply of hay. The kitten laps its warm milk from a china saucer, without knowing anything about porcelain; the dog nestles in the corner of a divan with no sense of obligation to the inventors of upholstery and the manufacturers of down pillows. So we humans accept our breakfasts, our trains and telephones and orchestras and movies, our national Constitution, or moral code and standards of manners, with the simplicity and innocence of a pet rabbit. We have absolutely inexhaustible capacities for appropriating what others do for us with no thought of a "thank you." We do not feel called upon to make any least contribution to the merry game ourselves. Indeed, we are usually quite unaware that a game is being played at all.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION[1]

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education? — of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves — of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

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Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win — and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarse monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past, for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members — nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honors in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience — incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education — that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education — is to make good these defects in nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education — which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

THE MEANINGS OF "NATURE"[1]

JOHN STUART MILL

"Nature," "natural," and the group of words derived from them, or allied to them in etymology, have at all times filled a great place in the thoughts and taken a strong hold on the feelings of mankind. That they should have done so is not surprising when we consider what the words, in their primitive and most obvious signification, represent; but it is unfortunate that a set of terms which play so great a part in moral and metaphysical speculation should have acquired many meanings different from the primary one, yet sufficiently allied to it to admit of confusion. The words have thus become entangled in so many foreign associations, mostly of a very powerful and tenacious character, that they have come to excite, and to be the symbols of, feelings which their original meaning will by no means justify, and which have made them one of the most copious sources of false taste, false philosophy, false morality, and even bad law.

The most important application of the Socratic Elenchus, as exhibited and improved by Plato, consists in dissecting large abstractions of this description; fixing down to a precise definition the meaning which as popularly used they merely shadow forth, and questioning and testing the common maxims and opinions in which they bear a part. It is to be regretted that among the instructive specimens of this kind of investigation which Plato has left, and to which subsequent times have been so much indebted for whatever intellectual clearness they have attained, he has not enriched posterity with a dialogue on nature. If the idea denoted by the word had been subjected to his searching analysis, and the popular commonplaces in which it figures had been submitted to the ordeal of his powerful dialectics, his successors probably would not have rushed, as they speedily did, into modes of thinking and reasoning of which the fallacious use of that word formed the cornerstone; a kind of fallacy from which he was himself singularly free.

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[1] From *The Idea of God in Nature.*

According to the Platonic method, which is still the best type of such investigations, the first thing to be done with so vague a term is to ascertain precisely what it means. It is also a rule of the same method that the meaning of an abstraction is best sought for in the concrete — of an universal in the particular. Adopting this course with the word "nature," the first question must be, what is meant by the "nature" of a particular object, as of fire, of water, or of some individual plant or animal? Evidently the *ensemble* or aggregate of its powers or properties: the modes in which it acts on other things (counting among those things the senses of the observer), and the modes in which other things act upon it; to which, in the case of a sentient being, must be added its own capacities of feeling, or being conscious. The nature of the thing means all this; means its entire capacity of exhibiting phenomena. And since the phenomena which a thing exhibits, however much they vary in different circumstances, are always the same in the same circumstances, they admit of being described in general forms of words, which are called the laws of the thing's nature. Thus it is a law of the nature of water that, under the mean pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea, it boils at 212 Fahrenheit.

As the nature of any given thing is the aggregate of its powers and properties, so Nature in the abstract is the aggregate of the powers and properties of all things. Nature means the sum of all phenomena, together with the causes which produce them; including not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening; the unused capabilities of causes being as much a part of the idea of Nature as those which take effect. Since all phenomena which have been sufficiently examined are found to take place with regularity, each having certain fixed conditions, positive and negative, on the occurrence of which it invariably happens, mankind have been able to ascertain, either by direct observation or by reasoning processes grounded on it, the conditions of the occurrence of many phenomena; and the progress of science mainly consists in ascertaining those conditions. When discovered they can be expressed in general propositions, which are called laws of the particular phenomenon, and also, more generally, Laws of Nature. Thus the truth, that all material objects tend towards one another with a force directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distance, is a law of nature. The proposition that air and food are necessary to animal life, if it be, as we have good reason to believe, true without exception, is also a law of nature, though the phenomenon of which it is the law is special, and not, like gravitation, universal.

Nature, then, in this, its simplest, acceptation, is a collective name for all facts, actual and possible; or (to speak more accurately) a name for the mode, partly known to us and partly unknown, in which all things take place. For the word suggests, not so much the multitudinous detail of the phenomena, as the conception which might be formed of their manner of existence as a mental whole, by a mind possessing a complete knowledge of them: to which conception it is the aim of science to raise itself, by successive steps of generalization from experience.

Such, then, is a correct definition of the word "nature." But this definition corresponds only to one of the senses of that ambiguous term. It is evidently inapplicable to some of the modes in which the word is familiarly employed. For example, it entirely conflicts with the common form of speech by which Nature is opposed to Art, and natural to artificial. For, in the sense of the word "nature" which has just been defined, and which is the true scientific sense, Art is as much Nature as anything else; and everything which is artificial is natural — Art has no independent powers of its own; Art is but the employment of the powers of Nature for an end. Phenomena produced by human agency, no less than those which as far as we are concerned are spontaneous, depend on the properties of the elementary forces, or of the elementary substances and their compounds. The united powers of the whole human race could not create a new property of matter in general, or of any one of its species. We can only take advantage for our purposes of the properties which we find. A ship floats by the same laws of specific gravity and equilibrium as a tree uprooted by the wind and blown into the water. The corn which men raise for food grows and produces its grain by the same laws of vegetation by which the wild rose and the mountain strawberry bring forth their flowers and fruit. A house stands and holds together by the natural properties, the weight and cohesion of the materials which compose it; a steam engine works by the natural expansive force of steam, exerting a pressure upon one part of a system of arrangements, which pressure, by the mechanical properties of the lever, is transferred from that to another part where it raises the weight or removes the obstacle brought into connection with it. In these and all other artificial operations the office of man is, as has often been remarked, a very limited one: it consists in moving things into certain places. We move objects, and, by doing this, bring some things into contact which were separate, or separate others which were in contact; and, by this simple change of place, natural forces previously dormant are called into action, and produce the desired effect. Even the volition which designs, the intelligence which contrives, and the muscular force which executes these movements, are themselves powers of Nature.

It thus appears that we must recognize at least two principal meanings in the word "nature." 1. In one sense, it means all the powers existing in either the outer or the inner world and everything which takes place by means of those powers. 2. In another sense, it means, not everything which happens, but only what takes place without the agency, or without the voluntary and intentional agency, of man. This distinction is far from exhausting the ambiguities of the word; but it is the key to most of those on which important consequences depend.

Such, then, being the two principal senses of the word "nature," in which of these is it taken, or is it taken in either, when the word and its derivatives are used to convey ideas of commendation, approval, and even moral obligation?

It has conveyed such ideas in all ages. *Naturam sequi* was the fundamental principle of morals in many of the most admired schools of philosophy. Among the ancients, especially in the declining period of ancient intellect and thought, it was the test to which all ethical doctrines were brought. The Stoics and the Epicureans, however irreconcilable in the rest of their systems, agreed in holding themselves bound to prove that their respective maxims of conduct were the dictates of nature. Under their influence the Roman jurists, when attempting to systematise jurisprudence, placed in the front of their exposition a certain *Jus Naturale,* "quod natura," as Justinian declares in the *Institutes,* "omnia animalia docuit"; and as the modern systematic writers, not only on law but on moral philosophy have generally taken the Roman jurists for their models, treatises on the so-called Law of Nature have abounded; and references to this Law as a supreme rule and ultimate standard have pervaded literature. The writers on International Law have done more than any others to give currency to this style of ethical speculation; inasmuch as, having no positive law to write about, and yet being anxious to invest the most approved opinions respecting international morality with as much as they could of the authority of law, they endeavored to find such an authority in Nature's imaginary code. The Christian theology during the period of its greatest ascendancy opposed some, though not a complete, hindrance to the modes of thought which erected Nature into the criterion of morals, inasmuch as, according to the creed of most denominations of Christians (though assuredly not of Christ), man is by nature wicked. But this very doctrine, by the reaction which it provoked, has made the deistical moralists almost unanimous in proclaiming the divinity of Nature, and setting up its fancied dictates as an authoritative rule of action. A reference to that supposed standard is the predominant ingredient in the vein of thought and feeling which was opened by Rousseau, and which has infiltrated itself most widely into the modern mind, not excepting that portion of it which calls itself Christian. The doctrines of Christianity have in every age been largely accommodated to the philosophy which happened to be prevalent, and the Christianity of our day has borrowed a considerable part of its colour and flavour from sentimental deism. At the present time it cannot be said that Nature, or any other standard, is applied as it was wont to be, to deduce rules of action with juridical precision, and with an attempt to make its application co-extensive with all human agency. The people of this generation do not commonly apply principles with any such studious exactness, nor own such binding allegiance to any standard, but live in a kind of confusion of many standards; a condition not propitious to the formation of steady moral convictions, but convenient enough to those whose moral opinions sit lightly on them, since it gives them a much wider range of arguments for defending the doctrine of the moment. But though perhaps no one could now be found who, like the institutional writers of former times, adopts the so-called Law of Nature as the foundation of ethics, and endeavours consistently to reason from it, the word and its cognates must still be counted among those which carry great weight in moral argumentation. That any mode of thinking, feeling, or acting, is "according to nature" is usually accepted as a strong argument for its goodness. If it can be said with any plausibility that "nature enjoins" anything, the propriety of obeying the injunction is by most people considered to be made out; and, conversely, the imputation of being contrary to nature is thought to bar the door against any pretension, on the part of the thing so designated, to be tolerated or excused; and the word "unnatural" has not ceased to be one of the most vituperative epithets in the language. Those who deal in these expressions may avoid making themselves responsible for any fundamental theorem respecting the standard of moral obligation, but they do not the less imply such a theorem, and one which must be the same in substance with that on which the more logical thinkers of a more laborious age grounded their systematic treatises on Natural Law.

Is it necessary to recognize in these forms of speech another distinct meaning of the word "nature?" Or can they be connected, by any rational bond of union, with either of the two meanings already treated of? At first it may seem that we have no option but to admit another ambiguity in the term. All inquiries are either into what is or into what ought to be: science and history belonging to the first division; art, morals, and politics to the second. But the two senses of the word "nature" first pointed out agree in referring only to what is. In the first meaning, Nature is a collective name for everything which is. In the second, it is a name for everything which is of itself, without voluntary human intervention. But the employment of the word "nature" as a term of ethics seems to disclose a third meaning, in which Nature does not stand for what is, but for what ought to be, or for the rule or standard of what ought to be. A little consideration, however, will show that this is not a case of ambiguity; there is not here a third sense of the word. Those who set up Nature as a standard of action do not intend a merely verbal proposition; they do not mean that the standard, whatever it be, should be *called* Nature; they think they are giving some information as to what the standard of action really is. Those who say that we ought to act according to Nature do not mean the mere identical proposition that we ought to do what we ought to do. They think that the word "nature" affords some external criterion of what we should do; and if they lay down as a rule for what ought to be, a word which in its proper signification denotes what is, they do so because they have a notion, either clearly or confusedly, that what is constitutes the rule and standard of what ought to be.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP[1]

GEORGE W. ALDER

LIGHT from electricity in the form of lightning has been visible to man since his creation. But the production by man of light from electricity is a comparatively recent accomplishment. In 1809 Sir Humphrey Davy produced a spark through the agency of a voltaic battery which, incidentally, was at that time an experimental apparatus in the hands of the scientist. Davy's experiment was the forerunner of many by a number of scientists, some of whom made valuable contributions to scientific knowledge, but their work is frequently lost sight of in the brilliancy of the many accomplishments in a period nearer our own time.

On October 21, 1879, Thomas A. Edison, after a long series of experiments, made an electric lamp in which the light was produced by passing a current through a filament consisting of a piece of carbonized cotton thread supported in a glass bottle or bulb from which a high percentage of the air had been exhausted. This lamp Mr. Edison considered successful, because it burned continuously for forty-five hours before failing. This performance was much better than anything he had previously been able to obtain. After this demonstration, which proved the feasibility of the filament type incandescent lamp, the problem arose of finding a substance better suited for practical use as a filament than the cotton thread. Finally, bamboo strips or fibers were adopted as the best material, and were used for many years.

Contemporaries of Edison had also reached the point of practical development of the incandescent lamp both abroad and in the United States. Two Americans, in particular, stand out in this period, namely: William Edward Sawyer and Albon Man. Legal controversies over patents took place between these two men, who worked together, and Mr. Edison, and not only scientists but many others took sides. Much of the controversy was regarding the use of carbon as the filament. Critics of Mr. Edison alleged that his work had been done mainly with the metal, platinum, and alloys, and that Sawyer and Man originated the idea of the carbon filament which at that time was considered to be the one satisfactory material for the filament. Strangely enough, the present-day lamp which, incidentally, is far superior in efficiency to the old carbon lamp, has a metal filament.

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[1] From *Good Housekeeping*. By permission of the editor.

From the time the incandescent lamp was first brought to the practical stage, there have been constant efforts to improve it. As a result of these efforts, the metal filament lamp of to-day is about nine times as efficient as the first carbon lamps, and about three times as efficient as the carbon lamp at its highest state of development. This improvement has involved a tremendous amount of work on the part of many experimenters in the fields of chemistry, physics and electricity.

The filament in the present-day incandescent lamp is made of a slender tungsten wire. This is supported on small metal hooks secured in a glass stem, and the ends of it are connected to wires, called "leading-in wires," that extend through a hollow portion of the stem to the outside of the lamp. It is through these wires that the current flows to the filament. The filament and its support, which complete is called the "mount," is inserted in a glass bulb, and the mount and the bulb are fused together to make an air-tight joint. The air is then exhausted from the bulb, and in some cases a gas which will not support combustion is let into the bulb. A threaded metal base is cemented to the bulb, and the leading-in wires are soldered to it. In the modern lamp factory practically the whole assembly of the lamp is made in machines, manual labor being used only for feeding the various parts of the lamp into the different sections of the machine. About the only exception is in the placing of the filament on its support. This work is done by skilful women operators.

There are many different styles and sizes of incandescent lamps, suitable for use in the home. The type to select should be governed by the use to which the lamp is to be put. For example, there are so-called "clear" lamps with which everybody is familiar, these being the lamps that have a transparent glass bulb through which the filament may be seen. Clear bulb lamps should be used in the home only in fixtures with diffusing shades which will prevent the glare from the filament reaching the eyes. Again, there are the frosted, white, and bowl-enameled lamps in which the bulb itself is designed to diffuse the light from the filament. Small frosted lights of low wattage may be used in candelabra or similar fixtures without shades or other diffusing media. Of course it is also possible to obtain lamps with colored bulbs to be used in decorative lighting to produce color effects, but generally illumination from these lamps is secondary to the decorative function.

As many people know, the ordinary incandescent lamp has more yellow in its spectrum in proportion to the blue than has daylight. For this reason, it is sometimes difficult to judge colors accurately by the light of the ordinary incandescent lamp. To overcome this, the so-called "daylight lamp" has been developed. The bulb of this lamp is made of blue glass. In the home the ordinary lamp or, in fact, a lamp tinted to give the effect of firelight, produces a color that is more pleasing to the average person than the daylight bulb, so the latter has not replaced the ordinary lamp for general illumination. But the daylight lamp finds a definite place in the laundry, for under its light stains and discolorations and colors appear more nearly as they would in daylight and are therefore easier to detect.

Incandescent lamps are made to be used on circuits of a certain voltage. If the circuit voltage is lower than the lamp rating, the light from the lamp will be less than it should. If the circuit voltage is higher than the lamp rating, the filament will be heated excessively, and the life of the lamp will be correspondingly shortened. For example, if a lamp rated at 120 volts is used on a circuit where the voltage has dropped to 105, it will be noticeably dim. On the other hand, if a lamp rated at 120 volts is connected to a 220 volt circuit, it will probably flash bright for an instant and burn out. The voltage rating of the lamp, as well as the wattage rating, is in most cases etched on the bulb, and in purchasing lamps attention should be given as to whether or not the voltage rating is correct for your electric service, and further, whether the wattage rating is what you require for the fixture in which the lamp is to be used.

THE WINTER WREN [1]

JOHN BURROUGHS

THIS nook is the chosen haunt of the winter wren. This is the only place and these the only woods in which I find him in this vicinity. His voice fills these dim aisles, as if aided by some marvelous sounding-board. Indeed, his song is very strong for so small a bird, and unites in a remarkable degree brilliancy and plaintiveness. I think of a tremulous vibrating tongue of silver. You may know it is the song of a wren, from its gushing, lyrical character; but you must needs look sharp to see the little minstrel, especially while in the act of singing. He is nearly the color of the ground and the leaves; he never ascends the tall trees, but keeps low, flitting from stump to stump and from root to root, dodging in and out of his hiding places, and watching all intruders with a suspicious eye. He has a very pert, almost comical look. His tail stands more than perpendicular: it points straight towards his head. He is the least ostentatious singer I know of. He does not strike an attitude, and lift up his head in preparation, and, as it were, clear his throat; but sits there on a log and pours out his music, looking straight before him, or even down at the ground. As a songster, he has but few superiors. I do not hear him after the first week in July.

WHAT KEEPS YOU SAFE IN THE SUBWAY RUSH [2]

ROBERT B. PECK

THE encroachment of mechanical devices upon man power in a rapid transit era, which sees ten-car trains operated by two men and the linked, fiery-eyed monsters of the underground taking turn-off switches apparently of their own volition, has not yet driven the towerman from his battery of switches.

He survives by reason of his brain and faithfulness, as does the lighthouse keeper in an age of automatic lighting and extinguishing devices, which may keep an untended beacon light in the hours of darkness for months on end.

No engine of human invention has been contrived which can be relied upon, month in and month out, to sort out trains at the rate of fifty-six a minute, as does the B.-M. T. towerman at the Essex Street station at the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg Bridge.

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[1] From *In the Catskills.* Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

[2] From *The New York Herald-Tribune.* By permission of the editor.

No automotion has been invented upon which the B.-M. T. will rely to play the intricate chess game, with populous trains as pieces, which three nonchalant young men play in the tower at East New York, where three rapid transit lines converge, their tracks depressed or elevated in great arcs like the tracks of a roller coaster, so that no track crosses another at the same level.

There the trains of the Lexington Avenue, the Fulton Street and the Broadway lines hump themselves and leap or swoop in leisurely dignity like so many inch worms playing leapfrog, as they pick their way to Jamaica, Richmond Hill or Canarsie.

High above the tracks, where Jamaica Bay lies spread out below on one side and all of Brooklyn on the other, is the signal tower in the topmost room of which, glassed in like the light chamber of a lighthouse, is the battery of 168 signals, which controls the movement of the trains.

The handles project in a long, narrow row and are shaped much like those of a compass saw, though made of steel and far heavier. When one is pulled out the mechanism of a distant switch begins to move, but the movement of the handle cannot be completed nor the switch signal set to go ahead until a sharp click like a cocked pistol, informs the towerman the switch is locked.

Once the train has started forward to take the switch in obedience to the signal, the switch cannot be unlocked. This guard, which is automatic, is to prevent such accidents as the one which occurred recently in the Sunnyside yards of the Long Island Railroad, where a switch was thrown while a train was passing over it.

Although the inception of every train movement is of human origin, every such movement is hedged about with automatic safety devices, designed to eliminate so far as possible the factor of human fallibility. Only human brains and faithfulness are utilized.

The entire signal system operated from the tower is interlocked so that conflicting signals cannot be shown. The signal levers must be operated in a predetermined order.

"They're on roller skates up there during the rush hour," is the way an official of the signal department described the haste which the growing burden of trains imposed upon the three men on duty at such times in the tower. But it is a haste which cannot be misdirected. Swift as are the movements of the men, they are restrained by an invisible barrier of automatic safeguards on every side which guide them in precisely the right direction at all times.

The towermen do not have to glance aside from their work to note the approach of a train. Before each of them is a map of the tracks in the section governed by the signals under his hand and a light flashes at the proper spot on it when a train is approaching.

Dusk of a fall evening is the time to see the towerman at work. Glowing trainloads of homeward bound humanity stream smoothly below him, converging, diverging, weaving above and below each other, like the pattern in some gayly crocheted shawl. For a moment they pause and goggle at the tower with eyes of red or green or orange and then, in obedience to the slurring click of the signal lever, slide smoothly on their way.

The towerman has small time to marvel at the brilliant sequence of looping glow-worms that passes his eyrie. His eyes are upon the map before him on the wall, where bulbs suddenly burn white to show a train is waiting for the signal. With a dead cigarette pendant and forgotten on his lower lip, the towerman hastens from lever to lever, the slave of the vast mechanism, of which he also is master.

Everywhere throughout the rapid transit system the human element operates within certain safety zones, established by mechanical devices. It is a balanced system of operation.

The subway motorman, approaching a block signal that shows red, might possibly, be suddenly stricken with some mental affliction, causing him to ignore it. But his train would not pass the danger signal. Regardless of the human element in the driver's cab, the power would be shut off, the brakes applied and the train would come to a stop.

This miracle is accomplished by a tripping device similar to that in use in the Interborough subways. When the block signal, which is set automatically by the last train to pass it, shows red, a track current sets in operation a small but powerful motor buried in a steel case at the tie level.

The motor raises from the roadbed beside the rail a steel arm, tipped with a head like that of a heavy hammer. The head comes to rest in the air at exactly the level of a pipe connected with the airbrakes which protrudes from the side of the subway car. If the train starts to enter the closed block, the hammer head comes in contact with the brake pipe, setting the brakes, and at the same time shutting off the power.

Only with full knowledge of where he is going can a motorman enter a block on which the signal shows red. There is a button on the side of the signal which he can reach out and press after bringing his train to a stop. Pressure on the button releases the upthrust hammer beside the track, and his train passes into the block unhindered, the hammer rising behind it to bring the next train to a stop. Such a counter device is necessary in order to prevent tie-ups which might be caused by faulty signals.

The signal system, however, is seldom at fault. Modifications of the trip-stop motor have been made recently, and some of those of the new design have remained sealed for almost a year without being touched by a repair man. The B.-M. T. has about a thousand such motors, which cost it $500 apiece.

There is another device which is installed on stretches of track where the speed is limited, which prevents the train from exceeding that limit.

As on the Interborough lines, the B.-M. T. subway trains are protected by the "dead man's button," which will cut off the power and apply the brakes the moment the motorman relinquishes his grip upon the controller. Only the pressure of his fingers keeps the button flush with the handle of the controller. The moment it springs out from its socket the brakes are applied and the power cut off.

Even the passengers themselves come directly under the sway of the automatic rulers of the subways. By means of a device in use on no other subway in the world, the force with which the brakes are applied on B.-M. T. trains is regulated by the weight of the load carried by the cars.

The heavier the load, the more pressure is exerted upon the brakes automatically. The momentum gathered by a heavily laden train is thus counterbalanced, and it may be brought to a stop with the same facility as a lighter train.

The automatically adjusted brakes are of especial value in the subway, where the steel cars are of comparatively light construction. The huge cars used by the B.-M. T. weigh 85,000 pounds apiece and have a capacity of 38,000 pounds of humanity. When crowded, therefore, they weigh about 45 per cent more than when empty.

A nice adjustment of the brake to the load is most necessary, the airbrake being the most powerful adjunct of a train. It has been figured that the airbrake on a passenger train is capable of more work in twenty seconds than the locomotive can accomplish in seven minutes.

Swift, smooth, accurate stops are necessary to the comfort of passengers in the subway and to the maintenance of the headway of trains. A constant braking power might lock the brake shoes on a light train so tight as to cause the wheels to slide, and, when the train was heavily loaded, might not be sufficient to bring it to a neat stop.

The efficacy of the combination of man and machine in the subways is testified to by the rarity of fatal accidents on the subway lines. It is far safer to ride in the subway than to cross the street. In the first six months of this year 448 persons were killed by automobiles in this city, while vehicular accidents of all other kinds, including subway accidents, resulted in only eighteen deaths.

Numerous as are the mechanisms governing the operation of the subways, there are numerous ambitious inventors with schemes to increase them. Frequent suggestions are received by officers of the B.-M. T. as to methods of operating their trains without either guards or motorman.

A typical plan was one submitted recently by a man who suggested a break in the third rail ahead of each station. As the power was thus shut off the brakes would be applied automatically with exactly the right force to bring the train to a stop at the station. The stopping of the train would bring into action another circuit which would open the doors of the cars for a certain specified time and the closing of the doors would complete another circuit which would release the brakes and gradually apply the power.

Scores of persons have written in to suggest the use of phonographs to announce the stations.

The B.-M. T., like other transit corporations, continually is experimenting along such lines. Not long ago it had the representative of the manufacturers who supply the London underground with its automatic station announcer experimenting with his device in B.-M. T. trains. It worked well in London, but conditions here were against it. The device consists of a list of stations, posted in each car, the name of the next station being illuminated as soon as the train pulls out of a station.

The London underground system consists of a central belt line from which radiate other lines to various parts of the city. Each line is operated independently as far as equipment goes. Cars used on a spoke are never transferred to the hub, or to any other spoke. Consequently, the roll of stations to be posted in each car is comparatively short, consisting only of the stations on that particular line.

Owing to the plan of the New York subway system, to the storage facilities for cars and to the demands of traffic, not only are cars transferred from one line to another with great frequency, but at certain hours, on the B.-M. T. system, trains skip certain stations at which, at other hours, they stop.

The London scheme was tried on the Bay Ridge line and, under the conditions existing here, was far from satisfactory. The list of stations was so long as to be confusing. It was impossible to adapt the illuminating device to the practice of skipping certain stations at certain hours.

The plan was abandoned, as many inventions, which seemed promising at first, have been. Nevertheless, the advances made in automatic equipment since the first subway was opened in this city twenty years ago are tremendous and rapid transit officials are not prepared to deny that the future may see subway trains as devoid of human control as the escalator in a department store.

Even the towerman may go. Already a tower here and there at turn-off switches on the Brooklyn elevated system has been abandoned, the switches being operated automatically, in much the same way that trolley switches are.

INSIDE THE EARTH, AND OUT[1]

SIR OLIVER LODGE

THE old view about the earth was that it consisted of a thin crust of solid material containing a seething and molten interior, which at intervals burst forth in volcanoes and streams of molten lava. At one time indeed exaggerated views were held about the thinness of the solid crust; but more conservative estimates placed its thickness at about 800 miles. There was no evidence for this, however; the guess was due to the steady increase of temperature experienced as borings were made into the crust, so that it could be reckoned that a temperature that would melt the rocks was to be expected at a reasonable depth.

The idea of a molten or really fluid interior had to be abandoned when the great natural philosophers of the last century began to study with precision the phenomenon of tides. The tides affect only the fluid part of the earth, and practically are found to affect only the ocean, showing that that is really the only fluid portion, in the full sense of the word "fluid." The rest of the earth must be extremely rigid; otherwise the tidal forces would affect that too, and the whole earth would bulge, instead of only the liquid ocean at its surface. The yield of the ocean is a differential one. If the whole earth yielded appreciably, the extra yield of the ocean as observed, would not occur. Consequently, measurement showed that the earth must be as rigid as glass or steel; and it was also pointed out that rocks under the pressure of the superincumbent materials could not melt, however hot. They have to expand on melting, which is the opposite of ice; and therefore great pressure would keep them solid in spite of high temperature. Moreover, it was realized that volcanoes could not be a sign of really deep-seated fire. If the earth were mainly molten, the crust would be likely to break up and sink in, and the fluid come to the surface; in fact, the earth in a molten stage would not be habitable at all. Ice floats on water; but solid rock does not float on molten rock, it sinks.

This state of things may really have occurred at a certain early period of the earth's history; but it would not become habitable until this process had all ceased, and the crusts formed by cooling had successively fallen in, until the whole earth was solid, when it would have a chance of cooling at the surface sufficiently to allow water to accumulate and low forms of life to make their appearance; and this cooling has gone on until to-day. Volcanoes and hot springs were therefore spoken of as mere skin eruptions, localized pockets of heat; which subsequently could be readily explained by radioactivity, that is to say, by the spontaneous disintegration of heavy atoms and evolution of some small part of their immense stores of intra-atomic energy.

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[1] From *The Scientific American*. By permission of the editor.

Indeed, this phenomenon of radioactivity — which is also held to account for the astonishingly high temperature of the sun and the stars, and to be the supply of the heat which they are continually radiating — is so great that the wonder was that the earth was not hotter than it is. Hence, no one doubts that the interior of the earth is hot; but everyone doubts that it is seriously fluid. But if not fluid, it may be pasty, that is to say, extremely viscous. Ordinary viscosity is displayed by such fluids as honey or treacle; but there is a kind of fluidity which behaves like a solid to quick forces, and as a fluid only to very slow ones. The most familiar example of that is pitch. Pitch when cold behaves like a brittle solid; it can be broken with a hammer, and does not bend or otherwise yield to ordinary forces. But it is found that if even a small force is applied to it for months together, it yields to that force, very slowly, in the same sort of way that a fluid would yield to it quickly. A fluid takes the shape of any vessel you put it into, and flattens out under its own weight. So does pitch, no matter how cold it is; but you might have to wait several years for the process to be complete. It never yields quickly. A force lasting only a day or two would make hardly any impression, provided it was not sufficient to cause breakage.

Now there is a certain heavy black rock which is rather prevalent in the deep crust of the earth, and which when it comes to the surface is known as basalt — the stuff of which the Giant's Causeway, near Portrush in the north of Ireland, is made. This rock becomes plastic and viscous, like sealing-wax or pitch, at a reasonably high temperature, long before it melts. It contracts on solidifying — that is the reason of the hexagonal clefts in the Giant's Causeway; and, hence, pressure would keep it solid, and prevent its melting. It is not, therefore, molten in the ordinary sense, even in the hot depths of the earth. It would not yield to tidal forces, which last only for a time measured in hours; but it would yield to forces which continue uniformly to act over centuries or thousands of years.

The modern view, then, of the crust of the earth is that at a certain considerable depth there is a vast accumulation of this semi-plastic material, solid and unyielding for all ordinary purposes, but yielding slowly like a fluid to very long continued forces. In this magma the continents are believed to be floating — floating as it were like icebergs in a sea of pitch — solid and stable enough to all appearance, and yet liable to slow and regular movements, of a kind which would be experienced quickly by any ordinary floating body. Some parts might rise, opposite parts might sink; and this sort of slow disturbance is known to be going on. Even in England some parts of the coast are rising, so that the sea is retreating; in other parts of the coast the sea is encroaching, or the land is sinking. But the operation is much more striking on a large continent like America. Take South America for instance. It is floating in equilibrium, with a high range of mountains, the Andes, on the west, and the great river plains of Brazil and Argentina on the east, and if left to itself would be in equilibrium; but the rivers keep on carrying down material from the mountains to the sea, and hence, though very slowly, are gradually disturbing its balance, like a load shifted from one side of a boat to the other. Consequently it is to be expected that the east side is gradually sinking, and the west side gradually rising — a slow and very slight rotation of the whole continent.

But what is the result? It is evident that a great strain must be put upon the solid materials of the continent especially at the edges. The tilting of a mass like that must be accompanied by sudden fractures and slips. The solid portion will be strained until it gives way and falls suddenly back. Such breakage is most likely to occur where the ground is being forced up. Parts of it will cling on until they can cling no longer and then fall with a smash, and very likely a splash, since the breakage may easily occur under the sea at some little distance from the coast. Hence, it is that the coast near a range of mountains is more likely to be an earthquake region than any portion of a great plain;

though of course small slips may occur anywhere, with less frequency.

Still more extraordinary consequences have been suggested of late as probably resulting from this flotation theory, which is associated with the name of Professor Wegener, and is called sometimes the Wegener hypothesis. Some of its recent developments are due to Professor John Joly, F. R. S., of Dublin. The moon is known to have been broken or squeezed off from the earth in long past prehistoric ages; and the scar left by its separation is now the mere residuum of a depression called the Pacific Ocean. There was no liquid water or reasonable atmosphere in those very early days; and the earth had no semblance then of what it is now. It was long before the formations which are studied in geology. It must have occurred thousands of millions of years ago. But long after it happened this scar would be deep, and all the water would accumulate there, when water could make its appearance. The great bulge of land would be in the opposite hemisphere, high and dry. But this state of things would not last forever. There would be a tendency for solid matter to fall and move, so as to fill up the cavity. Moreover, a great floating mass of land might break up, and a part of it drift away from the rest. The shape of America looks as if it had once fitted on to Africa and Europe; the idea is that it once formed part of that great continent.

But there are certain propelling forces, partly due to the rotation of the earth — which could be explained more at length — that tend to push a detached mass of land, cracked or separated from the rest by some great convulsion, tend to push it towards the west, in a direction opposite to the rotation of the earth. And thus the floating mass, floating in the viscous magma above spoken of, would in the course of ages gradually travel, so that water flowed into the interstices or intervening space and became what we now know as the Atlantic Ocean. The pushed continent would tend to crumple up on its advancing side, and would thus form the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, which at one time may have been much higher than they are now; ordinary atmospheric processes of degradation and denudation would wear them down, and a coast line would be formed even on their advancing side; and there would be any number of minor upheavals and sinkings, in themselves fairly slow, but not slow in comparison with the majestic movement of a whole continent.

On the opposite or eastern side of the earth there would not be the same pushing force tending to separation; but there would be a precipitous descent into the cavity; that is, the lands there would be standing on the edge of a precipice. This would inevitably lead to a certain amount of separation; and still more would it lead to occasional cataclysmic disturbances, or breakage and falling in of some portion of the crust.

Anyone living on a mountain side or the edge of a precipice must know that it is rather a dangerous position, and that a landslide may occasionally occur. Japan is situated on just such a precipice. The land slopes down sharply into the depths of the Pacific Ocean, the gradient there being much steeper than on the west coast of America; and accordingly it must be peculiarly liable to the sudden collapses that we call earthquakes. The Philippine Islands are on the edge of another deep chasm.

Now if a breakage of the crust occurs at any place, it is bound to be accompanied by a violent shaking; and this shake or earthquake tremor travels through the rocks at a great pace, giving them a rapid horizontal vibration. The vibration may not be much in extent; it may be only an inch or two. But if the foundations of a house are shaken by a couple of inches by such enormous forces as can shake it rapidly, the brick and stone of the house cannot follow the movement, and the whole structure is liable to collapse. The design of houses in ordinary countries is not adapted to this rapid shaking of the foundations, and damage is bound to result. Even a small tremor, much less than an inch, will do serious damage.

When a breakage of the crust occurs under the sea and a cleft is formed, it is quite possible for some water to get into the cleft and descend to regions of high temperature, where it will be converted into steam, and may cause something more like a volcanic explosion. There appears no need, however, to call in the aid of steam in order to account for the damage done by a fracture in the earth's crust near an inhabited country. Moreover, the shock of the disturbance travels far and wide as an earthquake wave. It travels through the deep-seated rock at a greater pace than through the surface crust; and hence a distant station — it may be a thousand miles away — usually experiences a double shock or double series of vibrations, one set coming through the deep earth itself, another coming through the surface crust a little afterwards. The speed with which these two waves travel is approximately known; and hence, by the interval between them, an estimate can be formed of the distance at which the original catastrophe must have occurred.

If two people go to opposite ends of a long iron railing, and one of them hits the rail, the other can adjust himself so as to hear two knocks, one coming through the iron, the other through the air; the speed of sound in iron being four times that through air; and by timing these sounds he could reckon how far away the person was who delivered the blow, even if he did not know. If he were listening in the middle of a long railing running east and west, he might be uncertain whether the sound came from the east or from the west; to tell that, he would have to compare notes with other observers. But if there were two listeners with a little distance between them then either of them could tell the distance, and both of them together could tell the direction; for the nearer one would receive the wave before the other.

To imitate the condition of an earthquake observer, we might imagine railings running north, south, east, and west. Then suppose two observers, both on the east and west line, get the shock simultaneously — they would know that it must be coming from the north or the south; whereas, if one received the sound before the other, say the more easterly one, they would know that it was coming partly from the east. But to localize it with any precision, more than two observers would be necessary. They must have instruments which would record the accurate time of the shock, and they must telegraph the results to each other. Roughly speaking, that is how it is done. It is somewhat akin to the sound-ranging by which guns were localized during the war, by timing the arrival of the sound at different stations.

The earthquake wave is not a sound in the ordinary sense, though it travels with the speed of sound in the different materials through which it comes. It is a quiver which has to be registered by ingeniously devised pendulum instruments, some of which we owe to the great earthquake observer, the late John Milne, who spent many years in Japan; and some of which we owe to

Sir Alfred Ewing, now Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Many observing stations, equipped with these delicate and ingenious instruments, are distributed in nearly all civilized countries.

The above is a cold-blooded account, or summary, of the immense amount of knowledge that has now been acquired about the crust of the earth in the past and present; and the wonder is that the earth is as stable and habitable as it is. But it is not really stable; and we are wakened up to the fact of insecurity every now and then by one of these cataclysms which, though small and insignificant from the cosmic point of view, have a terrible effect upon humanity. Man is a mere pigmy among these convulsions of nature; he is a child of nature, a child of the earth, as we might say, and must suffer for the storms and immaturity of his parent. It is all good and wholesome for us in the long run, however dreadful it seems at the time; and at any rate we may be thankful that the distress and loss of life has not this time been brought about by human wickedness. Man is not responsible. And under those circumstances, though we are horrified, we need not be unduly distressed or depressed. A world-wide calamity that destroys whole families is, I expect, less heartrending than one which picks out here one and there another. An earthquake destroys indiscriminately; it does not select the young and vigorous for destruction; indeed, they are more likely than others to escape. In nature there is a survival of the fittest; in war there is a destruction of the fittest. The longing to help, and the sympathy which is called out by an earthquake cataclysm, are all to the good. These occurrences are part of the mystery of life and death. We are not responsible for them; we must do what we can to help, and retain our trust in the wisdom and beneficence of Higher Powers.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS[1]

THE regulations governing the American Rhodes Scholarships are revised from year to year and printed in the annual Memorandum of the Rhodes Trust, together with an application blank for the use of candidates. The main provisions remain essentially the same from year to year, but there are annual changes in detail. Intending candidates should be careful to get the latest copy of the Memorandum in order to make sure of fulfilling all the requirements. The important parts of the regulations as printed in the Memorandum for 1922 are as follows:

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[1] From Frank Aydelotte, *Oxford of Today*. Copyright, by the Oxford University Press, American Branch, publishers.

The stipend of a Rhodes Scholarship is normally £300 a year, but until further notice Scholars will receive a bonus of £50 in addition, making a total of £350 per annum.[1] A Scholarship is tenable for three years, subject to the continued approval of the College at Oxford of which the Scholar is a member. Two Scholarships are assigned to each state. Since the Scholarship is tenable for three years, there will be one year out of every three in each state in which there will be no election. In each of the other two years one Scholarship will be filled up if a suitable candidate offers. For the purpose of arranging the rotation of Scholarships the states of the Union have been divided into three groups as follows:

A	B	C
Connecticut	Alabama	Arizona
Illinois	Arkansas	Delaware
Indiana	California	Florida
Kentucky	Colorado	Idaho
Maine	Georgia	Louisiana
Maryland	Iowa	Montana
Massachusetts	Kansas	Nevada
New Hampshire	Michigan	New Mexico
New Jersey	Minnesota	North Carolina
New York	Mississippi	North Dakota
Ohio	Missouri	Oklahoma
Pennsylvania	Nebraska	South Carolina
Rhode Island	Oregon	South Dakota
Tennessee	Texas	Utah
Vermont	Washington	West Virginia
Virginia	Wisconsin	Wyoming

Two groups of states elect Scholars each year according to the following scheme:

1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	8	9	3	1	2	3
A	A	B	A	A	B	A	A	B	A	A	B
B	C	C	B	C	C						

and so on in regular rotation. It should be noted that the Rhodes Scholars are elected nine or ten months before they enter Oxford.

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[1] Now raised to £400. Ed.

For example, Scholars were elected for 1921 in September, 1920; for 1922 in December, 1921; and so on. The actual date fixed for the election is announced each year in the Memorandum of regulations.

A candidate to be eligible must:

(A) Be a male citizen of the United States, with at least five years' domicile, and unmarried.
(B) By the 1st of October of the year for which he is elected have passed his nineteenth and not have passed his twenty-fifth birthday.
(C) By the 1st of October of the year for which he is elected have completed at least his Sophomore year at some recognized degree-granting university or college of the United States of America.

Candidates may apply either for the state in which they have their ordinary private domicile, home, or residence, or for any state in which they may have received at least two years of their college education before applying. For each state there is a Committee of Selection, in whose hands, subject to ratification by the Trustees, the nominations rest. Candidates must in the first instance be selected by their own college or university. The method of doing this is left to each institution. The number of candidates who may represent an institution in the competition for any one state is as follows:

Institutions with less than 500 students: Not more than 2 candidates.
Institutions with from 500 to 1000 students: Not more than 3 candidates.
Institutions with from 1000 to 2000 students: Not more than 4 candidates.
Institutions with more than 2000 students: Not more than 5 candidates.

In accordance with the will of Cecil John Rhodes the qualities on the basis of which Scholars are selected are:

(1) Qualities of manhood, force of character, and leadership.
(2) Literary and scholastic ability and attainments.
9 10 11 (3) 12 Physical vigour, as shown by interest in outdoor sports or in
B A 4 8 other ways.

The ideal Rhodes Scholar should excel in all three of the qualities indicated, but in the absence of such an ideal combination, Committees will prefer a man who shows distinction either of character and personality, or of intellect, over one who shows a lower degree of excellence in both. Participation and interest in open-air and athletic pursuits form an essential qualification for a Rhodes Scholar, but exceptional athletic distinction is not to be treated as of equal importance with the other requirements.

Each candidate for a Scholarship is required to make application to the Secretary of the Committee of Selection of the state in which he wishes to compete, using the application form printed in the annual Memorandum of regulations, and furnishing:

(a) A photograph of himself.
(b) A birth certificate.
(c) A written statement from the President of his college or university to the effect that he has been selected to represent that institution in the state in which he is competing.
(d) A record certified by the Registrar, or some other responsible official, of the course of study he has pursued together with his grades.
(e) A statement by himself of his general activities and interests at college, and of his proposed line of study at Oxford.
(f) The names of not less than five nor more than eight persons from whom further information may be obtained concerning his qualifications. At least three of these must be persons under whom the candidate has studied.

In the absence of candidates qualified to take full advantage of the Scholarship, Committees will make no appointment. Vacancies so created may, as authorized from time to time by the Trustees, be filled by the appointment of Scholars-at-large. Scholars-at-large are chosen from among the particularly strong candidates who have failed to secure a regular appointment.

No restriction is placed upon a Rhodes Scholar's choice of studies. He may read for the Oxford B.A. in any of the Final Honour Schools, may enter for one of the so-called Diploma Courses in special subjects, or, if qualified by previous training, may be admitted to read for advanced degrees such as the B.Sc., B.Litt., B.C.L., or D.Phil.

Application in any state should be made through the Secretary of the Committee of Selection for that state.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF POLITICS[1]

GLENN FRANK

It may turn out that Secretary Fall has rendered a greater service to the American people than any man who has held a cabinet portfolio for a generation. He may succeed in doing what the professors of political science have never been able to do. He may shock a politically illiterate people into a genuine interest in the problem of government.

We *are* a nation of political illiterates. Despite our noisy devotion to popular government, we are not politically minded. We display a sporadic and short-lived interest in issues, we give a fleeting loyalty to picturesque political personalities, now and then we organize reform movements as bored wives embrace a current cult, but we lack a sustained interest in the continuously wise administration of our common life. When we express a deep interest in politics, it is as a special and temporary task. It takes a case of clumsy treason or a presidential campaign to make us really think about government.

It may be that out of the oil scandal will come our political redemption, provided we do not feel that we have fulfilled our duty in the matter when we have jailed a few culprits, ousted a few incompetents, and indulged in an emotional debauch of moral indignation. This must be kept clear: the exposure and expulsion of a few guilty officials is only the first faltering step toward meeting the challenge that has issued from the Teapot-Dome investigation. The oil scandal is nothing less than a challenge to an exhaustive reëxamination of the tools, the technic, and the leadership of American politics.

For weeks our newspapers have been filled with recitals of the nauseating obscenities of commercialized politics. Naturally, our sense of common decency has been outraged. We rightfully demand that the auction-block, from which public servants are bought as slaves were bought, be taken out of American politics. If we are to have a "business administration" of our Government, we have the right to demand that its business ethics be taken from the best of our creative captains of industry, not from the few bucaneers of business who have unhappily survived from the days when bribery accounts and slush funds were commonly regarded as "legitimate" items in operating expenses or costs of production. We are determined that the money-changers shall be driven from the temple of government. But after the temple has been cleared of the money-changers, we shall face the even more important duty of examining the foundations, the functions, and the atmosphere of the temple itself in order to find out what it is that has made the temple so attractive to the money-changers.

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[1] From *The Century Magazine*. By permission of the editor.

We need a new and realistic critique of American politics. Somebody should do for politics what John Ruskin did for architecture when he wrote *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* Of politics we may say, as Ruskin said of architecture, that we need "some determined effort to extricate from the confused mass of partial traditions and dogmata, with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those large principles of right which are applicable to every stage and style of it."

Of course no such critique of the functions of government and the equipment of political leadership is possible within the limits of this brief essay. Here is a job for scholars and seers in whom technical knowledge is brought to life by social insight and a flair for political invention. Some university or some publishing house might make a handsome bid for immortality by setting a group of such savants at the job of reëxamining American politics in order to find out what must be done to make American Government better fit to handle its current problems and less vulnerable to the materialists who rob it and the muddlers who run it. But while we are waiting for some such group of political Ruskins to begin their work, there may be some value in trying to suggest "the seven lamps of politics" that might light our approach to the new politics which the oil scandal and allied prostitutions of government have challenged us to formulate.

The Lamp of Skepticism.— One of the root evils of American politics is ancestor-worship. And ancestor-worship plays even quicker havoc in politics than in religion. No continuously good work can be done unless the worker maintains an attitude of skepticism toward the tools and the technic of his job. There must be constant and conscientious criticism of the institutions and methods of politics if the tools of government are to be kept adjusted to the tasks of government. When the tasks change, the tools must be changed, or government breaks down and politics becomes a playground for pirates.

There is to-day a very active fundamentalist movement in American politics, strikingly similar to the fundamentalist movement in religion in that it attempts to withdraw from criticism all of the original institutions and philosophy of American Government. But the moment constitutions or institutions of government are withdrawn from criticism and made sacrosanct, the stage is set for corruption and catastrophe. The true guardians of government are its critics, not its worshipers. The dead rebels who founded our Government, were they alive to-day, would be the last to contend that a changeless government can serve a changing world. I am sure that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson would have least in common with those who quote them most to-day. The American Government is plagued with corruption, and the Russian Government was challenged by revolution, because both put up "no-trespassing" signs against honest critics.

The greatest danger that is involved in the oil scandal is not that we may fail to capture the traitors to our Government, but that we shall neglect to take this opportunity to reëxamine the technic of government that makes treason so easy. The biggest stumbling-block in the way of such a fundamental reëxamination is the fact that the Bourbons of American politics cannot distinguish between scientific discontent with government and social discontent with government. What goes by the name of "social discontent" is often a blind and inarticulate rage against a government that is blundering in its job. That sort of discontent is, of course, dangerous, because it rests on mere anger at results. Such discontent does breed "dangerous radicalism" as that term is understood by our Tories. It is the business of statesmanship to forestall such discontent. Unfortunately, the political Bourbon thinks he can do away with discontent by swinging the big stick and financing law-and-order campaigns. The lessons of the life and times of the Czar of Russia are lost on many Americans. The only remedy for "dangerous radicalism" lies in the substitution of "scientific discontent" with government for "social discontent" with government. The true conservatives are the scientific radicals. They know that an obsolete method of government is as dangerous to the social order as an atrophied organ in the human body.

Let me suggest, by way of illustration, certain aspects of our Government that we must begin to consider open-mindedly if we want to be free in the future from corruption and reckless radicalism.

Our Government was designed to do one sort of job, and we have given it an entirely different sort of job to do without readjusting its methods and institutions to the new job. In the beginning our Government was designed to fulfil the limited task of protecting its citizens in their rights and their liberties. Its original purpose was not to do things for its citizens, but to give them a protection that would insure to them freedom and elbow-room for conducting their lives and their enterprises in their own way. The tools and the technic of the Government our fathers founded were admirably fitted to that task. But since then we have altered the purpose of our Government. We have decided that our Government shall, as Alleyne Ireland has phrased it, be "the instrument of the social purpose," that year by year the Government shall do more and more things for its citizens. See what this means. A government that was designed to play policeman and protector has been converted into an administrator of all sorts of complicated social and economic tasks. We have taken the traffic cop from the street corner and made him the executive of a vast and baffling enterprise. We have, to make the analogy specific, taken Mike Murphy, who was a perfectly good regulator of traffic, with his philosophy of stop-and-go, and put him in Judge Gary's chair as head of the United States Steel Corporation. The result has been not only that the Mike Murphys have proved blundering executives, but that the Judge Garys have, in many instances, become the social traffic cops who issue the stop-and-go orders to American life. But that is an aside. The point is that a government designed to play policeman to the rights and liberties of its citizens cannot, without a highly intelligent readjustment of its tools and its technic, become the administrator of the social purpose of its citizens. We have not made that readjustment. On the contrary, we have regarded as a dangerous radical any man who has suggested that maybe the qualities that made Mike a good traffic cop were not the qualities that would enable him to change places, let us say, with Henry Ford and carry on Mr. Ford's creative administration of a complicated industrial process effectively. A government not equipped for the job it has in hand is an open invitation to manipulation by outside interests.

We are spending untold energy warding off what we are pleased to call "attacks upon our form of representative government," without stopping to examine the far-reaching changes that have actually taken place in the way our representative government functions. In the beginning senators and representatives were *trusted representatives;* to-day they are *instructed delegates.* They are not human substitutes for us; they are phonograph records of our fluctuating moods. The popular politician is the one who most quickly carries out the orders of a post-card bombardment from his constituency. Subserviency of spirit is a bigger political asset to-day than superiority of mind. The fathers sought to found a *responsible* government; we seem to prefer a *responsive* government. The ideal of the fathers was a representative republicanism; we have forsaken that ideal for the ideal of a direct democracy. But we have overlooked the fact that democracy and republicanism are essentially different ideals of government and that the political forms and methods that express the one cannot adequately express the other. Much of the confusion and corruption of American government to-day is due to the fact that a direct democracy is trying to express itself through the forms and methods of representative republicanism. I am not attempting, in this essay, to suggest any judgment regarding the relative values of republicanism and democracy. It may be said, in passing, that it will not do to jump too hastily to the conclusion that, because democracy has not made a better record in America to date, the older ideal of republicanism is the preferable. Democracy has not had a fair chance in America. It has never had its own set of tools with which to work. It has been using the tools of republicanism — tools that were never designed for the work of democracy. It may be that direct democracy will always end in the rule of the mediocre. It may be that when we have grown sober from the heady wine of democracy we shall go back to representative republicanism. My only contention is that whichever we choose, we must see to it that it is provided with forms and methods of government suited to it.

I have given most of this essay over to a discussion of the lamp of skepticism because it is the one most important to the new politics. If we can break the hold of ancestor-worship upon American politics, if we can break ourselves of the habit of regarding as an anarchist the man who wants to see the tools of government fitted wisely to the tasks of government, if we can realize that change and treason are not synonyms, all else will follow from our wholesome skepticism.

The Lamp of Science.— We must put a fact basis under politics. Statesmanship must proceed from a scientific study of the causes of social problems and a statistical study of the results of social policies. I do not mean that we want government by specialists. God forbid! There is much to be said for the amateur spirit in government. But the statesman must maintain a friendly alliance with the specialist. No man is really fitted to be a senator or representative, dealing with the issues of immigration, Americanization, education, and the like, unless he has at least a bowing acquaintance with the results of the living sciences of biology, psychology, and anthropology. Without such knowledge he is a doctor treating diseases the causes of which he does not understand. These living sciences are throwing up the raw materials of the new politics. A tax bill is proposed, and the country has its mind pulled first in one direction and then in another by politically doctored statistics. Is there not somewhere in the country enough genius for political invention to devise ways and means for the statistical study of public problems and policies so that the electorate can have in hand, when issues arise, facts untainted by political strategy? Of course no fool-proof method can be devised. We must train ourselves to reverence for facts after they have been unearthed.

The Lamp of Humanism.— Liberal politics has too often proceeded from a sentimental humanitarianism. The new politics will proceed from a scientific humanism. To date science has given us a new bigotry. When, by the grace of modern biology, psychology, and anthropology, men began to rediscover the law of inequality that runs throughout the lives of men and races, our study tables were flooded with books that heralded a new tyranny. The Nordics were a fine breed, therefore the Nordics must set their iron heel upon the neck of the "inferior" races. The mental tests revealed the fact that there are multitudes of slow-witted and half-witted children, therefore student bodies must be severely restricted to the élite, and the "inferior" types must be set aside early by mental tests to the menial tasks of civilization. The responsible scholars of science have not said this, but the facile journalistic camp-followers of science have. But these petty Prussians of science are a passing annoyance. Biology, psychology, and anthropology are laying the foundations for a new tolerance, a new tenderness, a new humanism. When we really know the inborn limitations of men and races we are for the first time in a position to deal sympathetically and wisely with them, and wisdom is always tolerant and tender and human. The new knowledge of men and races that we are gaining will ultimately give us a realistic basis for a coöperation of classes and races in terms of what each is fitted to contribute. The half-baked knowledge that finds in biology, psychology, and anthropology the mandate for a new intolerance is a passing phase.

The Lamp of Culture.— The new politics will be less political and more cultural. It will think of the culture of its citizens first and of the control of its citizens second, knowing that culture brings self-control. Its policy will be more education and less government. The new politics will not kill culture with the poison of official patronage, but will give a new impetus to the forces of culture by shifting the emphasis in government from the exploitation of the nation's resources to the development of the nation's citizens. Better citizens will be able to carry on their enterprises without so much governmental assistance. As L. P. Jacks has suggested in his *A Living Universe*, when the politics of power is superseded by the politics of culture, the quarrelsomeness that inspires our class conflicts and wars will become less and less. The old politics has specialized in the quest for material power. That quest is, as he says, essentially quarrelsome and cruel. Legislators must spend sleepless nights drafting laws to control the game. The new politics of culture will be essentially coöperative rather than competitive. "Political civilization," says Mr. Jacks, "has taught mankind two lessons of supreme value — the lesson of organization and the lesson of scientific method. What we may hope for is not the loss of these things, but their gradual transference from the service of power to the service of culture, from the exploitation of the world to the development of man." The new politics will not debate, as we are debating, whether or not education should be made a department of government, but will regard government as simply one of the departments of education.

The Lamp of Unity.— The trend of human history is toward what H. G. Wells has called "the moral and intellectual reunion of mankind." The new politics will set its face against the things that divide classes and nations. It will play for the unity of mankind. It will not allow professional patriots, who often hide their social and economic treason under a cloak of political patriotism, to lure it into petty and partial loyalties. And the unity the new politics will seek will not mean drab uniformity. It is the old politics of particularism that makes for uniformity. It is inside the sealed frontiers of racial egotism and excessive political nationalism that men are standardized and judged by a mathematical percentage. Under the new politics the one hundred per cent American will be the man who has done the least to divide mankind into quarrelsome classes and nations, the man who has done the most to further the "moral and intellectual reunion of mankind."

The Lamp of Vision.— A distinguished political figure has given his notion of the statesman's duty as "doing each day's work as well as he can." This is an admirable desk motto for any man, but it falls far short of a statesman's duty. The statesman has a responsibility for vision. He must guard against becoming a visionary, but the details of his day's work must be pointed toward some verifiable vision of the goal of politics and government. Otherwise he works always under the spell of the immediate; his acts and his policies are disjointed; he tends to become a mere patcher together of a political crazy-quilt. American politics is starving for statesmen who have a grasp of the larger forces that are marching through the world making history while we debate this and that bill.

The Lamp of Action.—The test of the new politics will be its actability, its workability. It is a human weakness to think we have done a thing when we have thought it and said it. We elect men to high office for their ability to *say* the things we want done. The new politics will be less rhetorical and more realistic. The new politician will be more the engineer and less the stump-speaker.

DELUSIONS REGARDING THE AMERICAN CHARACTER[1]

HENRY L. MENCKEN

In the case of the American of the multitude that accumulation of errors is of astounding bulk and consequence. His ideas are not only grossly misapprehended by all foreigners; they are often misapprehended by his own countrymen of superior education, and even by himself.

This last, at first blush, may seem a mere effort at paradox, but its literal truth becomes patent on brief inspection. Ask the average American what is the salient passion in his emotional armamentarium — what is the idea that lies at the bottom of all his other ideas — and it is very probable that, nine times out of ten, he will nominate his hot and unquenchable rage for liberty. He regards himself, indeed, as the chief exponent of liberty in the whole world, and all its other advocates as no more than his followers, half timorous and half envious. To question his ardour is to insult him as grievously as if one questioned the honour of the republic or the chastity of his wife. And yet it must be plain to any dispassionate observer that this ardour, in the course of a century and a half, has lost a large part of its old burning reality and descended to the estate of a mere phosphorescent superstition. The American of to-day, in fact, probably enjoys less personal liberty than any other man of Christendom, and even his political liberty is fast succumbing to the new dogma that certain theories of government are virtuous and lawful and others abhorrent and felonious. Laws limiting the radius of his free activity multiply year by year: it is now practically impossible for him to exhibit anything describable as genuine individuality, either in action or in thought, without running afoul of some harsh and unintelligible penalty. It would surprise no impartial observer if the motto, *In God we trust*, were one day expunged from the coins of the republic by the Junkers at Washington, and the far more appropriate word, *Verboten*, substituted. Nor would it astound any save the most romantic if, at the same time, the goddess of liberty were taken off the silver dollars to make room for a bas relief of a policeman in spiked helmet.

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[1] From *The American Credo*, by George Jean Nathan and Henry L. Mencken. Copyright, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishers.

Moreover, this gradual (and, of late, rapidly progressive) decay of freedom goes almost without challenge; the American has grown so accustomed to the denial of his constitutional rights and to the minute regulation of his conduct by swarms of spies, letter-openers, informers and *agents provocateurs* that he no longer makes any serious protest. It is surely a significant fact that, in the face of the late almost incredible proceedings under the so-called Espionage Act and other such laws, the only objections heard of came either from the persons directly affected — nine-tenths of them Socialists, pacifists, or citizens accused of German sympathies, and hence without any rights whatever in American law and equity — or from a small group of professional libertarians, chiefly naturalized aliens. The American people, as a people, acquiesced docilely in all these tyrannies, both during the war and after the war, just as they acquiesced in the invasion of their common rights by the Prohibition Amendment. Worse, they not only acquiesced docilely; they approved actively; they were quite as hotly against the few protestants as they were against the original victims, and gave their hearty approbation to every proposal that the former be punished too. The really startling phenomenon of the war, indeed, was not the grotesque abolition of liberty in the name of liberty, but the failure of that usurpation to arouse anything approaching public indignation. It is impossible to imagine the men of Jackson's army or even Grant's army submitting to any such absolutism without a furious struggle, but in these latter days it is viewed with the utmost complacency. The descendants of the Americans who punished John Adams so melodramatically for the Alien and Seditions Acts of 1798 failed to raise a voice against the far more drastic legislation of 1917. What is more, they failed to raise a voice against its execution upon the innocent as well as upon the guilty, in gross violation of the most elemental principles of justice and rules of law.

Thus the Americano, put to the test, gave the lie to what is probably his proudest boast, and revealed the chronic human incapacity for accurate self-analysis. But if he thereby misjudged and misjudges himself, he may find some consolation for his error in the lavishness with which even worse misjudgment is heaped upon him by foreigners. To this day, despite the intimate contact of five long years of joint war, the French and the English are ignorant of his true character, and show it in their every discussion of him, particularly when they discuss him in camera. It is the secret but general view of the French, we are informed by confidential agents, that he is a fellow of loose life and not to be trusted with either a wine-pot, a virgin or a domestic-fowl — an absurdly inaccurate generalization from the aberrations of soldiers in a far land, cut off from the moral repressions that lie upon them and colour all their acts at home. It is the view of the English, so we hear upon equally reliable authority, that he is an earnest but extremely inefficient oaf, incapable of either the finer technic of war or of its machinelike discipline — another thumping error, for the American is actually extraordinarily adept and ingenious in the very arts that modern war chiefly makes use of, and there is, since the revolt of the Prussian, no other such rigidly regimented man in the world. He has, indeed, reached such a pass in the latter department that it has become almost impossible for him to think of himself save as an obedient member of some vast, powerful and unintelligibly despotic organization — a church, a trades-union, a political party, a tin-pot fraternal order, or what not, — and often he is a member of more than one, and impartially faithful to all. Moreover, as we have seen, he lives under laws which dictate almost every detail of his public and private conduct, and punish every sign of bad discipline with the most appalling rigour; and these laws are enforced by police who supply the chance gaps in them extempore, and exercise that authority in the best manner of prison guards, animal trainers and drill sergeants.

The English and the French, besides these special errors, have a full share in an error that is also embraced by practically every other foreign people. This is the error of assuming, almost as an axiom beyond question, that the Americans are a sordid, money-grubbing people, with no thought above the dollar. You will find it prevailing everywhere on the Continent of Europe. To the German the United States is Dollarica, and the salient American personality, next to the policeman who takes bribes and the snuffling moralist in office, is the Dollarprinzessin. To the Italian the country is a sort of savage wilderness in which everything else, from religion to beauty and from decent repose to human life, is sacrificed to profit. Italians cross the ocean in much the same spirit that our runaway school-boys used to go off to fight the Indians. Some, lucky, return home in a few years with fortunes and gaudy tales; others, succumbing to the natives, are butchered at their labour and buried beneath the cinders of hideous and God-forsaken mining towns. All carry the thought of escape from beginning to end; every Italian hopes to get away with his takings as soon as possible, to enjoy them on some hillside where life and property are reasonably safe from greed. So with the Russian, the Scandinavian, the Balkan hillman, even the Greek and Armenian. The picture of America that they conjure up is a picture of a titanic and merciless struggle for gold, with the stakes high and the contestants correspondingly ferocious. They see the American as one to whom nothing under the sun has any value save the dollar — not truth, or beauty, or philosophical ease, or the common decencies between man and man.

This view, of course, is full of distortion and misunderstanding, despite the fact that even Americans, by hearing it stated so often, have come to allow it a good deal of soundness. The American's concept of himself, as we have seen, is sometimes anything but accurate; in this case he errs almost as greatly as when he venerates himself as the prince of freemen, with gyveless wrists and flashing eyes. As for the foreigner, what he falls into is the typically Freudian blunder of projecting his own worst weakness into another. The fact is that it is he, and not the native American, who is the incorrigible and unimaginative money-grubber. He comes to the United States in search of money, and in search of money alone, and pursuing that single purpose without deviation he makes the mistake of assuming that the American is at the same business, and in the same fanatical manner. From all the complex and colourful life of the country, save only the one enterprise of money-making, he is shut off almost hermetically, and so he concludes that that one enterprise embraces the whole show. Here the unreliable promptings of his sub-conscious passion are helped out by observations that are more logical. Unfamiliar with the language, excluded from all free social intercourse with the native, and regarded as, if actually human at all, then at least a distinctly inferior member of the species, he is forced into the harshest and most ill-paid labour, and so he inevitably sees the American as a pitiless task-master and ascribes the exploitation he is made a victim of to a fabulous exaggeration of his own avarice.

Moreover, the greater success and higher position of the native seem to bear out this notion. In a struggle that is free for all and to the death, the native grabs all the shiniest stakes. *Ergo*, he must love money even more than the immigrant. This logic we do not defend, but there it is — and out of it grows the prevailing foreign view of America and the Americans, for the foreigner who stays at home does not derive his ideas from the glittering, lascivious phrases of Dr. Wilson or from the passionate idealism of such superior Americans as Otto H. Kahn, Adolph S. Ochs, S. Stanwood Menken, Jacob H. Schiff, Marcus Loew, Henry Morgenthau, Abram Elkus, Samuel Goldfish, Louis D. Brandeis, Julius Rosenwald, Paul Warburg, Judge Otto Rosalsky, Adolph Zukor, the Hon. Julius Kahn, Simon Guggenheim, Stephen S. Wise and Barney Baruch, but from the hair-raising tales of returned "Americans," i.e., fellow peasants who, having braved the dragons, have come back to the fatherland to enjoy their booty and exhibit their wounds.

The native, as we say, has been so far influenced by this error that he cherishes it himself, or, more accurately, entertains it with shame. Most of his windy idealism is no more than a reaction against it — an evidence of an effort to confute it and live it down. He is never more sweetly flattered than when some politician eager for votes or some evangelist itching for a good plate tells him that he is actually a soaring altruist, and the only real one in the world. This is the surest way to fetch him; he never fails to swell out his chest when he hears that buncombe. In point of fact, of course, he is no more an altruist than any other healthy mammal. His ideals, one and all, are grounded upon self-interest, or upon the fear that is at the bottom of it;

his benevolence always has a string tied to it; he could no more formulate a course of action to his certain disadvantage than an Englishman could, or a Frenchman, or an Italian, or a German. But to say that the advantage he pursues is always, or even usually, a monetary one — to argue that he is avaricious, or even, in these later years, a sharp trader — is to spit directly into the eye of the truth. There is probably, indeed, no country in the world in which mere money is held in less esteem than in these United States. Even more than the Russian Bolshevik the American democrat regards wealth with suspicion, and its too eager amassment with a bilious eye. Here alone, west of the Dvina, rich men are *ipso facto* scoundrels and *feræ naturæ*, with no rights that any slanderer is bound to respect. Here alone, the possession of a fortune puts a man automatically upon the defensive, and exposes him to special legislation of a rough and inquisitorial character and to the special animosity of judges, district attorneys and juries. It would be a literal impossibility for an Englishman worth $100,000,000 to avoid public office and public honour; it would be equally impossible for an American worth $100,000,000 to obtain either.

Americans, true enough, enjoy an average of prosperity that is above that witnessed in any other country. Their land, with less labour, yields a greater usufruct than other land; they get more money for their industry; they jingle more coin in their pockets than other peoples. But it is a grievous error to mistake that superior opulence for a sign of money-hunger, for they actually hold money very lightly, and spend a great deal more of it than any other race of men and with far less thought of values. The normal French family, it is often said, could live very comfortably for a week upon what the normal American family wastes in a week. There is, among Americans, not the slightest sign of the unanimous French habit of biting every franc, of calculating the cost of every luxury to five places of decimals, of utilizing every scrap, of sleeping with the bankbook under the pillow. Whatever is showy gets their dollars, whether they need it or not, even whether they can afford it or not. They are, so to speak, constantly on a bust, their eyes alert for chances to get rid of their small change.

Consider, for example, the amazing readiness with which they succumb to the imbecile bait of advertising! An American manufacturer, finding himself with a stock of unsalable goods or encountering otherwise a demand that is less than his production, does not have to look, like his English or German colleague, for foreign dumping grounds. He simply packs his surplus in gaudy packages, sends for an advertising agent, joins an Honest-Advertising club, fills the newspapers and magazines with lying advertisements, and sits down in peace while his countrymen fight their way to his counters. That they will come is almost absolutely sure; no matter how valueless the goods, they will leap to the advertisements; their one desire seems to be to get rid of their money. As a consequence of this almost pathological eagerness, the advertising bill of the American people is greater than that of all other peoples taken together. There is scarcely an article within the range of their desires that does not carry a heavy load of advertising; they actually pay out millions every year to be sold such commonplace necessities as sugar, towels, collars, lead-pencils and corn-meal. The business of thus bamboozling them and picking their pockets enlists thousands and thousands of artists, writers, printers, sign-painters and other such parasites. Their towns are bedaubed with chromatic eye-sores and made hideous with flashing lights; their countryside is polluted; their newspapers and magazines become mere advertising sheets; idiotic slogans and apothegms are invented to enchant them; in some cities they are actually taxed to advertise the local makers of wooden nutmegs. Multitudes of swindlers are naturally induced to adopt advertising as a trade, and some of them make great fortunes at it. Like all other men who live by their wits, they regard themselves as superior fellows, and every year they hold great conventions, bore each other with learned papers upon the psychology of their victims, speak of one another as men of genius, have themselves photographed by the photographers of newspapers eager to curry favour with them, denounce the government for not spending the public funds for advertising, and summon United States Senators, eminent chautauquans and distinguished vaudeville stars to entertain them. For all this the plain people pay the bill, and never a protest comes out of them.

As a matter of fact, the only genuinely thrifty folks among us, in the sense that a Frenchman, a Scot or an Italian is thrifty, are the immigrants of the most recent invasions. That is why they oust the native wherever the two come into contact — say in New England and in the Middle West. They acquire, bit by bit, the best lands, the best stock, the best barns, not because they have the secret of *making* more money, but because they have the resolution to *spend* less. As soon as they become thoroughly Americanized they begin to show the national prodigality. The old folks wear home-made clothes and stick to the farm; the native-born children order their garments from the mail-order tailors and expose themselves in the chautauquas and at the great orgies of Calvinism and Wesleyanism. The old folks put every dollar they can wring from a reluctant environment into real property or the banks; the young folks put their inheritance into phonographs, Fords, boiled shirts, yellow shoes, cuckoo clocks, lithographs of the current mountebanks, oil stock, automatic pianos, and the works of Harold Bell Wright, Gerald Stanley Lee and O. Henry.

THE POETRY OF BARBARISM[1]

GEORGE SANTAYANA

It is an observation at first sight melancholy, but in the end, perhaps, enlightening, that the earliest poets are the most ideal, and that primitive ages furnish the most heroic characters and have the clearest vision of a perfect life. The Homeric times must have been full of ignorance and suffering. In those little barbaric towns, in those camps and farms, in those shipyards, there must have been much insecurity and superstition. That age was singularly poor in all that concerns the convenience of life and the entertainment of the mind with arts and sciences. Yet it had a sense for civilization. That machinery of life which men were beginning to devise appealed to them as poetical; they knew its ultimate justification and studied its incipient processes with delight. The poetry of that simple and ignorant age was, accordingly, the sweetest and sanest that the world has known; the most faultless in taste, and the most even and lofty in inspiration. Without lacking variety and homeliness, it bathed all things human in the golden light of morning; it clothed sorrow in a kind of majesty, instinct with both self-control and heroic frankness. Nowhere else can we find so noble a rendering of human nature, so spontaneous a delight in life, so uncompromising a dedication to beauty, and such a gift of seeing beauty in everything. Homer, the first of poets, was also the best and the most poetical.

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[1] From *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion.* Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

From this beginning, if we look down the history of Occidental literature, we see the power of idealization steadily decline. For while it finds here and there, as in Dante, a more spiritual theme and a subtler and riper intellect, it pays for that advantage by a more than equivalent loss in breadth, sanity, and happy vigour. And if ever imagination burst out with a greater potency, as in Shakespeare (who excels the patriarch of poetry in depth of passion and vividness of characterization, and in those exquisite bubblings of poetry and humour in which English genius is at its best), yet Shakespeare also pays the price of a notable loss in taste, in sustained inspiration, in consecration, and in rationality. There is more or less rubbish in his greatest works. When we come down to our own day we find poets of hardly less natural endowment (for in endowment all ages are perhaps alike) and with vastly richer sources of inspiration; for they have many arts and literatures behind them, with the spectacle of a varied and agitated society, a world which is the living microcosm of its own history and presents in one picture many races, arts and religions. Our poets have more wonderful tragedies of the imagination to depict than had Homer, whose world was innocent of any essential defeat, or Dante, who believed in the world's definitive redemption. Or, if perhaps their inspiration is comic, they have the pageant of mediæval manners, with its picturesque artifices and passionate fancies, and the long comedy of modern social revolutions, so illusory in their aims and so productive in their aimlessness. They have, moreover, the new and marvellous conception which natural science has given us of the world and of the conditions of human progress.

With all these lessons of experience behind them, however, we find our contemporary poets incapable of any high wisdom, incapable of any imaginative rendering of human life and its meaning. Our poets are things of shreds and patches; they give us episodes and studies, a sketch of this curiosity, a glimpse of that romance; they have no total vision, no grasp of the whole reality, and consequently no capacity for a sane and steady idealization. The comparatively barbarous ages had a poetry of the ideal; they had visions of beauty, order, and perfection. This age of material elaboration has no sense for those things. Its fancy is retrospective, whimsical, and flickering; its ideals, when it has any, are negative and partial; its moral strength is a blind and miscellaneous vehemence. Its poetry, in a word, is the poetry of barbarism.

This poetry should be viewed in relation to the general moral crisis and imaginative disintegration of which it gives a verbal echo; then we shall avoid the injustice of passing it over as insignificant, no less than the imbecility of hailing it as essentially glorious and successful. We must remember that the imagination of our race has been subject to a double discipline. It has been formed partly in the school of classic literature and polity, and partly in the school of Christian piety. This duality of inspiration, this contradiction between the two accepted methods of rationalizing the world, has been a chief source of that incoherence, that romantic indistinctness and imperfection, which largely characterize the products of the modern arts. A man cannot serve two masters; yet the conditions have not been such as to allow him wholly to despise the one or wholly to obey the other. To be wholly Pagan is impossible after the dissolution of that civilization which had seemed universal, and that empire which had believed itself eternal. To be wholly Christian is impossible for a similar reason, now that the illusion and cohesion of Christian ages is lost, and for the further reason that Christianity was itself fundamentally eclectic. Before it could succeed and dominate men even for a time, it was obliged to adjust itself to reality, to incorporate many elements of Pagan wisdom, and to accommodate itself to many habits and passions at variance with its own ideal.

In these latter times, with the prodigious growth of material life in elaboration and of mental life in diffusion, there has supervened upon this old dualism a new faith in man's absolute power, a kind of return to the inexperience and self-assurance of youth. This new inspiration has made many minds indifferent to the two traditional disciplines; neither is seriously accepted by them, for the reason, excellent from their own point of view, that no discipline whatever is needed. The memory of ancient disillusions has faded with time. Ignorance of the past has bred contempt for the lessons which the past might teach. Men prefer to repeat the old experiment without knowing that they repeat it.

I say advisedly ignorance of the past, in spite of the unprecedented historical erudition of our time; for life is an art not to be learned by observation, and the most minute and comprehensive studies do not teach us what the spirit of man should have learned by its long living. We study the past as a dead object, as a ruin, not as an authority and as an experiment. One reason why history was less interesting to former ages was that they were less conscious of separation from the past. The perspective of time was less clear because the synthesis of experience was more complete. The mind does not easily discriminate the successive phases of an action in which it is still engaged; it does not arrange in a temporal series the elements of a single perception; but posits them all together as constituting a permanent and real object. Human nature and the life of the world were real and stable objects to the apprehension of our forefathers; the actors changed, but not the characters or the play. Men were then less studious of derivations because they were more conscious of identities. They thought of all reality as in a sense contemporary, and in considering the maxims of a philosopher or the style of a poet, they were not primarily concerned with settling his date and describing his environment. The standard by which they judged was eternal; the environment in which man found himself did not seem to them subject to any essential change.

To us the picturesque element in history is more striking because we feel ourselves the children of our own age only, an age which being itself singular and revolutionary, tends to read its own character into the past, and to regard all other periods as no less fragmentary and effervescent than itself. The changing and the permanent elements are, indeed, everywhere present, and the bias of the observer may emphasize the one or the other as it will: the only question is whether we find the significance of things in their variations or in their similarities.

Now the habit of regarding the past as effete and as merely a stepping-stone to something present or future, is unfavourable to any true apprehension of that element in the past which was vital and which remains eternal. It is a habit of thought that destroys the sense of the moral identity of all ages, by virtue of its very insistence on the mechanical derivation of one age from another. Existences that cause one another exclude one another; each is alien to the rest inasmuch as it is the product of new and different conditions. Ideas that cause nothing unite all things by giving them a common point of reference and a single standard of value.

The classic and the Christian systems were both systems of ideas, attempts to seize the eternal morphology of reality and describe its unchanging constitution. The imagination was summoned thereby to contemplate the highest objects, and the essence of things being thus described, their insignificant variations could retain little importance and the study of these variations might well seem superficial. Mechanical science, the science of causes, was accordingly neglected, while the science of values, with the arts that express these values, was exclusively pursued. The reverse has now occurred and the spirit of life, innocent of any rationalizing discipline and deprived of an authoritative and adequate method of expression, has relapsed into miscellaneous and shallow exuberance. Religion and art have become short-winded. They have forgotten the old maxim that we should copy in order to be copied and remember in order to be remembered. It is true that the multiplicity of these incompetent efforts seems to many a compensation for their ill success, or even a ground for asserting their absolute superiority. Incompetence, when it flatters the passions, can always find a greater incompetence to approve of it. Indeed, some people would have regarded the Tower of Babel as the best academy of eloquence on account of the variety of oratorical methods prevailing there. It is thus that the imagination of our time has relapsed into barbarism. . . .

The poetry of barbarism is not without its charm. It can play with sense and passion the more readily and freely in that it does not aspire to subordinate them to a clear thought or a tenable attitude of the will. It can impart the transitive emotions which it expresses; it can find many partial harmonies of mood and fancy; it can, by virtue of its red-hot irrationality, utter wilder cries, surrender itself and us to more absolute passion, and heap up a more indiscriminate wealth of images than belong to poets of seasoned experience or of heavenly inspiration. Irrational stimulation may tire us in the end, but it excites us in the beginning; and how many conventional poets, tender and prolix, have there not been, who tire us now without ever having excited anybody? The power to stimulate is the beginning of greatness, and when the barbarous poet has genius, as he well may have, he stimulates all the more powerfully on account of the crudity of his methods and the recklessness of his emotions. The defects of such art — lack of distinction, absence of beauty, confusion of ideas, incapacity permanently to please — will hardly be felt by the contemporary ~~public, if~~ once its attention is arrested; for no poet is so undisciplined that he will not find many readers, if he finds readers at all, less disciplined than himself. . . .

The works of Walt Whitman offer an extreme illustration of this phase of genius, both by their form and by their substance. It was the singularity of his literary form — the challenge it threw to the conventions of verse and of language — that first gave Whitman notoriety: but this notoriety has become fame, because those incapacities and solecisms which glare at us from his pages are only the obverse of a profound inspiration and of a genuine courage. Even the idiosyncrasies of his style have a side which is not mere perversity or affectation; the order of his words, the procession of his images, reproduce the method of a rich, spontaneous, absolutely lazy fancy. In most poets such a natural order is modified by various governing motives — the thought, the metrical form, the echo of other poems in the memory. By Walt Whitman these conventional influences are resolutely banished. We find the swarms of men and objects rendered as they might strike the retina in a sort of waking dream. It is the most sincere possible confession of the lowest — I mean the most primitive — type of perception. All ancient poets are sophisticated in comparison and give proof of longer intellectual and moral training. Walt Whitman has gone back to the innocent style of Adam, when the animals filed before him one by one and he called each of them by its name.

In fact, the influences to which Walt Whitman was subject were as favourable as possible to the imaginary experiment of beginning the world over again. Liberalism and transcendentalism both harboured some illusions on that score; and they were in the air which our poet breathed. Moreover he breathed this air in America, where the newness of the material environment made it easier to ignore the fatal antiquity of human nature. When he afterward became aware there was or had been a world with a history, he studied that world with curiosity and spoke of it not without a certain shrewdness. But he still regarded it as a foreign world and imagined, as not a few Americans have done, that his own world was a fresh creation, not amenable to the same laws as the old. The difference in the conditions blinded him, in his merely sensuous apprehension, to the identity of the principles.

His parents were farmers in central Long Island and his early years were spent in that district. The family seems to have been not too prosperous and somewhat nomadic; Whitman himself drifted through boyhood without much guidance. We find him now at school, now helping the labourers at the farms, now wandering along the beaches of Long Island, finally at Brooklyn working in an apparently desultory way as a printer and sometimes as a writer for a local newspaper. He must have read or heard something, at this early period, of the English classics; his style often betrays the deep effect made upon him by the grandiloquence of the Bible, of Shakespeare, and of Milton. But his chief interest, if we may trust his account, was already in his own sensations. The aspects of Nature, the forms and habits of animals, the sights of cities, the movement and talk of common people, were his constant delight. His mind was flooded with these images, keenly felt and afterward to be vividly rendered with bold strokes of realism and imagination.

Many poets have had this faculty to seize the elementary aspects of things, but none has had it so exclusively; with Whitman the surface is absolutely all and the underlying structure is without ~~interest and almost wi~~thout existence. He had had no education and his natural delight in imbibing sensations had not been trained to the uses of practical or theoretical intelligence. He basked in the sunshine of perception and wallowed in the stream of his own sensibility, as later at Camden in the shallows of his favourite brook. Even during the Civil War, when he heard the drum-traps so clearly, he could only gaze at the picturesque and terrible aspects of the struggle, and linger among the wounded day after day with a canine devotion; he could not be aroused either to clear thought or to positive action. So also in his poems; a multiplicity of images pass before him and he yields himself to each in turn with absolute passivity. The world has no inside; it is a phantasmagoria of continuous visions, vivid, impressive, but monotonous and hard to distinguish in memory, like the waves of the sea or the decorations of some barbarous temple, sublime only by the infinite aggregation of parts.

This abundance of detail without organization, this wealth of perception without intelligence and of imagination without taste, makes the singularity of Whitman's genius. Full of sympathy and receptivity, with a wonderful gift of graphic characterization and an occasional rare grandeur of diction, he fills us with a sense of the individuality and the universality of what he describes — it is a drop in itself yet a drop in the ocean. The absence of any principle of selection or of a sustained style enables him to render aspects of things and of emotion which would have eluded a trained writer. He is, therefore, interesting even where he is grotesque or perverse. He has accomplished, by the sacrifice of almost every other good quality, something never so well done before. He has approached common life without bringing in his mind any higher standard by which to criticize it; he has seen it, not in contrast with an ideal, but as the expression of forces more indeterminate and elementary than itself; and the vulgar, in this cosmic setting, has appeared to him sublime.

There is clearly some analogy between a mass of images without structure and the notion of an absolute democracy. Whitman, inclined by his genius and habits to see life without relief or organization, believed that his inclination in this respect corresponded with the spirit of his age and country, and that Nature and society, at least in the United States, were constituted after the fashion of his own mind. Being the poet of the average man, he wished all men to be specimens of that average, and being the poet of a fluid Nature, he believed that Nature was or should be a formless flux. This personal bias of Whitman's was further encouraged by the actual absence of distinction in his immediate environment. Surrounded by ugly things and common people, he felt himself happy, ecstatic, overflowing with a kind of patriarchal love. He accordingly came to think that there was a spirit of the New World which he embodied, and which was in complete opposition to that of the Old, and that a literature upon novel principles was needed to express and strengthen this American spirit.

Democracy was not to be merely a constitutional device for the better government of given nations, not merely a movement for the material improvement of the lot of the poorer classes. It was to be a social and a moral democracy and to involve an actual equality among all men. Whatever kept them apart and made it impossible for them to be messmates together was to be discarded. The literature of democracy was to ignore all extraordinary gifts of genius or virtue, all distinction drawn even from great passions or romantic adventures. In Whitman's works, in which this new literature is foreshadowed, there is accordingly not a single character nor a single story. His only hero is Myself, the "single separate person," endowed with the primary impulses, with health, and with sensitiveness to the elementary aspects of Nature. The perfect man of the future, the prolific begetter of other perfect men, is to work with his hands, chanting the poems of some future Walt, some ideally democratic bard. Women are to have as nearly as possible the same character as men: the emphasis is to pass from family life and local ties to the friendship of comrades and the general brotherhood of man. Men are to be vigorous, comfortable, sentimental, and irresponsible.

This dream is, of course, unrealized and unrealizable, in America as elsewhere. Undeniably there are in America many suggestions of such a society and such a national character. But the growing complexity and fixity of institutions necessarily tends to obscure these traits of a primitive and crude democracy. What Whitman seized upon as the promise of the future was in reality the survival of the past. He sings the song of pioneers, but it is in the nature of the pioneer that the greater his success the quicker must be his transformation into something different. When Whitman made the initial and amorphous phase of society his ideal, he became the prophet of a lost cause. That cause was lost, not merely when wealth and intelligence began to take shape in the American Commonwealth, but it was lost at the very foundation of the world, when those laws of evolution were established which Whitman, like Roûsseau, failed to understand. If we may trust Mr. Herbert Spencer, these laws involve a passage from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and a constant progress at once in differentiation and in organization — all, in a word, that Whitman systematically deprecated or ignored. He is surely not the spokesman of the tendencies of his country, although he describes some aspects of its past and present condition: nor does he appeal to those whom he describes, but rather to the dilettanti he despises. He is regarded as representative chiefly by foreigners, who look for some grotesque expression of the genius of so young and prodigious a people.

Whitman, it is true, loved and comprehended men; but this love and comprehension had the same limits as his love and comprehension of Nature. He observed truly and responded to his observation with genuine and pervasive emotion. A great gregariousness, an innocent tolerance of moral weakness, a genuine admiration for bodily health and strength, made him bubble over with affection for the generic human creature. Incapable of an ideal passion, he was full of the milk of human kindness. Yet, for all his acquaintance with the ways and thoughts of the common man of his choice, he did not truly understand him. For to understand people is to go much deeper than they go themselves; to penetrate to their characters and disentangle their inmost ideals. Whitman's insight into man did not go beyond a sensuous sympathy; it consisted in a vicarious satisfaction in their pleasures, and an instinctive love of their persons. It never approached a scientific or imaginative knowledge of their hearts.

Therefore Whitman failed radically in his dearest ambition: he can never be a poet of the people. For the people, like the early races whose poetry was ideal, are natural believers in perfection. They have no doubts about the absolute desirability of wealth and learning and power, none about the worth of pure goodness and pure love. Their chosen poets, if they have any, will be always those who have known how to paint these ideals in lively even if in gaudy colours. Nothing is farther from the common people than the corrupt desire to be primitive. They instinctively look toward a more exalted life, which they imagine to be full of distinction and pleasure, and the idea of that brighter existence fills them with hope or with envy or with humble admiration.

If the people are ever won over to hostility to such ideals, it is only because they are cheated by demagogues who tell them that if all the flowers of civilization were destroyed its fruits would become more abundant. A greater share of happiness, people think, would fall to their lot could they destroy everything beyond their own possible possessions. But they are made thus envious and ignoble only by a deception: what they really desire is an ideal good for themselves which they are told they may secure by depriving others of their preëminence. Their hope is always to enjoy perfect satisfaction themselves; and therefore a poet who loves the picturesque aspects of labour and vagrancy will hardly be the poet of the poor. He may have described their figure and occupation, in neither of which they are much interested; he will not have read their souls. They will prefer to him any sentimental story-teller, any sensational dramatist, any moralizing poet; for they are hero-worshippers by temperament, and are too wise or too unfortunate to be much enamoured of themselves or of the conditions of their existence.

Fortunately, the political theory that makes Whitman's principle of literary prophecy and criticism does not always inspire his chants, nor is it presented, even in his prose works, quite bare and unadorned. In *Democratic Vistas* we find it clothed with something of the same poetic passion and lighted up with the same flashes of intuition which we admire in the poems. Even there the temperament is finer than the ideas and the poet wiser than the thinker. His ultimate appeal is really to something more primitive and general than any social aspirations, to something more elementary than an ideal of any kind. He speaks to those minds and to those moods in which sensuality is touched with mysticism. When the intellect is in abeyance, when we would "turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained," when we are weary of conscience and of ambition, and would yield ourselves for a while to the dream of sense, Walt Whitman is a welcome companion. The images he arouses in us, fresh, full of light and health and of a kind of frankness and beauty, are prized all the more at such a time because they are not choice, but drawn perhaps from a hideous and sordid environment. For this circumstance makes them a better means of escape from convention and from that fatigue and despair which lurk not far beneath the surface of conventional life. In casting off with self-assurance and a sense of fresh vitality the distinctions of tradition and reason a man may feel, as he sinks back comfortably to a lower level of sense and instinct, that he is returning to Nature or escaping into the infinite. Mysticism makes us proud and happy to renounce the work of intelligence, both in thought and in life, and persuades us that we become divine by remaining imperfectly human. Walt Whitman gives a new expression to this ancient and multiform tendency. He feels his own cosmic justification and he would lend the sanction of his inspiration to all loafers and holiday-makers. He would be the congenial patron of farmers and factory hands in their crude pleasure and pieties, as Pan was the patron of the shepherds of Arcadia: for he is sure that in spite of his hairiness and animality, the gods will acknowledge him as one of themselves and smile upon him from the serenity of Olympus.

"PLACING" STUDENTS IN COLONIAL DAYS [1]

CAROLINE E. VOSE

PRESENT-DAY university and college presidents, confronted with innumerable, ofttimes seemingly insuperable, difficulties, must occasionally think with envy of the light duties of their predecessors who served when American colleges were young. It is customary to sigh for the simplicity of earlier times, and to lament the complexity of our own. But just because times were earlier, were they of necessity simpler?

The college problems of the Colonies may have been different from ours, but they were none the less bothersome and perplexing. Surely nothing could be more delicate than the task of "placing" each student according to social position at recitation, at Commons, and in the chapel — a duty which had to be performed at Harvard and Yale until about the time of the Revolutionary War. What man to-day with that dire responsibility facing him would ever accept the presidency of a college? To determine a student's academic standing is hard enough, but to pass upon his social status is far more exacting. This custom of "placing" students — in force at Harvard from the beginning, and later adopted by Yale at its foundation in 1700 — apparently originated at the former college, for foreign universities did not make use of this system, although Ebenezer Baldwin says the Yale statutes were chiefly modeled upon "those of European Universities, where the footsteps of monarchial regulation were discerned. . . . So difficult was it to divest the minds of wise men of the influence of venerable follies, that the printed catalogues of students [at Yale], until the year 1768, were arranged according to respectability of parentage." As a matter of fact the Yale statutes were modeled mostly upon those of Harvard.

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[1] From *The North American Review*. By permission of the author and the editor.

It is odd that the two earliest colleges in the New England Colonies, where social distinctions might be least expected, should be the ones — and the only ones — in which they were rigidly observed. Our New England forefathers were not entirely concerned, as we are often led to believe, with saving their own souls, or even with the more congenial occupation of saving other people's, but were spending some time and thought upon their social position in the community. Theodore Woolsey, President of Yale, in an historical address to the graduates in 1850, declared: "We at this day can hardly conceive to what extent the social distinctions were then acknowledged and cherished. In the manuscript laws of the infant college [Yale] we find the following regulation which was borrowed from an early ordinance of Harvard under President Dunster: 'Every student shall be called by his sirname except he be the son of a nobleman, or a knight's eldest son.' I know not whether such a *rara avis in terris* ever received the honours of the college; but a kind of colonial untitled aristocracy grew up composed of the families of chief magistrates, and of other civilians and ministers. In the second year of college life, precedency according to the aristocratic scale was determined, and the arrangement of names on the class roll was in accordance."

General John Winslow, whose son Pelham was in the class of 1753 at Harvard, was so impressed with his own and his son's superiority that in October, 1749, he wrote a long letter to President Holyoke in which he stated that "as. . . . Rank in Our way is Look^{d} upon as a Sacred Thing and it is Generaly allowed That the Sons of the New England Cambridge are Placed according to the Degrees of their ancestors, I have therefore put in My Pretentions for my Son;" after which he went on to give many genealogical details, as well as a full account of his public offices. As his son's name is second in a list of seventeen, General Winslow's "Pretentions" were evidently satisfactory.

At Harvard the "placing" was done by the President and Fellows, and at Yale by the Rector — later called the President — and the resident Fellows or Tutors. The lives of these individuals can have been none too happy immediately after the "placing" announcement. They were doubtless deluged with protests, and were aware of the ill feelings directed against them, to say nothing of the Puritan conscience which tortured by inquiring, "Are you sure you did right? Were you fair? Were you just?" Any one who has wrestled with academic grades, who after tossing sleeplessly on his bed has finally risen to change a student's *C*+ to a *B*− can sympathize with these seventeenth and eighteenth century educators. To start in on an endowment campaign for millions is an immense undertaking, but to rank your contemporaries socially is in some ways equally stupendous.

It was virtually the parents who were "placed," for the son's ranking depended upon the father's position. At first, according to the late Franklin B. Dexter, family pedigree was very important, but later there was a gradual change in this respect. Wealth, too, was a consideration, while the father's business or profession and his public offices were vital factors. John Pickett, Yale 1705, was first in a class of six, his position being due to the prominence of his maternal grandfather, Captain Daniel Wetherell — entrusted with John's education — as a citizen of New London. Captain Joseph Wakeman was "a prominent civilian" in recognition of whose standing his son was put at the head of the 1720 class of ten at Yale. Clergymen's sons were often placed high, as one might expect, but so were the sons of laymen. Lawyers' sons could also lay claim to high ranking. President Woolsey of Yale, in 1850, told a delightful story that long was in circulation, of a shoemaker's son who upon being questioned as to his father's occupation answered that "he was upon the bench," which gave him, of course, a high place. Doctors' sons had little social standing unless they had reasons other than their fathers' profession for distinction, while the sons of teachers, curiously enough, were shown little consideration socially.

My own investigations lead me to agree with Mr. Dexter who, after careful study of the records, concluded that no definite system for "placing" students can be formulated. Such anomalies as the following are often found. The son of Governor Thomas Dudley was second in the class of 1665 at Harvard, while Benjamin Eliot, son of the apostle Eliot, was first. One might naturally expect a Governor's son to have precedence. Samuel Ruggles was number twelve in the class of 1702 at Harvard out of a group of thirteen, while his brother Timothy was eighth on the list of seventeen students in the Harvard 1707 class, and another brother, Benjamin, was first in a class of fourteen at Yale in 1721. Such differences in the same family are hard to account for unless they are due to the father's possible rise in the social scale from 1698 to the year 1717.

Once a student was "placed," his ranking was almost never altered — unless he were expelled or "degraded" by way of punishment — and even great distinction in later life effected no change in the position of his name in the college catalogues. Chief Justice Benjamin Prat, for instance, Harvard 1737, who attained almost unprecedented eminence, always stood last in a class of thirty-four.

"Degradation," which was the next highest punishment to expulsion, consisted in lowering a student's name on the class list. The Harvard and Yale records show various offenses for which this was the penalty. Henry Flynt, in his *Commonplace Book* for November 4, 1717, notes the "degrading" of a Harvard student "below five in his class, because he had been before publicly admonished for card-playing." At a Yale Trustees' meeting on November 21, 1722, it was "agreed that if any Student shall go into a Tavern Victualling House or Inn to eat or drink except he be called by his parents or Guardians or some such Person as the Rector or Tutor shall accept of or spend his time there and be convicted thereof he shall . . . for the Second Offence of that Kind . . . be degraded." The firing of guns in 1731 was punishable at Yale by "degradation." In 1740 the Yale Trustees, in order to enforce the entering of freshmen earlier in the college year, decreed "that if any of them shal not attend before the End of the first Quarter, without being detained by Sickness or some extraordinary Reason, he shal be placed the lowest in the class." The case of Isaac Burr, Yale 1753, a clergyman's son, offers a chance for interesting speculation. He was six in a class of seventeen until his junior year when, alas, he was moved down three places "as part of his punishment for repeatedly kicking a senior, for what provocation is not given." Why did Isaac feel impelled to kick this senior? Was he merely prompted by a naturally pugnacious disposition, or did the senior deserve the chastisement? Was the punishment compensated for by the satisfaction of having delivered the kicks? One longs to have these questions answered. Knowing none of the facts, my own sympathies are with Isaac.

In many cases, if he repented of and confessed his fault, the "degraded" student was after a certain period reinstated. For instance, on July 20, 1776, it was voted at Harvard "that Trumbal, a Middle Bachelor, who was degraded to the bottom of his class for his misdemeanors when an undergraduate, having presented an humble confession of his faults, with a petition to be restored to his place in the class in the Catalogue now printing, be restored agreeable to his request."

Sometimes, however, the offender was less fortunate than Trumbal, as is evidenced by Samuel Melyen's sad experience. Melyen, originally fifth in a group of eight in the class of 1696 at Harvard, was dropped in his second year four places to the end of the list. The following letter written two years after his graduation shows how seriously college "placing" was regarded. On May 19, 1698, Melyen thus addressed Cotton Mather:

> One favo^r, Worthy S^r! I should be exceedingly rejoyced to obtain at yo^r benign hands, if it may not engage yo^r self in a too great a trouble, which I will manifest after I have p^{r}mised, y^t towards y^e End of o^r Sophymoreship by my audaciously calling freshmen at y^e door of y^e Worthy M^r Brattle in a way of contempt, y^e Venerable & Reverend President with my Tutor, y^e well deserving M^r Leverett saw it convenient to place me y^e Lowest in y^e class, whereas before I was placed between S^r Remington & S^r Whitman.
>
> Now, S^r my humble request is . . . that you would be pleas'd to motion to y^e Reverend President, that I may be reduced into my former station — Nothing S^r can be more gratefull to my Father & Mother nor anything more encouraging to me — I am very Sorry

> (& desire to be very penitent) that in that as well as in many other things I have displeased so worthy a Gentleman as y^e President, & so kind a Tutor as M^r Leverett wth y^e Rev^d M^r Brattle, hoping that y^e remainder of my days may be so manidg'd that glory may redown to God, & thereby some satisfaction may be made for y^e wrong I offer'd them — I . . . humbly beg their Pardon . . . hoping they will . . . grant me this favour, which will much encourage me in my labour & lay me und^r fresh obligations to serve them & yo^r noble self . . . — Had I, S^r! been placed at first Inferio^r to y^e rest, I should have been contented & thought it my place, . . . but it being after such a nature as it was, makes me very desirous of reducem^t — S^r All our class y^t were placed at first beneath me, have voluntarily manifested unto me y^t they were very willing I should Enjoy my Antient standing. . . .

One can imagine the writer — as he anxiously awaited the outcome — hoping and praying that his plea might be heeded, feeling somehow that with his stain wiped out he could start again with fresh courage and vigour. Alas, it was not to be! He was never reinstated, but was even more humiliated by having the name of Cotton Mather's cousin, Roland Cotton — who had left college on account of ill health before taking his degree — inserted second on the class list. Thus in all the late catalogues Melyen is number nine instead of being eight as at first. His whole career was unsuccessful and unhappy. He died when he was young, his sensitive nature crushed perhaps by the severity of his punishment for a boyish indiscretion. One hesitates to comment upon Cotton Mather's action in this case.

As time went on the custom of grading students socially occasioned more and more dissatisfaction, so much so that in about 1762 a new college in Western Massachusetts was planned, all because — so rumour whispered — of the "placing" of Colonel Israel Williams's son. A little gossip of the times is available in a letter from Oxenbridge Thacher to Chief Justice Prat in 1762, in which the writer ironically says, ". . . what occasions y^e most gaping of late, (we are not awake enough to speak,) is a charter for a new college in y^e county of Hampshire. The Monarch of y^e county [Col. Williams] . . . took great offence at his son's being placed some years ago something lower in a class at our college [Harvard] than befitted y^e son of a king. He therefore, & his privy council came down y^e last Sessions prepared with a petition to incorporate a college in y^t county which they modestly said was all they desired." The proposed college, however, was never established, and it is not known whether Col. Williams's feelings were ever assuaged.

Beginning with the class of 1768, Yale students' names were printed alphabetically. No definite reasons for this arrangement are assigned except the general trend of the times toward democracy. Harvard did not adopt the alphabetical order of names until a few years later, the class of 1773 being the first to be so arranged. While here too the growth of republican sentiments was probably the real cause, the immediate one seems to have been the case of Samuel Phillips, Jr., Harvard 1771, who later became Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and founder of Phillips Andover Academy. At a Trustees' meeting of Harvard College in August, 1769, the complaint of Samuel Phillips, Sr., about the ranking of his son was brought up. He had not been ranked with the sons of the Justices of the Quorum, and was placed below John Murray's son, although Samuel Phillips had been put in the Commission of Peace, and been made Justice of the Quorum before John Murray. The authorities after looking into the matter ordered that in future Samuel Phillips, Jr., should take his place above young Murray.

Mr. Phillips's shrewd letter to his son, just the kind a father might write to-day, makes the Phillipses delightfully real and human. Dated August 29, 1769, it reads:

> You are now in the most difficult situation, & the eyes of all, above and below you, will be upon you, & I wish it might be that you could be at home till the talk about the change was a little over. Every word, action, and even your countenance, will be watched, particularly by those who envy you, and perhaps by those who do not. Therefore keep as much retired as possible, waive all conversation upon it, don't let it appear that you are in the least degree affected with the change. If any difficulties should arise with any of your classmates that now fall below you, treat them with all possible tenderness. If you want advice how to conduct consult Mr. Eliot & Mr. Hillyard, but let it be in the most private manner, & keep the advice to yourself. If Murray is uneasy and manifests it to you, say nothing to irritate him. What if you should ask him, whether it would be any ease to his mind if you should continue to stand below him in reciting? But by no means give the most distant hint of yielding your place. But don't begin with him upon it. On the whole say as little as possible.

The father had made too great an effort to secure this coveted place to be willing to have it resigned again, and the son probably had no intention of suggesting its surrender, for according to Timothy Dwight, who knew him well, he was no advocate of democratic ideals. "The modern doctrine of liberty and equality he considered as a senseless and at the same time a most mischievous absurdity." Give in to Daniel Murray? Never! Unfortunately no records of the feelings of that superseded lad remain. His side of the affair would doubtless be as interesting as the Phillipses'. What a pity it is lost!

Josiah Quincy in his *History of Harvard University* discusses the abolishing of the custom of "placing" students. "This," he says ". . . was the frequent cause of discontent among the students and their families; and, as the population of the Province increased, and republican principles began to prevail, the principles of discrimination became more difficult and exciting." Then after alluding to Mr. Phillips's protest he continues: "This complaint exhibits one of the principles on which this offensive discrimination was made, and the feelings it naturally excited. On the recommendation of their visiting committee, the Overseers passed a vote, that, 'for the future, the practice should be laid aside, and that the names of the scholars, in each class, should be placed in alphabetical order,'" a ruling which, as before mentioned, went into effect with the class of 1773. Thus was abandoned a time-honoured college custom, just when the American Colonies ceasing to be Colonies, were becoming the United States, and were promulgating the doctrine of the equality of all men, a doctrine which, to-day, our colleges and universities claim — rightly or wrongly — to be upholding.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LADY[1]

HENRY ADAMS

The Virgin filled so enormous a space in the life and thought of the time that one stands now helpless before the mass of testimony to her direct action and constant presence in every moment and form of the illusion which men thought they thought their existence. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries believed in the supernatural, and might almost be said to have contracted a miracle-habit, as morbid as any other form of artificial stimulant; they stood like children in an attitude of gaping wonder before the miracle of miracles which they felt in their own consciousness: but one can see in this emotion, which is, after all, not exclusively infantile, no special reason why they should have so passionately flung themselves at the feet of the Woman rather than of the Man. Dante wrote in 1300, after the heights of this emotion had passed; and Petrarch wrote half a century later still; but so slowly did the vision fade, and so often did it revive, that, to this day, it remains the strongest symbol with which the Church can conjure.

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[1] Condensed from *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*. Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

Men were, after all, not wholly inconsequent: their attachment to Mary rested on an instinct of self-preservation. They knew their peril. If there was to be a future life, Mary was their only hope. She alone represented Love. The Trinity were, or was, One, and could, by the nature of its essence, administer justice alone. Only childlike illusion could expect a personal favour from Christ. Turn the dogma as one would, to this it must logically come. Call the three Godheads by what names one liked, still they must remain One; must administer one justice; must admit only one law. In that law, no human weakness or error could exist; by its essence it was infinite, eternal, immutable. There was no crack and no cranny in the system, through which human frailty could hope for escape. One was forced from corner to corner by a remorseless logic until one fell helpless at Mary's feet.

The Virgin was a real person, whose tastes, wishes, instincts, passions, were intimately known. Enough of the Virgin's literature survives to show her character, and the course of her daily life. We know more about her habits and thoughts than about those of earthly queens. The "Miracles de la Vierge" make a large part, and not the poorest part, of the enormous literature of these two centuries, although the works of Albertus Magnus fill twenty-one folio volumes and those of Thomas Aquinas fill more, while the "Chansons de Geste" and the "Romans," published or unpublished, are a special branch of literature with libraries to themselves. The collection of the Virgin's miracles put in verse by Gaultier de Coincy, monk, prior, and poet, between

1214 and 1233,— the precise moment of the Chartres sculpture and glass,— contains thirty thousand lines. Another great collection, narrating especially the miracles of the Virgin of Chartres, was made by a priest of Chartres cathedral about 1240. Separate series, or single tales, have appeared and are appearing constantly, but no general collection has ever been made, although the whole poetic literature of the Virgin could be printed in the space of two or three volumes of scholastic philosophy, and if the Church had cared half as truly for the Virgin as it has for Thomas Aquinas, every miracle might have been collected and published a score of times. The miracles themselves, indeed, are not very numerous. In Gaultier de Coincy's collection they number about fifty. The Chartres collection relates chiefly to the horrible outbreak of what was called leprosy — the "mal ardent," — which ravaged the north of France during the crusades, and added intensity to the feelings which brought all society to the Virgin's feet. Recent scholars are cataloguing and classifying the miracles, as far as they survive, and have reduced the number within very moderate limits. As poetry Gaultier de Coincy's are the best.

Of Gaultier de Coincy and his poetry, Gaston Paris has something to say which is worth quoting:

> It is the most curious, and often the most singular monument of the infantile piety of the Middle Ages. Devotion to Mary is presented in it as a kind of infallible guarantee against every sort of evil, but also against the most legitimate consequences of sin and even of crime. In these stories which have revolted the most rational piety, as well as the philosophy of modern times, one must still admit a gentle and penetrating charm; a naïveté, a tenderness and simplicity of heart, which touch while they raise a smile. There, for instance, one sees a sick monk cured by the milk that Our Lady herself comes to invite him to draw from her "douce mamelle"; a robber who is in the habit of recommending himself to the Virgin whenever he is going to "embler," is held up by her white hands for three days on the gibbet where he is hung, until the miracle becomes evident, and procures his pardon; an ignorant monk who knows only his Ave Maria, and is despised on that account, when dead reveals his sanctity by five roses, which come out of his mouth in honour of the five letters of the name Maria; a nun, who has quitted her convent to lead a life of sin, returns after long years, and finds that the Holy Virgin, to whom, in spite of all, she has never ceased to offer every day her prayer, has during all this time, filled her place as sacristine, so that no one has perceived her absence.

Gaston Paris inclined to apologize to his "bons bourgeois de Paris" for introducing to them a character so doubtful as the Virgin Mary, but, for our studies, the professor's elementary morality is eloquent. Clearly, M. Paris, the highest academic authority in the world, thought that the Virgin could hardly, in his time, say the year 1900, be received into good society in the Latin Quarter. Our own English ancestors, known as Puritans, held the same opinion, and excluded her from their society some four hundred years earlier, for the same reasons that affected M. Gaston Paris. These reasons were just, and showed the respectability of the citizens who held them. In no well-regulated community, under a proper system of police could the Virgin feel at home, and the same thing may be said of most other saints as well as sinners. Her conduct was at times undignified, as M. Paris complained. She condescended to do domestic service, in order to help her friends, and she would use her needle, if she were in the mood, for the same object. The "Golden Legend" relates that:

> A certain priest, who celebrated every day a mass in honour of the Holy Virgin, was brought up before Saint Thomas of Canterbury, who suspended him from his charge, judging him to be short-witted and irresponsible. Now Saint Thomas had occasion to mend his hair-cloth shirt, and while waiting for an opportunity to do so, had hidden it under his bed; so the Virgin appeared to the priest and said to him: "Go find the archbishop and tell him that she for love of whom you celebrated masses has herself mended his shirt for him, which is under his bed; and tell him that she sends you to him that he may take off the interdict he has imposed on you." And Saint Thomas found that his shirt had in fact been mended. He relieved the priest, begging him to keep the secret of his wearing a hair-shirt.

Although certain to be contradicted by every pious churchman, a heretic must insist on thinking that the Mater Dolorosa was the logical Virgin of the Church, and that the Trinity would never have raised her from the foot of the Cross, had not the Virgin of Majesty been imposed, by necessity and public unanimity, on a creed which was meant to be complete without her. The true feeling of the Church was best expressed by the Virgin herself in one of her attested miracles: "A clerk, trusting more in the Mother than in the Son, never stopped repeating the angelic salutation for his only prayer. Once as he said again the 'Ave Maria,' the Lord appeared to him and said to him: 'My Mother thanks you much for all the Salutations that you make her; but still you should not forget to salute me also: tamen et me salutare memento.'" The Trinity feared absorption in her, but was compelled to accept, and even invite her aid, because the Trinity was a court of strict law, and, as in the old customary law, no process of equity could be introduced except by direct appeal to a higher power. She was imposed unanimously by all classes, because what man wanted most in the Middle Ages was not merely law or equity, but also and particularly favour. Strict justice, either on earth or in heaven, was the last thing that society cared to face. They were all criminals: if not, they would have had no use for the Church and very little for the State; but they had at least the merit of their faults; they knew what they were, and, like children, they yearned for protection, pardon, and love. This was what the Trinity, though omnipotent, could not give. Whatever the heretic or mystic might try to persuade himself, God could not be Love. God was Justice, Order, Unity, Perfection; He could not be human and imperfect, nor could the Son or the Holy Ghost be other than the Father. The Mother alone was human, imperfect, and could love; she alone was Favour, Duality, Diversity. Under any conceivable form of religion, this duality must find embodiment somewhere, and the Middle Ages logically insisted that, as it could not be in the Trinity, either separately or together, it must be in the Mother. If the Trinity was in its essence Unity, the Mother alone could represent whatever was not Unity; whatever was irregular, exceptional, outlawed; and this was the whole human race. The saints alone were safe, after they were sainted. Every one else was criminal, and men differed so little in degree of sin that, in Mary's eyes, all were subjects for her pity and help.

This general rule of favour, apart from law, or the reverse of law, was the mark of Mary's activity in human affairs. Take, for an example, an entire class of her miracles, applying to the discipline of the Church! A bishop ejected an ignorant and corrupt priest from his living, as all bishops constantly had to do. The priest had taken the precaution to make himself Mary's *man;* he had devoted himself to her service and worship. Mary instantly interfered,— just as Queen Eleanor or Queen Blanche would have done,— most unreasonably, and never was a poor bishop more roughly scolded by an orthodox queen! "Moult airieement," very airily or angrily, she said to him (Bartsch, 1887, p. 363):

Now know you this for sure and true,
Unless to-morrow this you do,
— And do it very early too,—
Restore my chaplain to his due,
A much worse fate remains for you!
Within a month your soul shall go
To suffer in the flames below.

The story-teller — himself a priest and prior — caught the lofty trick of manner which belonged to the great ladies of the court, and was inherited by them, even in England, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, who treated her bishops also like domestic servants; — "matinet bien main!" To the public, as to us, the justice of the rebuke was nothing to the point; but that a friend should exist on earth or in heaven, who dared to browbeat a bishop, caused the keenest personal delight. The legends are clearer on this point than on any other. The people loved Mary because she trampled on conventions; not merely because she could do it, but because she liked to do what shocked every well-regulated authority. Her pity had no limit.

If the Virgin took the feelings of the Trinity into consideration, or recognized its existence except as her Son, the case has not been reported, or, at all events, has been somewhat carefully kept out of sight by the Virgin's poets. The devils were emphatic in denouncing Mary for absorbing the whole Trinity. In one sharply disputed case in regard to a villain, or labourer, whose soul the Virgin claimed because he had learned the "Ave Maria," the devils became very angry, indeed, and protested vehemently:

The ugly demons laugh outright
And grind their teeth with envious spite;
Crying: — "Marvel marvelous!
Because that flat-eared ploughman there
Learned to make your Dame a prayer,
She would like to kill us all
Just for looking towards his soul.
All the world she wants to rule!
No such Dame was ever seen!
She thinks that she is God, I ween,
Or holds Him in her hollow hand.
Not a judgment or command

Satire on Virgin authority

Or an order can be given
Here on earth or there in heaven,
That she does not want control.
She thinks that she ordains the whole,
And keeps it all for her own profit.
God nor Devil share not of it."

True it was, although one should not say it jestingly, that the Virgin embarrassed the Trinity; and perhaps this was the reason, behind all the other excellent reasons, why men loved and adored her with a passion such as no other deity has ever inspired: and why we, although utter strangers to her, are not far from getting down on our knees and praying to her still. Mary concentrated in herself the whole rebellion of man against fate; the whole protest against divine law; the whole contempt for human law as its outcome; the whole unutterable fury of human nature beating itself against the walls of its prison-house, and suddenly seized by a hope that in the Virgin man had found a door of escape. She was above law: she took feminine pleasure in turning hell into an ornament: she delighted in trampling on every social distinction in this world and the next. She knew that the universe was as unintelligible to her, on any theory of morals, as it was to her worshippers, and she felt, like them, no sure conviction that it was any more intelligible to the Creator of it. To her, every suppliant was a universe in itself, to be judged apart, on his own merits, by his love for her,— by no means on his orthodoxy, or his conventional standing in the Church, or according to his correctness in defining the nature of the Trinity. The convulsive hold which Mary to this day maintains over human imagination — as you can see at Lourdes — was due much less to her power of saving soul or body than to her sympathy with people who suffered under law,— divine or human,— justly or unjustly, by accident or design, by decree of God or by guile of Devil. She cared not a straw for conventional morality, and she had no notion of letting her friends be punished, to the tenth or any other generation, for the sins of their ancestors or the peccadillos of Eve.

So Mary filled heaven with a sort of persons little to the taste of any respectable middle-class society, which has trouble enough in making this world decent and pay its bills, without having to continue the effort in another. Mary was rarely harsh to any suppliant or servant, and she took no special interest in humiliating the rich or the learned or the wise. For them, law was made; by them, law was administered; and with their doings Mary never arbitrarily interfered; but occasionally she could not resist the temptation to intimate her opinion of the manner in which the Trinity allowed their — the regular — Church to be administered. She was a queen, and never for an instant forgot it, but she took little thought about her divine rights, if she had any, — and in fact Saint Bernard preferred her without them, — while she was scandalized at the greed of officials in her Son's Court. One day a rich usurer and a very poor old woman happened to be dying in the same town. Gaultier de Coincy did not say, as an accurate historian should, that he was present, nor did he mention names or dates, although it was one of his longest and best stories. Mary never loved bankers, and had no reason for taking interest in this one, or for doing him injury; but it happened that the parish priest was summoned to both death-beds at the same time, and neglected the old pauper in the hope of securing a bequest for his church from the banker. This was the sort of fault that most annoyed Mary in the Church of the Trinity, which, in her opinion, was not cared for as it should be, and she felt it her duty to intimate as much.

Although the priest refused to come at the old woman's summons, his young clerk, who seems to have acted as vicar though not in orders, took pity on her, and went alone with the sacrament to her hut, which was the poorest of poor hovels even for that age:

Roof of hoops, and wall of logs,
Like a wretched stye for hogs.

There the beggar lay, already insensible or at the last gasp, on coarse thatch, on the ground, covered by an old hempen sack. The picture represented the extremest poverty of the thirteenth century; a hovel without even a featherbed or bedstead, as Aucassin's ploughman described his mother's want; and the old woman, alone, dying, as the clerk appeared at the opening:

The clerk, well in these duties taught,
The body of our Saviour brought
Where she lay upon her bed
Without a soul to give her aid.

But such brightness there he saw
As filled his mind with fear and awe.
Covered with a mat of straw
The woman lay; but round and near
A dozen maidens sat, so fair
No mortal man could dream such light,
No mortal tongue describe the sight.
Then he saw that next the bed,
By the poor old woman's head,
As she gasped and strained for breath
In the agony of death,
Sat Our Lady, — bending low,
While, with napkin white as snow,
She dried the death-sweat on the brow.

The clerk, in terror, hesitated whether to turn and run away, but Our Lady beckoned him to the bed, while all rose and kneeled devoutly to the sacrament. Then she said to the trembling clerk:

"Friend, be not afraid!
But seat yourself to give us aid,
Beside these maidens, on the bed."

And when the clerk had obeyed, she continued —

"Come quickly, friend!" Our Lady says,
"This good old woman now confess,
And afterwards without distress
She will at once receive her God,
Who deigned in me take flesh and blood."

After the sacrament came a touch of realism that recalls the simple death-scenes that Walter Scott described in his grand twelfth-century manner. The old woman lingered pitiably in her agony:

A maiden said to Saint Marie,
"My lady, still it seems to me
The soul will not the body fly."
"Fair child," Our Lady made reply,
"Still let awhile the body fight
Before the soul shall leave it quite.
So that it pure may be, and cleansed
When it to Paradise ascends.
No longer need we here remain;
We can go back to heaven again;
We will return before she dies,
And take the soul to Paradise."

The rest of the story concerned the usurer, whose death-bed was of a different character, but Mary's interest in death-beds of that kind was small. The fate of the usurer mattered the less because she knew too well how easily the banker, in good credit, could arrange with the officials of the Trinity to open the door of Paradise for him. The administration of heaven was very like the administration of France; the Queen Mother saw many things of which she could not wholly approve; but her nature was pity, not justice, and she shut her eyes to much that she could not change. Her miracles, therefore, were for the most part mere evidence of her pity for those who needed it most, and these were rarely the well-to-do people of the *siècle*, but more commonly the helpless. One might go on for a volume, studying the character of Mary and the changes that time made in it, from the earliest Byzantine legends down to the daily recorded miracles at Lourdes; no character in history has had so long or varied a development, and none so sympathetic.

For mere amusement, too, the miracle is worth reading of the little Jew child who ignorantly joined in the Christian communion, and was thrown into a furnace by his father in consequence; but when the furnace was opened, the Virgin appeared seated in the midst of the flames, with the little child unharmed in her lap. A better is that called the "Tombeor de Notre Dame," only recently printed; told by some unknown poet of the thirteenth century, and told as well as any of Gaultier de Coincy's.

The story is that of a tumbler — *tombeor*, street-acrobat — who was disgusted with the world, as his class has had a reputation for becoming, and who was fortunate enough to obtain admission into the famous monastery of Clairvaux, where Saint Bernard may have formerly been blessed by the Virgin's presence. Ignorant at best, and especially ignorant of letters, music, and the offices of a religious society, he found himself unable to join in the services. Tormented by the sense of his uselessness to the society whose bread he ate without giving a return in service, and afraid of being expelled as a useless member, one day while the bells were calling to mass he hid in the crypt, and in despair began to soliloquize before the Virgin's altar, at the same spot, one hopes, where the Virgin had shown herself, or might have shown herself, in her infinite bounty, to Saint Bernard, a hundred years before:

"Ha!" said he, "how I am ashamed!
To sing his part goes now each priest,
And I stand here, a tethered beast,
Who nothing do but browse and feed
And waste the food that others need.
Shall I say nothing, and stand still?
No! by God's mother, but I will!
She shall not think me here for naught;
At least I'll do what I've been taught!
At least I'll serve in my own way
God's mother in her church to-day.
The others serve to pray and sing;
I will serve to leap and spring."
Then he strips him of his gown,
Lays it on the altar down;
But for himself he takes good care
Not to show his body bare,
But keeps a jacket, soft and thin,
Almost a shirt, to tumble in.
Clothed in this supple woof of maille,
His strength and health and form showed well,
And when his belt is buckled fast,
Towards the Virgin turns at last:
Very humbly makes his prayer;
"Lady!" says he, "to your care
I commit my soul and frame.
Gentle Virgin, gentle dame,
Do not despise what I shall do,
For I ask only to please you,
To serve you like an honest man,
So help me God, the best I can.
I cannot chant, nor can I read,
But I can show you here instead,
All my best tricks to make you laugh,
And so shall be as though a calf
Should leap and jump before its dam.
Lady, who never yet could blame
Those who serve you well and true,
All that I am, I am for you."

Then he begins to jump about,
High and low, and in and out,
Straining hard with might and main;
Then falling on his knees again,
Before the image bows his face:
"By your pity! by your grace!"
Says he, "Ha! my gentle queen,
Do not despise my offering!"

In his earnestness he exerted himself until, at the end of his strength, he lay exhausted and unconscious on the altar steps. Pleased with his own exhibition, and satisfied that the Virgin was equally pleased, he continued these devotions every day, until at last his constant and singular absence from the regular services attracted the curiosity of a monk, who kept watch on him and reported his eccentric exercise to the Abbot.

The mediæval monasteries seem to have been gently administered. Indeed, this has been the chief reproach on them, and the excuse for robbing them for the benefit of a more energetic crown and nobility who tolerated no beggars or idleness but their own; at least, it is safe to say that few well-regulated and economically administered modern charities would have the patience of the Abbot of Clairvaux, who, instead of calling up the weak-minded *tombeor* and sending him back to the world to earn a living by his profession, went with his informant to the crypt, to see for himself what the strange report meant. We have seen at Chartres what a crypt may be, and how easily one might hide in its shadows while mass is said at the altars. The Abbot and his informant hid themselves behind a column in the shadow, and watched the whole performance to its end, when the exhausted tumbler dropped unconscious and drenched with perspiration on the steps of the altar, with the words:

"Lady!" says he, "no more I can,
But truly I'll come back again!"

You can imagine the dim crypt; the tumbler lying unconscious beneath the image of the Virgin; the Abbot peering out from the shadow of the column, and wondering what sort of discipline he could inflict for this unforeseen infraction of rule; when suddenly, before he could decide what next to do, the vault above the altar, of its own accord, opened:

The Abbot strains his eyes to see,
And, from the vaulting, suddenly,
A lady steps, — so glorious, —
Beyond all thought so precious, —
Her robes so rich, so nobly worn, —
So rare the gems the robes adorn, —
As never yet so fair was born.
Along with her the angels were,
Archangels stood beside her there;

Round about the tumbler group
To give him solace, bring him hope;
And when round him in ranks they stood,
His whole heart felt its strength renewed.
So they haste to give him aid
Because their wills are only made
To serve the service of their Queen,
Most precious gem the earth has seen.
And the lady, gentle, true,
Holds in her hand a towel new;
Fans him with her hand divine
Where he lies before the shrine.
The kind lady, full of grace,
Fans his neck, his breast, his face!
Fans him herself to give him air!
Labors, herself, to help him there!
The lady gives herself to it;
The poor man takes no heed of it;
For he knows not and cannot see
That he has such fair company.

Beyond this we need not care to go. If you cannot feel the color and quality — the union of naïveté and art, the refinement, the infinite delicacy and tenderness — of this little poem, then nothing will matter much to you; and if you can feel it, you can feel without more assistance, the majesty of Chartres.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY[1]

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

The title of Henry George's striking book, *Progress and Poverty*, describes a new and momentous condition of Victorian England. Progress became a sort of watchword for an era characterized by amazing inventions, by a multiplication of new wants and new comforts, and by a vast and ever accelerating increase of wealth. This progress was variously viewed — with satisfaction by those who shared most in its benefits, with protest by those who found themselves worse off than their fellows, with enthusiasm by the engineers, inventors, and scientists who were most responsible for its initiation and continuance, with distrust by the moralists and traditionalists who saw its deviations from what they believed was the straight and narrow way. But the wheels of progress moved steadily on. The nation grew richer and richer, and the satisfaction of each new need seemed only to beget others. Meanwhile the poor remained. It is not necessary to agree with Henry George that as the rich grow richer, the poor grow poorer; but it is certain that, despite the increase in wealth, poverty was still a terrible blight on the lives of many. This contrast gave to poverty in the nineteenth century a new significance. For the first time perhaps in the history of mankind, poverty seemed unnecessary, remediable, and therefore terribly unjust. Countless remedies were proposed, and much alleviation was accomplished, yet the problem was not solved, and with each year it became more clearly set before the mind and the conscience of England — wealth is increasing much faster than the population, and yet miserable poverty falls to the lot of many.

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[1] From *Literature in a Changing Age*, by Ashley H. Thorndike. Copyright, 1920, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

Though the poor have always been with us — in poems and stories as elsewhere — they manifestly occupy a far larger place in English literature of the nineteenth century than ever before. And it is no longer a question of their presentation with sympathy or ridicule; they become an alarming fact that the imagination cannot escape, and they become a menacing contradiction in that advance of civilization which is otherwise so impressive. Literature encountered what was in many respects a new condition and a new problem, and in this chapter I propose to glance at some of the ways in which literature was changed thereby. But first it will be necessary to recall some elements of the problem which were largely peculiar to England between the Napoleonic and the World War.

I

At the close of the Napoleonic wars, abject poverty was experienced chiefly in two classes of society. First, the enclosure of common lands, which began on a large scale in the latter half of the eighteenth century, had placed the ownership and management of agriculture in the hands of landlords and had created an increasing class of landless agricultural laborers who profited little or nothing by the high prices of food during the war. Second, the industrial revolution had brought about the factory life and machine labor, giving large though risky profits to the manufacturers, and increasing misery, unemployment, and disease among the workingmen. England was experiencing the perplexities of a nation no longer able to support the population on its land, and yet greatly adding to the production of wealth through its manufactures and commerce. What has since become a world problem, affecting every country — the balance between agriculture and manufacture — was experienced there suddenly amid the confusion and expense of long war. Poverty remained the lot of the manual worker, whether in farm or factory, and through the century it has continued the most important element in the labor question. The extension of the pangs of what may be called relative poverty to clerks, small shop keepers, and others of the lower middle class has been a rather recent matter. So too has the protest of labor directed not so much against the low wages as against great profits. In the nineteenth century poverty was mainly an affair of the working classes. The continual agitation which has disturbed the relations of employers and employees has had not its sole but its chief source in the miserable lives of the poor.

In opposition to the changes of the age of steam, there were institutions which remained without innovation. The landed class continued in possession of land and government. While in France and southern Germany there had resulted from the Napoleonic wars an increase of small holdings; in England, the landlords had increased their estates and paid no direct tax. The landed aristocracy had become a leisure class manifestly supported by the labor of the poor, and not offering any very indispensable services to the state. At least the landed nobility make no exalted appeal to the imagination of anyone. Even Disraeli, who later became their leader, fills his early novels with ridicule of their frivolity. The established church also remained unchanged, wealthier than ever and less directly serviceable to the people. As time went on the church did its share in educational and humanitarian work, but in the two decades after Waterloo it gave little evidence of zeal. It had lost its hold on the working classes, who had gone over to dissent or to secularism of various kinds. The church and the landed aristocracy were not only the bulwarks of tradition, but in a way they were the main defense against the demands of the working classes. After the terrible spectacle of the French people overturning the church and state, and after the long trials of the Napoleonic wars, many a good man saw the only hope of security in the *status quo*, in keeping firmly fastened the lid of church and land, however fiercely the pot might boil. It will be recalled that Sir Walter Scott violently opposed parliamentary reform and in consequence was stoned by a mob of weavers.

The industrial revolution had created its own philosophy and science. The philosophy was Utilitarianism, with practical application to law, government, economics, and ethics, promising the ready "organization of society so as to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The science of wealth or Political Economy was largely professed by utilitarians and proceeded on their method of deductive reasoning. Like many other scientists in the enthusiasm of discovery, the economists thought that they had not merely added a few useful generalizations to knowledge but had really explained the world. They believed that they had the universe by the hair and could lead it around and make it do what they said. Free trade, competition uncontrolled by the government, and *laissez faire* became the watchwords of a gospel that they finally imposed on Victorian liberalism. To this philosophy and science the working classes turned with some enthusiasm because they opposed the nobility and the church and promised a speedy abolition of poverty. But the working class soon found itself delivered bound and chained to the industrial aristocracy. The employers had both the wealth and the political economy, the employees were not better or happier with Utilitarianism than with Christianity.

This was the state of society that Carlyle indicated in the *Sartor* and later described more vividly in *Past and Present.* There he also urged the chief remedies which in the course of time have been tried and most of which have proved beneficial — education, immigration, factory legislation, repeal of the corn laws, profit sharing, and government regulation. What Carlyle urged as more essential, a permanency of relations between employer and employee, has been approximated through means of insurance against unemployment, old age, and accident. In the adoption of these remedies the working class has often found assistance in the hostility between the landed and the industrial aristocracies. Thomas B. Reed once wrote an interesting essay in support of the thesis that the chief steps in improving human life have been due to evil motives such as jealousy, revenge, self-interest; and he instanced as notable examples, the repeal of the corn laws, due in part to the opposition of the industrial capitalist to the landowner, and the institution of factory legislation as due to the jealousy of the landlords for the factory owners. Important as the mutual jealousies and revenges have been in the course of reform, and important as have been various theories, especially the fundamental doctrine of the utilitarians, probably the main source of improvement in the Victorian era lay in the continuation of an active spirit of humanitarianism.

Politics, prejudice, selfishness, class interest, doctrine, and philosophy may obstruct, retard, or reinforce, but they have never stopped the great tide of compassion for the sufferings of our fellowmen. Moreover, although humanitarianism might lose itself in mere sentimentality, in what Carlyle called "this universal syllabub of philanthropic twaddle"; yet its efforts on the whole grew increasingly practical. A good example of its course can be found in the career of Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. Relinquishing a party career that promised to lead to the highest office of state, he gave his long life to philanthropic reform. When at the age of eighty-three he received the freedom of the city of London, "the Chamberlain referred to his labours in connection with the Climbing Boys Act, the Factory and Ten Hours Act, Mines and Collieries Regulation Acts, the establishment of Ragged Schools, training shops, and refuges for boys and girls, his share in the abolition of slavery, the protection of lunatics, the promotion of the City Mission and the Bible Society, and likewise his efforts for the protection of wronged and tortured dumb animals." If we add his efforts for improving the dwellings of the poor, this offers an adequate summary of the practical offices of a humanitarian. Shaftesbury was an evangelical Christian and had no faith in utilitarianism, socialism, or other revolutionary proposals, but he was inspired by a profound desire to redress wrong and to secure justice by every practical means available. No history of nineteenth century England is adequate which does not recognize the growing strength of this ideal.

Many of the measures with which Lord Shaftesbury was concerned may be stigmatized as mere protections and reliefs, a doctoring for symptoms which does not reach to the root of the disease. Such remedies come from the wealthy and educated who act as doctor for the sufferings of the working class. But the working class has been by no means content to remain in the condition of patient or beneficiary. It has been aroused to right its wrongs and has sought a cure in great manifestations of class purpose. These have been expressed in behalf of many of the specific reforms already mentioned such as the repeal of the corn laws, but have also taken the form of great agitations in support of revolutionary modification of society. Of these Chartism and Socialism have been the chief. Complete democracy in government was the cure advocated by the first, and the seizure of capital and the reorganization of both government and society by the proletariat is still the goal of the other. In each case the agitation has involved expression of mass feeling in processions, petitions, and meetings, the resort at times to violence, a devotion to the cause which requires blindness to other interests and facts. More effective probably than either of these great agitations, both in securing an alleviation of poverty and in preparing the way for vast political and social change, has been the organization of skilled labor in trade unions.

The hope of a revolutionary convulsion has inspired many and the fear of it has stiffened the opposition to every reform. Yet as one looks back over the history of England during the century between its great wars, one is struck not more by the multitude of changes proposed than by the slowness with which they have proceeded. There appears much justification for Carlyle's outcry against national palaver which does nothing. It was fifty years after the Reform Bill before working men took any part in Parliament. The landlord class was scarcely less secure in its privilege in 1900 than in 1830. The six points of the Chartists of 1840 have only just been realized. Education, better housing, factory legislation and the other remedies have been applied in slow and short stages. The working classes have unquestionably improved their position in the course of the century, and poverty has been considerably decreased and controlled. Nevertheless, no American, French, or German visitor to England in the years just before the War could fail to be impressed, not only in the great cities but in the provincial towns as well, by the presence of a vast amount of abject poverty. In recording the great achievements made by the British Empire, the one charge that would be inevitably placed against it was the continuing existence at home of millions of ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-trained poor.

II

All the aspects of the condition of progress and poverty which I have enumerated had their effect on literature. The misery of the working classes, the opposition of class interests, as those of land and manufacture or employer and employee, the duty of the church, and the professed solution of utilitarianism, all came in for abundant discussion. Political Economy found itself the object of a violent literary attack from Carlyle and Ruskin. The laborious and worthy poor stirred the imagination of poet and novelist, and the novel became a forum in which their wrongs and the many remedies were debated. Humanitarian pity, practical philanthropy, and revolutionary doctrine alike moved pen and press. It will be necessary, however, to look a little closely at some of these manifestations before asking what changes they wrought.

There is a good deal in the literature between Waterloo and the Reform Bill which bears on the state of the working classes. Crabbe's poems depict humble life with vivid reality and not without a sense of the wrongs of

"The murmuring poor who will not fast in peace."

Wordsworth has some comments in *The Excursion* on the new industrial toil, and the Manchester massacre provoked Shelley's *Hymn to Anarchy*. But the literature of the proletariat may be said to begin with such poets of the people as Samuel Bamford, author of *The Weaver Boy*, 1819, and Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer. Elliott, "a small meek-looking man," was not exactly a proletarian but was engaged in the iron trade, out of which he was making a considerable profit, and he had already published verses following the current literary fashions before he poured forth his hate of the bread tax in the Corn Law Rhymes.

These were dedicated to Jeremy Bentham, and they preach good utilitarian doctrine, but they gained a hearing not because of their argument on the tariff or because of any great literary merit, but by the sincerity and passion with which they present the sufferings of the laboring poor. Their invective scarcely equals occasional passages in Elliott's prose, as, for example, when picturing the ruin and famine which the Corn Laws caused, he declares "Unhappily, the landlords will be the last devoured — but then they will have the satisfaction of being eaten raw and alive." But the verse is trenchant enough, as in the stanza from *Caged Rats:*

> Ye coop us up, and tax our bread,
>   And wonder why we pine;
> But ye are fat, and round, and red
>   And filled with tax-bought wine.
> Thus, twelve rats starve while three rats thrive
>   (Like you on mine and me)
> When fifteen rats are caged alive
>   With food for nine and three.

Or, his definition of bad government,

> The deadly *will* that takes
>   What labour ought to keep;
> It is the deadly power that makes
>   Bread dear and labour cheap.

That is the accusation brought against government by every variety of labor agitator from the Corn Law Rhymer to the latest brand of Socialist. Nor have they forgotten to repeat the final taunt with which Elliott closed the notes to his poems. Where is this "protection," he asks, that the landlords prate about? The workhouse, the dungeon, famine have not found it, nor Time in his long journey; but Destruction says, "I have heard the name thereof; it cometh and will come, the POVERTY *that shall instruct them.*"

The reviewer in the *Athenaeum* thought it a mistake to treat of such subjects in poetry, but they were there to stay. Some of Elliott's other poems, *The Ranter*, *The Village Patriarch*, and *The Splendid Village*, also describe the life of the poor and are effective Tracts of the Times. The Chartists also appealed to the muse, and not unsuccessfully in the poems of one of their most active agitators, Ernest Jones. But the main bent of literature toward the industrial classes seems to have been due to Carlyle. We have already reviewed the growth of his interest in the industrial world, as shown in his *Signs of the Times*, his review of the Corn Law Rhymes, the *Sartor*, and the essay on *Chartism*. "A feeling very generally exists that the condition and disposition of the Working Classes is a rather ominous matter at present; that something ought to be said, something ought to be done, in regard to it." Thus begins the brilliant picture of industrial England by the same hand that had painted the French Revolution, and this is the theme of a more complete and a more stirring document, *Past and Present.*

The importance of *Past and Present* in the history of literature has already been emphasized. It should be remembered that Carlyle's denunciation both of the evils of the present and of all the Morrison's pills patented for their cure was accompanied by a full recognition of the dignity and worth of manual labor and by a sympathy for the white slaves and helots of England which rested not on mere sentiment but on an understanding of the realities of the factory system and its attendant poverty. The book was an appeal for the working classes, and it was read and appreciated by them. The appeal, however, was not addressed to them. The government, the landowners, the capitalists, and the men of letters are all adjured and commanded to do something to organize, control, improve, to secure justice for the laborers; but there is no indication that any effective action can be expected from the laborers themselves. Carlyle's faith is in the leadership of the few and not at all in the mass of men. The book becomes therefore mainly a demand in the name of justice that the upper classes help the lower, the rich divide with the poor, the employers find a cure for the ills of the employed. The working class cannot be trusted with its own case.

The intense agitation of the forties over Chartism, factory acts, and corn laws, flooded the country with documents, speeches, and reports. Its reflection in story and verse was inevitable but was promoted by the success with which Carlyle had given imaginative vitality to the disturbing issues of the day. In the same year (1843) that *Past and Present* was published, Mrs. Browning wrote *The Cry of the Children* and at Christmas appeared what are probably the best known of all Victorian pleas for charity toward the poor, Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and Dickens's *Christmas Carol.* The second year thereafter saw the state of the poor treated by three notably different writers. Mrs. Norton, who nine years earlier had published her poem, *A Voice from the Factories*, published *The Child of the Islands*, a long and rather jejune poem comparing the prospects of the newly born prince with those of the children of the poor. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, upon being released from prison, published his long poem, *The Purgatory of Suicides*. Disraeli, who had recently travelled through the factory districts in the north, and who also had a political program with designs on the peasantry, published *Sybil*, treating of the factory miseries and the Chartist riots. In 1848, Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* was a still more notable attempt to bring modern factory conditions into a novel. Charles Kingsley's *Yeast*, begun in the same year, was followed in 1849 by *Alton Locke*, and five years later came Dickens's *Hard Times* and Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*. The reader who wishes for a detailed study of these novels in relation to their times must turn to Professor Cazamian's penetrating volume *Le Roman Social;* they can be glanced at only briefly here.

Mrs. Gaskell was the wife of a Unitarian minister in Manchester, and her *Mary Barton* was drawn from conditions there in the period of distress (1839–1842) which had aroused *Past and Present* and *Sybil*. The book was an immediate success and brought approbation from Carlyle, Landor, Dickens, Maurice, Kingsley and Samuel Bamford, but it also aroused protest from the Manchester employers and the political economists. The *Manchester Guardian* took her to task for attacking the manufacturers, and referred to "this morbid sensibility to the condition of factory operatives which has become so fashionable *of late* among the gentry and the landed aristocracy." But the novel has been translated into many languages and become one of the classics of nineteenth century fiction.

It has a well constructed and rather conventional plot, but is extraordinary for the convincing truthfulness of its pictures of factory life and for the sincerity and fervor of its emotions. Our sympathies for the workingmen are heightened by the trial for murder of the innocent hero; but, this sensational plot aside, we are face to face with real operatives and real masters. The heroine belongs to the factory town and when she leaves it for her first railway journey to Liverpool, "looked towards the factory-chimneys and the clouds of smoke which hover over Manchester with a feeling akin to the 'Heimweh.' She was losing sight of the familiar objects of her childhood for the first time; and, unpleasant as these objects are to most, she yearned after them with some of the same sentiment which gives pathos to the thoughts of the immigrant." John Barton, her father, is a trades unionist, one of the disappointed bearers of the petition to Parliament. Embittered and despairing he becomes an advocate of force and the murderer of the manufacturer's son. But Mrs. Gaskell draws his portrait with no less sympathy and truth than that of his daughter.

The descriptions of the miseries of the weavers' families come with the simplicity and power of actuality, and were doubtless drawn from Mrs. Gaskell's own experiences. In the chapter "Poverty and Death," a worn-out weaver is dying.

> "Most probably, as they felt, he could not speak, for his strength was fast ebbing. They stood round him still and silent; even his wife checked her sobs, though her heart was like to break. She held her child to her breast, to try and keep him quiet. Their eyes were all fixed on the yet living man, whose moments of life were passing so rapidly away. At length he brought (with jerking, convulsive effort) his two hands into the attitude of prayer. They saw his lips move, and bent to catch the words, which came in gasps, and not in tones:
>
> "'Oh, Lord God! I thank thee that the hard struggle of living is over.'
>
> "'Oh, Ben, Ben!' wailed forth his wife, 'have you no thought for me? Oh, Ben! Ben! do say one word to help me through life!'"
>
> . . . .
>
> "The only mark of pauperism attendant on the burial concerned the living and joyous, far more than the dead, or sorrowful. When they arrived in the churchyard they halted before a raised and handsome tombstone: in reality a wooden mockery of stone respectabilities which adorned the burial ground. It was easily raised in a very few minutes, and below was the grave in which pauper bodies were piled until within a foot or two of the surface; when the soil was shovelled over, and stamped down, and the wooden cover went to do temporary duty over another hole. But little recked they of this who now gave up their dead."

Mrs. Gaskell seems to have felt that the novel was a little one-sided; for she desired that it should be read in conjunction with *North and South*, a later and less intense plea for humanity on the part of the employers. Even in *Mary Barton* the self-centered manufacturer reforms and takes an active part in the remedial measures which had already wrought great improvement in

Manchester. Nevertheless, hero and heroine, seeking happiness ever after, emigrate to America. What is likely to be the final impression on the reader of to-day is that the book is essentially true of the present as of the past. The details both of the suffering and of the piety are of 1840, but the story of the conflict between masters and men and of the hate born of poverty and repression is very like that presented in Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife*. There is the same chasm between masters and men; on the one side poverty that feeds on women and children, on the other the power that men will not yield. Mrs. Gaskell appeals to the masters to bridge the chasm and bear relief to the other side. Mr. Galsworthy sees more coldly the difficulty of building any bridges that will not endanger the power which capital holds. Neither sees happiness or justice on either side so long as the chasm remains.

After *Mary Barton* the mid-century novels of the working classes do not require much attention. Disraeli's Chartist hero, is really a baron of the best blood in England, and Kingsley's tailor is also a poet, but aside from these romantic reservations, they set forth poverty with vividness and emotion. It may be noted, too, that Disraeli's remedy of Tory paternalism and Kingsley's of Christian Socialism (shops owned and run by the workingmen) have been readvocated many times. Dickens's *Hard Times* owes a great deal to Mrs. Gaskell. The elaborate plots with the workman who is falsely accused of murder and the picture of the drudgery and poverty of the weavers are similar in both novels. Dickens heightens the colors and scores more palpable hits with a loss of verisimilitude. His satire on the utilitarians and political economists runs to extravagant burlesque in Gradgrind and Bounderby, although the types are recognizable to-day, and the opening description of education for efficiency, entitled "Murdering the Innocents," will bear a good deal of re-reading from modern pedagogical reformers. A dozen years had passed, the corn laws had been repealed, and the factories regulated since Mrs. Gaskell's heart had been moved by the emaciated poor of Manchester, yet Dickens pictures his busy Coketown as the abode of undeserved misery. At the dramatic moment how superbly he sums up the case in the words of his weaver:

> "Look around town—so rich as 'tis—and see the numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein' heer, fur to weave, an' to card, an' to piece out a livin', aw' the same one way, somehows, twixt their cradles and their graves. Look how we live, and wheer we live, an' in what numbers, an' by what chances, and wi' what sameness; and look how the mills is awlus a goin', and how they never works us no nigher to ony dis'ant object—ceptin' awlus, Death. Look how you considers us, and writes of us, and goes up wi' yor deputations to Secretaries o' State 'bout us, and how you are awlus right, and how we are awlus wrong, and never no reason in us sin' ever we were born. Look how this ha' growen an' growen, sir, bigger an' bigger, broader an' broader, from year to year, from generation unto generation. Who can look on't, sir, and fairly tell a man 'tis not a muddle!"

Dickens, indeed, treated the employers with less consideration than had Mrs. Gaskell, but his plea, like hers, is to them for kindness and humanity. His weaver, outlawed by his union but standing up for his fellows against the bullying master, closes his great appeal for fairer dealings by a negative statement of the kind of treatment of the working-men by their masters "what won't better aw' this."

> "Must o 'aw, rating 'em as so much Power, and reg'lating 'em as if they was figures in a loom, or machines: wi'out souls to weary an' souls to hope, when aw' goes quiet, draggin' on wi' em as if they'd nowt o' th' kind, and when aw' goes onquiet, reproachin' 'em for their want o' sich humanly feelin's in their dealins wi' yo — this will never do't, sir, till God's work is onmade."

The master's reply has been heard both before and since.

> "Now it's clear to me," said Mr. Bounderby, "that you are one of those chaps who have always got a grievance. And you go about, sowing it and raising crops. That's the business of *your* life, my friend."

III

These novels of Dickens, Kingsley, and Mrs. Gaskell were, as we have seen, closely related in subject and ideas and all owed a part of their literary inspiration to Carlyle. A still more direct and extended application of his belief that literature, like everything else, must be bent to the social problems of the time soon appeared in the writings of Ruskin. The last volume of *Modern Painters* was published in 1860, and for several years previously Ruskin's mind had been turning under Carlyle's tutelage to economic and social subjects. With his great work as an appreciator of beauty in nature and art accomplished, with a reputation as art critic and as master of stately prose established, Ruskin at forty felt that all his efforts to deduce the principles of beauty and their spiritual relations and all his efforts to mould words into eloquent expression were hopelessly in vain in the presence of a civilization which endowed its working men with poverty and degradation. He took refuge in Switzerland and there for some months fought out his own spiritual battle. Change in religious belief and personal suffering had a part in this conflict as in Carlyle's fight with the Everlasting No or Tennyson's struggle depicted in *In Memoriam*, but with Ruskin victory did not bring conversion to a new faith but rather the determination of a new activity. The search for beauty seemed an unworthy pursuit in a world of poverty, and the ideals of literature as he had followed them ignoble in the presence of the need for active and practical reform. He wrote from Chamouni to Charles Eliot Norton, "the peace in which I am at present is only as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battlefield wet with blood."

Ruskin began his social propaganda by two violent attacks on orthodox political economy with accompanying elucidation of his scheme for society. The two books, *Unto this Last* and *Munera Pulveris* began in the *Cornhill* and *Fraser's* magazines but were stopped by the editors, Thackeray and Froude, because of the great offence caused by their vehement polemic. In 1867 at the time of a business depression, the agitation for the extension of the suffrage, and the trade union outrages at Sheffield and Manchester, he wrote his *Letters to a Working Man* at Sunderland, first appearing in the newspapers of Leeds and Manchester, and then collected into *Time and Tide*. It is significant of the changes being wrought by labor agitation that Ruskin no longer appeals to the upper classes for aid and sympathy but directly counsels the working classes. He was far, however, from advocating any control of affairs by the proletariat. His Utopia aimed first at the abolition of poverty and second at the promotion of welfare, physical and moral but by no means synonymous with wealth. Like the Socialists, he advocated a community of property and a state control by a bureaucracy. Unlike the Socialists, he believed in a maintenance of the class system much after the fashion of feudalism, and in general his ideal for labor and laborers called for a reversion from modern to medieval conditions. The factory system was to give way to hand manufacture wherever this was conceivable, and government or class control was to reinvade every field of industrial, family, and personal affairs, whence it had been ousted by the modern conception of liberty.

Time and Tide is perhaps the best summary of Ruskin's social ideals, comparatively free from the extravagant whimsicalities and absurd petulance toward his adversaries which encumber much of his writing. It is too fanciful to carry conviction, but it embodies in concrete and simple form both his positive proposals and his essential criticism of current economic theory and industrial practice. Moreover, it is a notable piece of literature, written in a lucid and animated prose that many prefer to the more self-conscious and intricate style of his earlier writings.

The remainder of Ruskin's working life was given largely to two undertakings, that of Professor of Art at Oxford and that of the chief supporter of the Saint George Guild, an attempt to realize his Utopia in England. The two occupations were not, however, separated in Ruskin's mind or work. He made his art students labor at breaking stone for roads and he addressed workingmen on Carpaccio, or for that matter, on any theme which happened to come to mind. His larger purpose was the union of art and labor, so that the humblest might share in the ministrations and the joyful practice of the arts and so that the most gifted might devote a part of their talents toward making the national life first possible and then encouraging for beauty. *Fors Clavigera*, a series of letters "to the workingmen and labourers of Great Britain," was devoted at once to the general purpose and to the more specific schemes of the Guild. To these and to other attempts to reform agriculture and industry or to educate and help the workingman, he gave his fortune and what was left of his great gifts as a writer.

Of the general effect of Ruskin's teachings there is no need to speak here except to note that his fancy and passion had their influence on the scope and method of the political economy which he attacked, as well as on the sympathies of his many readers, whether workingmen or masters. What is most interesting for consideration is the transformation wrought upon this man's work by the modern exhibition of poverty. This lover of beauty in its revered manifestations, in cathedrals and palaces, paintings and poems, in English lakes and Swiss mountains, or in Venice, that very home of ancient loveliness, found himself turned from all these by the nightmare of that poverty which seemed to be the accompaniment of modern progress. This gentle and sensitive soul was driven to assume the prophet's mantle, to preach a crusade, to wear himself out battling against powers which seemed all powerful but to which he would not yield the victory. The artist became a prophet, a propagandist, a social reformer, and experimenter. The forces of his environment had changed the meaning and function of literature for him. But the inspiration that came from London slums or Manchester factories helped to create literature. There are many doubtless who prefer what Ruskin wrote before 1860 to what he wrote thereafter, but one need not depreciate the one to praise the other. The Ruskin whose message has gone to the hearts and imagination of the last generation is the prophet who preached "that the streets which are the habitation of the poor, and the fields which are the playground of their children shall be restored to the rule of the spirits, wheresoever they are, in earth and heaven, that ordain and reward, with constant and conscious felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure."

This was also a part of the creed of William Morris, who felt no less strongly than did Ruskin the antinomy between the call of art and the duty to help the poor. The world of beauty, which for him was always the Middle Ages, never seemed reconcilable with the world of modern industry. Like many another eminent Victorian, he had an evangelical home and suffered religious perplexities that threatened to send him to Romanism and finally left him outside of the church listening to the voices of Carlyle and Ruskin. At the age of twenty he made his first visit to France, and where Wordsworth sixty years before had found the elixir of revolution he discovered the enchantment of the cathedrals. Already well versed in ecclesiastical history and antiquities, he was confirmed in that joy in medieval art which remained the abiding passion of his life. The next thirty years were occupied by his boundless and multifarious industry as an artist, painter, architect, poet, designer. But before he was fifty, Morris found himself wrestling with the question of progress and poverty. He had never shared the romanticist notion of art as the expression of peculiar personality but viewed it rather as the natural and democratic function of life, and he became deeply convinced that art was impossible in a society based on the factory system. Compared with the Middle Ages, life and art to-day appeared commercial, mechanical, dehumanized, demanding revolution.

Morris deserted the Liberals and became a Socialist. For several years in the eighties he gave his boundless energy to the agitation of revolutionary socialism, once got himself arrested in consequence, and wrote little or nothing except directly in support of Marxianism. In the end he came to see that immediate revolution was impracticable and that the organization of society which he desired lay long beyond his vision. It was in this mellower though still revolutionary mood that he wrote the two books which are most likely to perpetuate his protest against modern society. *A Dream of John Ball*, written in prose of great distinction, gives a winsome beauty to the men and the daily living of his beloved Middle Ages and also to the perpetual struggle of the humbler workers of the world for justice and independence. *News from Nowhere* looks forward to a vision of idyllic socialism of the future, without machines or money. Both in these books and even in the socialist lectures that Morris delivered about the country, there is always a charm and sincerity in the writing, but it can scarcely be said that he made poetry out of socialism. He did add power and persuasiveness to the cry of the century that art and literature can no longer endure poverty or labor that debases humanity.

IV

Even now, forty years after Morris harangued the street crowds, the vision of socialism still waits for translation into literature. It has been observed that socialism requires a change of heart, "a mental somersault of the kind taken analogically by Dante at the earth's center." Perhaps an unbeliever may best describe it by comparison with the vast conscript armies of the late war. Suppose we all became as the soldiers, each with food and clothing provided, and freed from any competition or rivalry for possession, all inspired by the same zeal. There would no longer be proletarian or capitalist, workman or idler, rich or poor, only men and all gradations of officers; no longer gain by traffic or advantage by greed; only through a common service could one acquire greater comfort or power, and these in turn could be used only to advance the common weal. Forget the existing state of affairs, imagine the world turned inside out, and you must imagine yourself and your neighbor both as transformed. My words are those of little faith, but the wonder is that the many who have felt this change of heart, who have seen the vision cannot put it more convincingly into words. The Socialists have dallied with arguments and economic interpretations, class wars and many other contentions which really have nothing to do with their vision and hope. They have played with politics and with slaughter; they have fought and hated and declaimed, but they still lack a literature. Undoubtedly it is more difficult to conceive of a transformed world now than in the time of Plato's *Republic* or More's *Utopia;* but it is not theory or argument so much as some fragment of a vision of regenerated mankind that gives socialism its renewed appeal to ardent and sensitive youth. Probably this will never find full utterance in literature until socialism is triumphant or, more probably, until it is finally numbered among the lost causes.

One must add that the modern competitive system is still more in need of literary assistance. There is no poetry in its praises; the voice of the singer is dumb in its pavilions. One can scarcely think of anything in the world less inspiring to art than capitalism. Supply and demand have no lyrics. The great fortunes that have accumulated through adventure, enterprise, risk, or piracy, heretofore undreamed of, have as yet inspired no epics though they have provoked some sermons. Literature has denied its knee to Property as to Baal. It has chosen Poverty for its companion.

While Ruskin and Morris were the chief men of letters who gave years of their lives to writing in behalf of specific social reforms, the number of propagandists was legion. Though not much of lasting value may adhere to their work, it was read in vast quantities and had its effect on men's minds. Many of the chief projects, such as Utilitarianism, Christian Socialism, the Coöperative Societies, Socialism, Trade Unions, or the Single Tax, promised the removal or alleviation of poverty, and all had their propaganda which often engaged men of marked literary ability. Although the platform was at first the main vehicle of such propaganda, it has been surpassed gradually by the press.

Often the appeal has been made for specific projects or in special fields, but rarely have these more particular arguments been without some general application to the renovation of society. It would form a curious study to bring together all the Morrison's Pills offered by enthusiastic reformers for the cure of poverty. Hazlitt in his essay *On People with One Idea* introduces one of the earliest and most active, Robert Owen, whose New Lanark experiments for a time excited general interest. There have been many books with one idea, and that for immediate application; and not a few of them have made a wide impression on the public, though the two most influential came from abroad — *The Communistic Manifesto of 1847* by Marx and Engels and *Progress and Poverty* by Henry George. No one can deny these a power of literary appeal, and it must be remembered that almost no form of propaganda, however practical, has disclaimed a literary presentation. Harriet Martineau translated the lessons of political economy into moral stories, and modern socialism has expressed itself in story and song. Gradgrind's appeal to facts and reason has never proved quite efficient without its accompaniment of sentiment and fancy. The pity that poverty excites is no more a stimulus to literature than the hope for reform which it arouses. For, if the poor are always with us, hope springs eternal, and excites both the reformer and the poet. Take one of Lloyd George's perorations from a speech made only six months before the outbreak of the Great War, and how it echoes the cry we have heard through the literature of the century!

> "You have hundreds of thousands of men — working unceasingly for wages that barely bring them enough bread to keep themselves and their families above privation. Generation after generation they see their children wither before their eyes for lack of air, light, and space, which is denied them by men who have square miles of it for their own use. Take our cities, the great cities of a great Empire. Right in the heart of them everywhere you have ugly quagmires of human misery, seething, rotting, at last fermenting. We pass them by every day on our way to our comfortable homes. We forget that divine justice never passed by a great wrong. You can hear, carried by the breezes of the north, the south, the east, and the west, ominous rumbling. The chariots of retribution are drawing nigh. How long will all these in-

justices last for myriads of men, women, and children created in the image of God — how long? I believe it is coming to an end.

"I remember a story told in my youth of a very remarkable but rather quaint old Welsh preacher. He was conducting a funeral service for a poor old fellow who had a very bad time through life without any fault of his own. They could hardly find a space in the churchyard for his tomb. At last they got enough to make a brickless grave amidst towering monuments that rose upon it, and the old minister, standing above it, said: 'Well, Davie Vach, you have had a narrow time right through life and you have a narrow place in death. But never mind, old friend; I can see a day dawning for you when you will rise out of your narrow bed and call out to all those big people — "Elbow room for the poor."' I can see the day of the resurrection, the dawn of the resurrection of the oppressed in all lands already gilding the hilltops."

In poetry, the expression of the struggle against poverty, though considerable and growing in volume and most notable in some recent poets, as Mr. W. W. Gibson, did not greatly command the Victorian imagination. In prose fiction, I have considered its important entry into the field at the middle of the century. Since then the concern of the novel and the short story with the conditions and problems of poverty has grown almost beyond record. A process of specialization has naturally resulted. Sometimes a new and peculiar condition of the labor question receives treatment; thus, after the trade union disturbances of the late sixties, came Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*, with a hero who stands against the tyranny alike of the unions and the employers. Or, a special trade or local condition furnishes the material for fiction, and we have novels of the miners, of the weavers, of the steel mills. Or, the novel is a guise for furthering a new scheme, as Sir Walter Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Stories of politics or radicalism, such as George Eliot's *Felix Holt* or Meredith's *Beauchamp's Career*, must of necessity touch on the condition of the poor, and it is difficult to keep any novel with a purpose long off the subject. Apart, however, from all purpose and discussion, poverty has afforded a great and increasingly interesting field for the novelist's study of human nature. The novels of Dostoievski furnish the great instance of a powerful imaginative presentation of the lives of the poor, but English literature has many examples. The novels of Dickens, which surely must have influenced the Russian, are full of it. *Great Expectations*, for example, though not affording a discussion of factory conditions as does *Hard Times*, is a far finer novel, and its story of the boy born poor but living with false expectations of great wealth, epitomizes with imagination some of the most powerful tests of character that come to modern man. Hardy's *Return of the Native* and *Jude the Obscure* and George Moore's *Esther Waters* trace with more careful realism the effects of poverty on personality. And in George Gissing's studies of the poor, the artist's imagination and experience seem to unite in an appalling veracity.

V

I have now considered a few of the responses of literature to the condition of poverty in industrial England. A closer scrutiny would have shown more distinctly the connections between the shifting proposals for reform and their literary manifestations; and an extension of our study to the present would have disclosed an ever increasing growth of the literature of poverty both in England and on the continent. My survey, however, is sufficient to suggest the more important changes that were well under way though not fully revealed by the mid-century.

Poverty was no longer a mere incident for the imagination, a secondary theme for sentiment. It became a great fact which could not be neglected, and in conjunction with the huge increase of wealth it became the crying injustice of our civilization. The old conjurations to thrift and piety were ridiculously impotent against the monster. It began to seem the inevitable corollary of progress, and it raised the issue whether progress itself was not also a devouring monster hostile to the best in human nature. Literature had no sure traditions for facing complications of fact and morals so new and so confusing. Its response was at first slow and scattered. Religion probably received more attention than social reform in the literature of the mid-century, certainly the details of external nature receive far more attention in poetry than do the factories and forges. Books were still only for a small portion of the population. But imagination and sympathy could not keep to visions of old beauty or old truth after they had once glimpsed the new ugliness and wrong. Literature in vain took refuge in the past or in nature or in sentimentality, but it was drawn back to a present whose problems hourly grew more baffling and more momentous. . . .

This impulse of pity, this desire to remedy, throb through the literature of the era. The world of employer and employee, of factory production, of the new rich and the new poor, has offered its interplay of change affecting men's motives and ambitions, remaking the occupations and interests of our daily life. But it has been impossible to look upon all this as something merely for creative interpretation. No one has been able to write about it and say merely, "This is a true picture," or "This is the way it affects me." Even the novel, the most popular form of entertainment, has told its stories of the laboring men and then said, "How unjust! how this demands remedy!" There have been visions of the resurrection, like that of Lloyd George's Welsh minister, though the vision most often revealed by Victorian literature was that of the life which was only a narrow and crowded burial. But there can be no doubt that literature is now committed to this work of service, of summoning us to an improvement of society. It may enlarge its ways of reaching our sympathy, and it may find more of beauty and light in places that now seem dark and forbidding, but with whatever variations, the burden of its appeal will continue to be, "elbow room for the poor."

MARCO POLO[1]

EILEEN POWER

Let us go back in mind — as would that we could go back in body — to the year 1268. It is a year which makes no great stir in the history books, but it will serve us well. In those days, as in our own, Venice lay upon her lagoons, a city like a sea-bird's nest afloat on the shallow waves, a city like a ship, moored to the land but only at home upon the seas, the proudest city in all the Western world. For only consider her position. Lying at the head of the Adriatic, half-way between East and West, on the one great sea thoroughfare of medieval commerce, a Mediterranean seaport, yet set so far north that she was almost in the heart of Europe, Venice gathered into her harbour all the trade routes overland and overseas, on which pack-horses could travel or ships sail. Merchants bringing silk and spices, camphor and ivory, pearls and scents and carpets from the Levant and from the hot lands beyond it, all came to port in Venice. For whether they came by way of Egypt sailing between the low banks of the Nile and jolting on camels to Alexandria, or whether they came through the rich and pleasant land of Persia and the Syrian desert to Antioch and Tyre, or whether they slowly pushed their way in a long, thin caravan across the highlands of Central Asia and south of the Caspian Sea to Trebizond, and so sailed through the Black Sea and the Dardanelles, Venice was their natural focus. Only Constantinople might have rivalled her, and Constantinople she conquered. To Venice, therefore, as if drawn by a magnet, came the spoils of the East, and from Venice they went by horse across the Alps by the Brenner and St. Gothard passes to Germany and France, or in galleys by way of the Straits of Gibraltar to England and Flanders; and the galleys and pack-horses came back again to Venice, laden with the metals of Germany, the furs of Scandinavia, the fine wool of England, the cloth of Flanders, and the wine of France.

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[1] Condensed from *Medieval People.* Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

Is it not true to say that Venice was the proudest city on earth, *la noble cite que l'en apele Venise, qui est orendroit la plus bele dou siecle?*[1] Life was a fair and splendid thing for those merchant princes who held the gorgeous East in fee in the year of grace 1268. In that year traders in great stone counting-houses, lapped by the waters of the canals, were checking, book in hand, their sacks of cloves, mace and nutmegs, cinnamon and ginger from the Indies, ebony chessmen from Indo China, ambergris from Madagascar, and musk from Tibet. In that year the dealers in jewels were setting prices upon diamonds from Golconda, rubies and lapis lazuli from Badakhshan, and pearls from the fisheries of Ceylon; and the silk merchants were stacking up bales of silk and muslin and brocade from Bagdad and Yezd and Malabar and China. In that year young gallants on the Rialto (scented gallants, but each, like Shakespeare's Antonio, with a ship venturing into port somewhere in the Levant) rubbed elbows with men of all nations, heard travellers' tales of all lands, and at dawn slipped along the canals in gondolas (not black in those days, but painted and hung with silk), saluting the morning with songs; and the red-haired ladies of Venice whom centuries later Titian loved to paint, went trailing up and down the marble steps of their palaces, with all the brocades of Persia on their backs and all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten their little hands.

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[1] Canale, *Cronique*, p. 270.

It was in that year, too, that one Martino da Canale, a clerk in the customs house, began to busy himself (like Chaucer after him) less with his accounts than with writing in the delectable French language ("por ce que lengue franceise cort parmi le monde, et est la plus delitable a lire et a oir que nule autre") a chronicle of Venice. It is of the water, watery, Canale's chronicle, like Ariel's dirge; he has indeed, "that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates." Here is nothing indeed, of "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey," but the lovely words sparkle like the sun on the waters of the Mediterranean, and like a refrain, singing itself in and out of the narrative, the phrase recurs, "Li tens estoit clers et biaus . . . et lors quant il furent en mer, li mariniers drecerent les voiles au vent, et lesserent core a ploine voiles les mes parmi la mer a la force dou vent"; [1] for so much of the history of Venice was enacted upon deck. It is a passing proud chronicle, too, for Canale was, and well he knew it, a citizen of no mean city.

> Now would I [he says] that every one and all know for ever the works of the Venetians, who they were and whence they came and what they are, and how they made the noble city which is called Venice, which is this day the fairest in the world. And I would that all those who are now living and those who are to come know how the noble city is builded and how all good things abound in her, and how the sire of the Venetians, the noble Doge, is powerful, and what nobility is found therein and the prowess of the Venetian people, and how they are all perfect in the faith of Jesu Christ and obedient to holy Church, and how they never disobey the commandment of holy Church. Within this noble Venice there dares to dwell neither heretic, nor usurer, murderer, thief nor robber. And I will tell you the names of all the Doges that have been in Venice, one after the other, and what they did to the honour of holy Church and of their noble City. And I will tell you the names of the noble captains whom the noble Doges sent in their time to lay low their enemies, and concerning the victories that they won I will have you know, for it is fitting. . . . In the year

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[1] "The weather was clear and fine . . . and when they were at sea, the mariners let out the sails to the wind, and let the ships run with spread sails before the wind over the sea." See, for instance, Canale, *op. cit.*, pp. 320, 326.

> of the incarnation of our Lord Jesu Christ MCCLXVII years, in the time of Milord Renier Zeno, the high Doge of Venice, I laboured and strove until I found the ancient history of the Venetians, whence they came first and how they builded the noble city called Venice, which is to-day the fairest and the pleasantest in the world, full of beauty and of all good things. Merchandise flows through this noble city even as water flows from the fountains, and the salt water runs through it and round it and in all places save in the houses and the streets; and when the citizens go abroad they can return to their houses by land or by water, as they will. From all parts there come merchandise and merchants, who buy merchandise as they will and take it back to their own countries. Within this town is found food in great plenty, bread and wine, land fowl and river fowl, fresh meat and salt, and sea fish and river fish. . . . You may find within this fair town many men of gentle birth, both old men and young *damoisaus* in plenty, and merchants with them, who buy and sell, and money changers and citizens of all crafts, and therewith mariners of all sorts, and ships to carry them to all lands and galleys to lay low their enemies. And in this fair town is also great plenty of ladies and damsels and maidens, very richly apparelled.[1]

It happened that there was a new Doge that year, our year 1268, Lorenzo Tiepolo by name, and a great procession of the gilds took place before the palace on the Piazza of St. Mark to welcome his accession. Martino da Canale was watching it and wrote it all down in his chronicle. First came the navy sailing past in the harbour, fifty galleys and other ships, with their crews cheering and shouting on deck. Then came the gilds on foot: first the master smiths, with garlands on their heads and banners and trumpets; then the furriers apparelled in samite and scarlet silk, with mantles of ermine and vair; then the weavers richly bedight, and the ten master tailors in white with crimson stars. Then the master clothworkers passed, carrying boughs of olive and wearing crowns of olive on their heads; then the fustian makers in furred robes of their own weaving, and the quilt makers with garlands of gilt beads and white cloaks sewn with fleurs-de-lis, marching two by two, with little children singing *chansonettes* and *cobles* before them. Then came the makers of cloth of gold, all in cloth of gold, and their servants in cloth of gold or of purple, followed by the mercers in silk and the butchers in scarlet, the fish sellers robed and furred and garlanded, and the master barbers, having with them two riders attired as knights-errant, and four captive damsels, strangely garbed. Then came the glass-workers in scarlet furred with vair, and gold-fringed hoods, and rich garlands of pearls, carrying flasks and goblets of the famous Venetian glass before them, and the comb and lantern makers, with a lantern full of birds to let loose in the Doge's presence, and the goldsmiths wearing wreaths and necklaces of gold and silver beads and sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, topazes, jacinths, amethysts, rubies, jasper, and carbuncles. Masters and servants alike were sumptuously clad, and almost all wore gold fringes on their hoods and garlands of gilded beads. Each craft was accompanied by its band of divers instruments, and bore with it silver cups and flagons of wine, and all marched in fair order, singing ballads and songs of greeting, and saluted the Doge and Dogaressa in turn, crying "Long live our lord, the noble Doge Lorenzo Tiepolo!" Gild after gild they marched in their splendour, lovely alike to ear and eye; and a week fled before the rejoicings were ended and all had passed in procession. Canale surpasses himself here, for he loved State ceremonies; he gives a paragraph to the advance of each gild, its salutation and withdrawal, and the cumulative effect of all the paragraphs is enchanting, like a prose ballade, with a repeated refrain at the end of every verse.[1]

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[1] Canale, *op. cit.*, pp. 268–72.

What, they lived once thus in Venice, where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

Listening to the magnificent salutation of the Doge by the priests of St. Mark's, "Criste vince, Criste regne, Criste inpere. Notre signor Laurens Teuples, Des gracie, inclit Dus de Venise, Dalmace atque Groace, et dominator de la quarte partie et demi de tot l'enmire de Romanie, sauvement, honor, vie, et victoire. Saint Marc, tu le aie,"[2] who, hearing, could have doubted that Venice, defier of Rome and conqueror of Constantinople, was the finest, richest, most beautiful, and most powerful city in the world?

But was she? Listen and judge. Thousands of miles away from Venice, across the lands and seas of Asia, a little south of the Yangtze River and close to the sea stood the city of Kinsai or Hangchow, the capital of the Sung emperors, who ruled Southern

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[1] Canale, *op. cit.*, pp. 602–26.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 600.

China, not yet (in 1268) conquered by the Tartars.[1] Like Venice, Kinsai stood upon lagoons of water and was intersected by innumerable canals. It was a hundred miles in circuit, not counting the suburbs which stretched round it, and there was not a span of ground which was not well peopled. It had twelve great gates, and each of the twelve quarters which lay within the gates was greater than the whole of Venice. Its main street was two hundred feet wide, and ran from end to end of the city, broken every four miles by a great square, lined with houses, gardens, palaces, and the shops of the artisans, who were ruled by its twelve great craft gilds. Parallel with the main street was the chief canal, beside which stood the stone warehouses of the merchants who traded with India. Twelve thousand stone bridges spanned its waterways, and those over the principal canals were high enough to allow ships with their tapering masts to pass below, while the carts and horses passed overhead. In its market-places men chaffered for game and peaches, sea-fish, and wine made of rice and spices; and in the lower part of the surrounding houses were shops, where spices and drugs and silk, pearls and every sort of manufactured article were sold. Up and down the streets of Kinsai moved lords and merchants clad in silk, and the most beautiful ladies in the world swayed languidly past in embroidered litters, with jade pins in their black hair and jewelled earrings swinging against their smooth cheeks.

On one side of this city lay a beautiful lake (famous in Chinese history, and still one of the fairest prospects upon earth), studded with wooded islands, on which stood pavilions with charming names: "Lake Prospect," "Bamboo Chambers," "The House of the Eight Genii," and "Pure Delight." Here, like the Venetians, the men of Kinsai came for pleasure parties in barges, nobly hung and furnished, the cabins painted with flowers and mountain landscapes, and looking out they saw on one side the whole expanse of the city, its palaces, temples, convents, and gardens, and on the other the stretch of clear water, crowded with coloured pleasure boats, over which came echoing the high, clear voices and the tinkling instruments of the revellers. There is no space in which to tell of the King's palace, with its gardens and orchards, its painted pavilions, and the groves where the palace ladies coursed the game with dogs, and, tired of the pastime, flung off their robes and ran to the lake, where they disported themselves like a shoal of silver fishes. But a word must be said of the junks, which came sailing into the harbour four and twenty miles away, and up the river to the city; and of the great concourse of ships which came to Zaiton (perhaps the modern Amoy), the port of the province. Here every year came a hundred times more pepper than came to the whole of Christendom through the Levantine ports. Here from Indo China and the Indies came spices and aloes and sandalwood, nutmegs, spikenard and ebony, and riches beyond mention. Big junks laded these things, together with musk from Tibet, and bales of silk from all the cities of Mansi,[1] and sailed away in and out of the East India Archipelago, with its spice-laden breezes billowing their sails, to Ceylon. There merchants from Malabar and the great trading cities of Southern India took aboard their cargoes and sold them in turn to Arab merchants, who in their turn sold them to the Venetians in one or other of the Levantine ports. Europeans who saw Zaiton and the other Chinese seaports in after years were wont to say that no one, not even a Venetian, could picture to himself the multitude of trading vessels which sailed upon those Eastern seas and crowded into those Chinese harbours. They said also with one accord that Kinsai was without doubt the finest and richest and noblest city in the world. To the men of Kinsai, Venice would have been a little suburb and the Levant a backyard. The whole of the East was their trading field, and their wealth and civilization were already old when Venice was a handful of mud huts peopled by fishermen.

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[1] This account of Hangchow is taken partly from Marco Polo, *Travels*, bk. II, ch. LXVIII, and partly from Odoric Pordenone, Yule, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, pp. 113–20.

Nor was Kinsai alone and unmatched in all its wonder and beauty, for a three days' journey from it stood Sugui, which to-day we call Suchow, lying also on the great canal, with its circumference of twenty miles, its prodigious multitudes swarming the streets, its physicians, philosophers, and magicians; Sugui, with the ginger which was so common that forty pounds of it might be bought for the price of a Venetian silver groat, the silk which was manufactured in such vast quantities that all the citizens were dressed in it and still ships laden with it sailed away;

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[1] Mansi or Manji was Southern China and Cathay was Northern China.

Sugui under whose jurisdiction were sixteen wealthy cities, where trade and the arts flourished. If you had not seen Hangchow, you would have said that there was no city in the world, not Venice nor Constantinople nor another worthy to be named in the same breath with Sugui. The Chinese indeed, seeing the riches and beauty of these two cities, doubted whether even the pleasant courts of heaven could show their equal and proudly quoted the proverb:

> There's Paradise above, 'tis true
> But here below we've Hang and Su.[1]

Kinsai seems far enough away in all conscience from Venice in the year 1268, and Venice was all unwitting of its existence, far beyond the sunrise. Yet there was in the city of the lagoons that year, watching the same procession of the gilds which Canale watched, a boy who was destined to link them for ever in the minds of men — a lean lad of fourteen, Marco Polo by name, who was always kicking his heels on the quay and bothering foreign sailors for tales of distant lands. He heard all they had to tell him very willingly, storing it up in that active brain of his, for his curiosity was insatiable; but always the tales that he heard most willingly were about the Tartars.

At this time the Tartars were at the height of their power in the West and the East. Tartars ruled at Peking all over Northern China, Corea, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Tibet, and took tribute from Indo China and Java. Tartars were spread over Central Asia, holding sway in Turkestan and Afghanistan. The Golden Horde ruled the Caucasus, a large part of Russia, and a piece of Siberia. Tartars held sway in Persia, Georgia, Armenia, and a part of Asia Minor. When the great Mangu Khan died in 1259, one empire lay spread across Asia and Europe, from the Yellow River to the Danube. There had been nothing like it in the world before, and there was nothing like it again, until the Russian Empire of modern times. By 1268 it was beginning to split up into the four kingdoms of China, Central Asia, Russia, and Persia, but still it was one people. Now, the attitude of the West to the Tartars at this time was very interesting. At first it feared them as a new scourge of God, like Attila and his Huns; they overran Poland, ravaged Hungary, and seemed about to break like a great flood upon the West, and overwhelm it utterly. Then the tide rolled back. Gradually the West lost its first stupefaction and terror and began to look hopefully towards the Tartars as a possible ally against its age-old foe, the Moslem. The Christians of the West knew that the Tartars had laid the Moslem power low through the length and breadth of Asia, and they knew too, that the Tartars had no very sharply defined faith and were curious of all beliefs that came their way. Gradually the West became convinced that the Tartars might be converted to Christianity, and fight side by side beneath the Cross against the hated Crescent. There grew up the strange legend of Prester John, a Christian priest-king, ruling somewhere in the heart of Asia; and indeed little groups of Nestorian Christians did still survive in Eastern Asia at this time.[1] Embassies began to pass between Tartar khans and Western monarchs, and there began also a great series of missions of Franciscan friars to Tartary, men who were ethnologists and geographers at heart as well as missionaries, and have left us priceless accounts of the lands which they visited. In the year of grace 1268, much was known about Central Asia, for in 1245 the Pope had sent the Italian friar John of Plano Carpini thither, and in 1253 another friar, William of Rubruck, a French Fleming, had been sent by the saintly Louis, King of France. Both got as far as Karakorum, the Tartar camp on the borders of Northern China, though they did not enter China itself. They had brought back innumerable stories about the nomad conquerors, who carried their tents on carts, and drank fermented mares' milk, about the greatness of the khan and his welcome to the strangers from the West, and the interest with which he listened to their preaching.[2] These tales were common property now, and Marco Polo must have listened to them.

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[1] Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, II, p. 184.

Tel
fro
Tarta

Marco Polo was always talking of the Tartars, always asking about them. Indeed, he had reason to be interested in them. This (as we have said) was the year of grace 1268, and eight years before (some, indeed, say fifteen years) his father, Nicolo Polo, and his uncle Maffeo had vanished into Tartary. They were rich merchants, trading with their own ship to Constantinople, and there they had decided to go on a commercial venture into the lands of the Golden Horde, which lay to the north of the Black Sea. So they had sailed over to the Crimea, where they had a counting-house at Soldaia, and taking with them a store of costly jewels, for they were jewel merchants, they had set off on horseback to visit the Khan of the West Tartars. So much the Venetians knew, for word had come back from Soldaia of their venture; but they had never returned. And so Marco, kicking his heels upon the quay, caught sailor-men by the sleeve and asked them about those wild horsemen with their mares' milk and their magicians and their droves of cattle; and as he asked he wondered about his father and his uncle, and whether they were dead and lost for ever in the wilds of Tartary. But even while he asked and wondered and kicked his heels on the quay, while the Doge Tiepolo was watching the procession of the gilds and the clerk Canale was adding up customs dues or writing the ancient history of the Venetians, at that very moment the two Polos were slowly and wearily making their way across the heights of Central Asia with a caravan of mules and camels, drawing near to golden Samarcand with its teeming bazaars, coming nearer and nearer to the West; and in the following year, 1269, they reached Acre, and took ship there for Venice, and so at last came home.

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[1] For Prester John see *Encyclopædia Britannica,* and Lynn Thorndike, *History of Magic and Experimental Science,* II, 236–45.

[2] See *Journal of William de Rubruck to the Eastern Parts,* tr. W. W. Rockhill.

They had a strange story to tell, stranger and better than anything the lean, inquisitive boy had heard upon the quays. They had soon disposed of their jewels and they had spent a year at the camp of the Khan of the Golden Horde of Kipchak on the mighty River Volga. Then war broke out between that ruler and the Khan who ruled the Persian Khanate, and it cut off their way back. But Marco's curiosity was inherited; and no Venetian was ever averse to seeing strange lands and seeking out new opportunities for trade; so the Polos decided to go on and visit the Khan of Central Asia or Chagatai, and perhaps make their way back to Constantinople by some unfrequented route. They struggled over plains peopled only by tent-dwelling Tartars and their herds, until at last they reached the noble city of Bokhara. They must have followed the line of the Oxus River, and if we reverse the marvellous description which Matthew Arnold wrote of that river's course in *Sohrab and Rustum*, we shall have a picture of the Polos' journey:

> But the majestic River floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
> Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
> Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste
> Under the solitary moon; he flow'd
> Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
> Brimming and bright and large: then sands begin
> To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
> And split his currents; that for many a league
> The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
> Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
> Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
> In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
> A foil'd circuitous wanderer: — till at last
> The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
> His luminous home of waters opens, bright
> And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
> Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

For three years the Polos remained at Bokhara, until one day it happened that an embassy came to the city, on its way back from the khan in Persia to the great Khan Kublai, who ruled in far-off China, and to whom all the Tartar rulers owed allegiance. The chief ambassador was struck with the talents and charm of the brothers, who had now become proficient in the Tartar language, and persuaded them to accompany him on his journey to the presence of the Great Khan, who had never yet set eyes on a man of the West, and would, he assured them, receive them honourably. They would not have been Venetians had they refused such an opportunity, and, taking their Venetian servants with them, they journeyed for a year with the Tartar embassy across the heart of Asia, and so reached the great Kublai Khan. Many years later Marco himself described their reception, as they had told it to him:

from
Bokha
to

> Being introduced to the presence of the Grand Khan Kublai, the travellers were received by him with the condescension and affability that belonged to his character, and as they were the first Latins who had made their appearance in that country, they were entertained with feasts and honoured with other marks of distinction. Entering graciously into conversation with them, he made earnest inquiries on the subject of the western parts of the world, of the Emperor of the Romans, and of other christian kings and princes . . . and above all

he questioned them particularly respecting the Pope, the affairs of the Church, and the religious worship and doctrine of the Christians. Being well instructed and discreet men, they gave appropriate answers upon all these points, and as they were perfectly acquainted with the Tartar language, they expressed themselves always in becoming terms; insomuch that the Grand Khan, holding them in high estimation, frequently commanded their attendance.[1]

The Great Khan finally decided to send these two intelligent strangers back to their own land on a mission from himself to the Pope, asking for a hundred men of learning to be sent to teach and preach to his Tartars, and for some holy oil from the lamp which burned over Christ's sepulchre in Jerusalem. He provided them with a golden tablet of honour, which acted as a passport and secured that they should be entertained and their journey facilitated from city to city in all his dominions, and so they set forth once more upon their homeward journey. But they were delayed by the dangers and difficulties of travel, "the extreme cold, the snow, the ice, and the flooding of the rivers," and it was three years before they at last reached Acre in the April of 1269, and finding that the Pope had died the year before, and that no election had yet been made, so that they could not immediately accomplish their mission, they decided to visit their home again, and so went back to Venice. There Nicolo found that his wife, who had been with child at his departure, was dead, leaving behind her a son Marco, our young haunter of quays.

This was the marvellous tale which the same Marco drank in from the lips of his new-found father and uncle. But more marvels were to come. For two years the Venetians remained at home, awaiting the election of a Pope in order to deliver the Great Khan's letters; but no election was made, and at last, fearing that Kublai might suspect them of playing him false, they decided to return to the East, and this time they took with them Marco, now a well-grown lad of sixteen or seventeen years with a bright eye that looked everywhere and took in everything, observant and sober beyond his age. But when they got as far as Ayas on the Gulf of Scanderoon, news was brought them of the election of Tebaldo di Piacenza as Pope Gregory X, and as Tebaldo had already interested himself in their mission, they returned with all speed to Acre, and obtained from him letters

[1] Marco Polo, *Travels*, ch. i.

to the Khan (they had already visited Jerusalem and provided themselves with some of the holy oil), and two Dominican friars, "men of letters and science as well as profound theologians," though not the hundred men of learning for whom the Khan had asked; and so they set out again from Acre in November, 1271. The Dominicans may have been profound theologians, but they were somewhat chicken-hearted adventurers, and when rumours reached them of wars in the district of Armenia, through which they had to pass, they hastily handed over their letters to the Venetians, put themselves under the protection of the Knights Templars, and scuttled back to the coast and safety as fast as they could go, leaving the Polos, "undismayed by perils and difficulties, to which they had long been inured," to proceed alone. Assuredly, St. Francis crows over St. Dominick somewhere in the courts of Heaven; his friars never feared for their skins, as they travelled blithely into the heat of India and the cold of Central Asia; and it is easy to imagine the comments of fat William of Rubruck upon the flight of the profound theologians.

The account of this second journey of the Polos may be read in the wonderful book which Marco afterwards wrote to describe the wonders of the world. They went from Lajazzo through Turcomania, past Mount Ararat, where Marco heard tell that Noah's ark rested, and where he first heard also of the oil wells of Baku and the great inland sea of Caspian. Past Mosul and Bagdad they went, through Persia, where brocades are woven and merchants bring caravan after caravan of treasures, to Hormuz, on the Persian Gulf, into which port put the ships from India, laden with spices, drugs, scented woods, and jewels, gold tissues and elephants' teeth. Here they meant to take ship, but they desisted, perhaps because they feared to trust themselves to the flimsy nailless vessels in which the Arabs braved the dangers of the Indian Ocean. So they turned north again and prepared to make the journey by land. They traversed the salt desert of Kerman, through Balk and Khorassan to Badakhshan, where there are horses bred from Alexander the Great's steed Bucephalus, and ruby mines and lapis lazuli. It is a land of beautiful mountains and wide plains, of trout streams and good hunting, and here the brothers sojourned for nearly a year, for young Marco had fallen ill in the hot plains: a breath of mountain air blows through the page in which he describes how amid the clean winds his health came back to him. When he was well, they went on again, and ascended the upper Oxus to the highlands of Pamir, "the roof of the world" as it has been called in our own time, a land of icy cold, where Marco saw and described the great horned sheep which hunters and naturalists still call after him the *Ovis Poli*, a land which no traveller (save Benedict Goës, about 1604) described again, until Lieutenant John Wood of the Indian Navy went there in 1838. Thence they descended upon Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan, where jade is found, regions which no one visited again until 1860. From Khotan they pushed on to the vicinity of Lake Lob, never to be reached again until a Russian explorer got there in 1871. They halted there to load asses and camels with provisions, and then, with sinking hearts, they began the terrible thirty days' journey across the Gobi Desert. Marco gives a vivid description of its terrors, voices which seem to call the traveller by name, the march of phantom cavalcades, which lures them off the road at night, spirits which fill the air with sounds of music, drums and gongs and the clash of arms — all those illusions which human beings have heard and seen and feared in every desert and in every age.

> What might this be? A thousand fantasies
> Begin to throng into my memory,
> Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

At last they arrived safely at Tangut in the extreme north-west of China, and, skirting the frontier across the great steppes of Mongolia, they were greeted by the Khan's people, who had been sent forward to meet them at the distance of forty days' journey, and so at last they reached his presence in the May of 1275, having journeyed for three years and a half.

The Great Khan received the Polos kindly, listened attentively to the account which they gave of their mission, commended them for their zeal and fidelity, and received the holy oil and the Pope's gifts with reverence. He then observed the boy Marco, now a "young gallant" and personable enough, no doubt, and inquired who he was, and Nicolo made answer, "Sire, this is your servant, and my son," to which the Khan replied, "He is welcome, and much it pleases me," and enrolled Marco among his own attendants. It was the beginning of a long and close association, for Kublai Khan soon found that Marco Polo was both discreet and intelligent, and began to employ him on various missions. Moreover, Marco, for his part, found that the Great Khan was always desirous of learning the manners and customs of the many tribes over whom he ruled. Kublai had to the full that noble curiosity which is the beginning of wisdom, and it irked him exceedingly that his envoys, good conscientious men, followed their noses upon his business, looking neither to right nor to left, and as like as not never even noticed that among the aboriginal hill tribes of the interior called Miaotzu there prevailed the peculiar and entertaining custom of the *couvade*, wherein

> Chineses go to bed
> And lie in, in their ladies' stead.

"The Prince, in consequence," says Marco, "held them for no better than fools and dolts and would say, 'I had far liever hearken about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen than merely be told of the business you went upon.'"

Very different was the habit of the Venetian, who as a lad had lent ear so readily to swarthy sailors on the Rialto. He quickly picked up several of the languages current in the Great Khan's empire, and here is his account of his proceedings when on a mission to foreign parts:

> Perceiving that the Great Khan took a pleasure in hearing accounts of whatever was new to him respecting the customs and manners of people, and the peculiar circumstances of distant countries, he endeavoured, wherever he went, to obtain correct information on these subjects and made notes of all he saw and heard, in order to gratify the curiosity of his master. In short, during seventeen years that he continued in his service, he rendered himself so useful, that he was employed on confidential missions to every part of the empire and its dependencies; and sometimes also he travelled on his own private account, but always with the consent and sanctioned by the authority of the Grand Khan. In such circumstances it was that Marco Polo had the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge, either by his own observation or by what he collected from others, of so many things until his time unknown, respecting the Eastern parts of the world, and these he diligently and regularly committed to writing. . . . And

by this means he obtained so much honour that he provoked the jealousy of other officers of the court.[1]

It is small wonder that when first the lad came back with his reports the Great Khan and his courtiers marvelled and exclaimed, "If this young man live he will assuredly be a person of great worth and ability."

It was while on these various public missions that Marco Polo journeyed through the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Szechuen, and skirted the edge of Tibet to Yunnan, and entered Northern Burma, lands unknown again to the West until after 1860. For three years he was himself governor of the great city of Yangchow, which had twenty-four towns under its jurisdiction, and was full of traders and makers of arms and military accoutrements. He visited Karakorum in Mongolia, the old Tartar capital, and with his Uncle Maffeo spent three years in Tangut. On another occasion he went on a mission to Cochin China, and by sea to the southern states of India, and he has left a vivid picture of the great trading cities of Malabar. He might indeed have pondered with Ulysses,

> I am become a name
> For always roaming with a hungry heart,
> Much have I seen and known, cities of men,
> And manners, climates, countries, governments,
> Myself not least, but honoured of them all.

He describes the great capital Cambaluc (Peking) in the north, and the beautiful Kinsai (Hangchow) in the south. He describes the Khan's summer palace at Shandu, with its woods and gardens, its marble palace, its bamboo pavilion swung like a tent from two hundred silken cords, its stud of white mares, and its wonder-working magicians. Indeed his description of the summer palace is better known to Englishmen than any other part of his work, for Shandu is Xanadu, which Coleridge saw in a dream after he had been reading Marco's book and wove into wonderful verse:

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure dome decree,
> Where Alph the sacred river ran,
> Past caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea.

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[1] Marco Polo, *Travels*, pp. 21–22.

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
  Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree,
And here were forests, ancient as the hills
  Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

Nor is it only palaces which Marco Polo describes, for he tells of the great canal and inland river trade of China, the exports and imports at its harbours, the paper money, the system of posts and caravanserais, which linked it together. He gives an unsurpassed picture of that huge, rich, peaceful empire, full of wealth and commerce and learned men and beautiful things, and of its ruler Kublai Khan, one of the noblest monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, who, since "China is a sea that salts all the rivers that flow into it," was far more than a barbarous Mongol khan, was in very truth a Chinese emperor, whose house, called by the Chinese the "Yuan Dynasty," takes its place among the great dynasties of China.

Even more than Marco Polo tells us he must, indeed, have seen. The impersonality of the greater part of the book is its one blemish, for we would fain know more of how he lived in China. There is some evidence that he consorted with the Mongol conquerors rather than with the Chinese, and that Chinese was not one of the languages which he learned. He makes no mention of several characteristic Chinese customs, such as the compressed feet of the women, and fishing with cormorants (both of which are described by Odoric of Pordenone after him); he travelled through the tea districts of Fo-kien, but he never mentions tea-drinking, and he has no word to say even of the Great Wall.[1] And how typical a European he is, in some ways, for all his keen interest in new and strange things. "They are," he says of the peaceful merchants and scholars of Suchow, "a pusillanimous race and solely occupied with their trade and manufactures. In these indeed they display considerable ability, and if they were as enterprising, manly, and warlike as they are ingenious, so prodigious is their number that they might not only subdue the whole of the province, but carry their rule further still."[2] Nearly five hundred years later we find the same judgment expressed in different words: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of

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[1] On Marco Polo's omissions see Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, I, Introduction, p. 110.
[2] Marco Polo, *Travels*, p. 288.

Cathay." The answer is a question: Would you rather be the pusillanimous Chinese who painted the landscape roll of which a portion is reproduced opposite page 46, or the enterprising, manly, and warlike European of the same period, whose highest achievement in pictorial art is the picture of Marco Polo's embarkation, reproduced opposite page 40? What is civilization and what progress? Yet Marco Polo shows himself throughout his book far from unable to appreciate other standards than those of his own land and religion, for of Sakya-muni Buddha he says that, "had he been a Christian he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ," and he could honour Kublai as that great Khan deserved.

But we must return to the history of the Polos in China. From time to time in Marco's book we hear also of his father and uncle, travelling about the empire, growing rich by trade, and amassing a store of those jewels, in the value of which they were so skilled, even helping the Khan to reduce a rebel town, by constructing siege engines for him on the European model, handy Venetians that they were, who could lay their hands to anything.[1] Without doubt they were proud of their Marco, who from an inquisitive lad had grown to so wise and observant a man, and had risen to so high a position. So for seventeen years the three Polos abode in the Khan's service in China. The long months slipped by; and at last they began to feel upon them a longing to see Venice and the lagoons again, and to hear Mass once more beneath the majestic roof of St. Mark's before they died. Moreover, Kublai Khan was growing old himself, and the favour which he had always shown to them had excited some jealousy among his own people, and they feared what might happen when he died. But the old Khan was adamant to all their prayers; wealth and honours were theirs for the asking, but he would not let them go. They might, indeed, have died in China, and we of the West might never have heard of Marco Polo or of Kublai Khan, but for a mere accident, a stroke of fate, which gave them their chance. In 1286 Arghun, the Khan of Persia, lost by death his favourite wife Bolgana, and, according to her dying wish, he sent ambassadors to the Court of Peking to ask for another bride from her own Mongol tribe. Their overland route home again was endangered by a war, and they therefore proposed to return by sea. Just at that moment, Marco Polo happened to return from a voyage on which he had been sent, and spoke with such assurance of the ease with which it had been accomplished, that the three ambassadors conceived a strong desire to take with them all three of these ingenious Venetians, who seemed to know so much about ships. Thus it was that the great Khan was prevailed upon, very reluctantly, to let them go.

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[1] Marco Polo, *Travels*, pp. 281 f.

Early in 1292 they set sail from the busy port of Zaiton in fourteen big Chinese junks (of which Marco, writing of the shipping of the Indian and China seas, has left an excellent description),[1] with the three envoys, the princess, a beautiful girl of seventeen, "moult bele dame et avenant," says Marco, who had an eye for pretty ladies, and a large suite of attendants. One version of Marco's book says that they took with them also the daughter of the king of Mansi, one of those Sung princesses who in happier days had wandered beside the lake in Hangchow, and who had no doubt been brought up at Cambaluc by the care of Kublai Khan's favourite queen, the Lady Jamui. The voyage was a long and difficult one; they suffered lengthy delays in Sumatra, Ceylon, and Southern India, occupied by Marco in studying the sea charts of the coast of India which the Arab pilots showed him, and adding to his knowledge of these parts, which he had already visited. Thus it was over two years before the junks reached Persia, and two of the three envoys and a large number of their suite had died by the way. When at last they landed, it was found that Arghun, the prospective bridegroom, had meanwhile died too, leaving his throne in the charge of a regent for his young son. But on the regent's advice a convenient solution of the difficulty was found by handing the princess over to this prince, and Marco and his uncles duly conducted her to him in the province of Timochain, where Marco Polo noticed that the women were "in my opinion the most beautiful in the world," where stood the famed and solitary *arbor secco*, and where men still told tales of great Alexander and Darius. There they took leave of their princess, who had come on the long voyage to love them like fathers, so Marco says, and wept sorely when they parted. It was while they were still in Persia, where

To
Per
with
Jewel

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[1] Marco Polo, *Travels*, pp. 321–23.

they stayed for nine months after handing over the princess, that the Polos received news of the death of the Great Khan whom they had served so faithfully for so many years. He died at the ripe age of eighty, and with his death a shadow fell over Central Asia, darkening the shining yellow roofs of Cambaluc,

> the barren plains
> Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
> With sails and wind their cany waggons light,

the minarets of Persia, and the tents of wild Kipchak Tartars, galloping over the Russian steppes. So wide had been the sway of Kublai Khan. A shadow fell also upon the heart of Marco Polo. It was as though a door had clanged to behind him, never to open again. "In the course of their journey," he says, "our travellers received intelligence of the Great Khan having departed this life, which entirely put an end to all prospects of their revisiting those regions." So he and his elders went on by way of Tabriz, Trebizond, and Constantinople to Venice, and sailed up to the city of the lagoons at long last at the end of 1295.

A strange fairy-tale legend has come down to us about the return of the Polos. "When they got thither," says Ramusio, who edited Marco's book in the fifteenth century, "the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who when he returned after his twenty years' wanderings to his native Ithaca was recognized by nobody." When, clad in their uncouth Tartar garb, the three Polos knocked at the doors of the Ca' Polo, no one recognized them, and they had the greatest difficulty in persuading their relatives and fellow-Venetians that they were indeed those Polos who had been believed dead for so many years. The story goes that they satisfactorily established their identity by inviting all their kinsmen to a great banquet, for each course of which they put on a garment more magnificent than the last, and finally, bringing in their coarse Tartar coats, they ripped open the seams and the lining thereof, "upon which there poured forth a great quantity of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had been sewn into each coat with great care, so that nobody could have suspected that anything was there. . . . The exhibition of such an extraordinary and infinite treasure of jewels and precious stones, which covered the table, once more filled all present with such astonishment that they were dumb and almost beside themselves with surprise and they at once recognized these honoured and venerated gentlemen in the Ca' Polo, whom at first they had doubted, and received them with the greatest honour and reverence."[1] Human nature has changed little since the thirteenth century. The precious stones are a legend, but no doubt the Polos brought many with them, for they were jewel merchants by trade; they had had ample opportunities for business in China, and the Great Khan had loaded them with "rubies and other handsome jewels of great value" to boot. Jewels were the most convenient form in which they could have brought home their wealth. But the inquiring Marco brought other things also to tickle the curiosity of the Venetians, as he lets fall from time to time in his book. He brought, for example, specimens of the silky hair of the Tangut yak, which his countrymen much admired, the dried head and feet of a musk deer, and the seeds of a dye plant (probably indigo) from Sumatra, which he sowed in Venice, but which never came up, because the climate was not sufficiently warm.[2] He brought presents also for the Doge; for an inventory made in 1351 of things found in the palace of Marino Faliero includes among others a ring given by Kublai Khan, a Tartar collar, a three-bladed sword, an Indian brocade, and a book "written by the hand of the aforesaid Marco," called *De locis mirabilibus Tartarorum*.[3]

The rest of Marco Polo's life is quickly told. The legend goes that all the youth of Venice used to resort to the Ca' Polo in order to hear his stories, for not even among the foreign sailors on the quays, where once the boy Marco had wandered and asked about the Tartars, were stories the like of his to be heard. And because he was always talking of the greatness of Kublai Khan's dominions, the millions of revenue, the millions of junks, the millions of riders, the millions of towns and cities, they gave him a nickname and jestingly called him Marco *Milione*, or *Il Milione*, which is, being interpreted, "Million Marco"; and the name even crept into the public documents of the Republic, while the court-yard of his house became known as the *Corte Milione.* To return from legend to history, the ancient rivalry between Venice and Genoa had been growing during Marco Polo's absence, nor had Venice always prevailed. Often as her galleys sailed,

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[1] Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, I, Introd., pp. 4–8.
[2] Marco Polo, *op. cit.*, pp. 136, 138, 344.
[3] Yule, *op. cit.*, I, Introd., p. 79.

dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire, . . .
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold.

At last in 1298, three years after Marco's return, a Genoese fleet under Lamba Doria sailed for the Adriatic, to bate the pride of Venice in her own sea. The Venetians fitted out a great fleet to meet it, and Marco Polo, the handy man who knew so much about navigation, albeit more skilled with Chinese junks than with Western ships, went with it as gentleman commander of a galley. The result of the encounter was a shattering victory for the Genoese off Curzola. Sixty-eight Venetian galleys were burnt, and seven thousand prisoners were haled off to Genoa, among them Marco Polo, who had now a taste of the results of that enterprise, manliness, and warfare, whose absence he so deprecated in the men of Suchow.

But soon there began to run through the streets and courtyards of Genoa a rumour that in prison there lay a certain Venetian captain, with tales so wonderful to beguile the passing hour that none could tire of hearing them; and anon the gallants and sages and the bold ladies of Genoa were flocking, just as the men of the Rialto had flocked before, to hear his stories of Kublai Khan,

Lord of the fruits of Tartary
  Her rivers silver-pale,
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
  Glen, thicket, wood, and dale,
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
  In every purple vale.

"Messer Marco," so runs Ramusio's account of the tradition which lingered in Venice in his day, "finding himself in this position, and witnessing the general eagerness to hear all about Cathay and the Great Khan, which indeed compelled him daily to repeat his story till he was weary, was advised to put the matter in writing; so he found means to get a letter written to his father in Venice, in which he desired the latter to send those notes and memoranda, which he had brought home with him."

It happened that in prison with Marco Polo there lay a certain Pisan writer of romances, Rusticiano by name,[1] who had probably been taken prisoner before at the battle of Melaria (1284), when so many Pisan captives had been carried to Genoa, that the saying arose "He who would see Pisa let him go to Genoa." Rusticiano was skilled in the writing of French, the language *par excellence* of romances, in which he had written versions of the Round Table Tales, and in him Marco Polo found a ready scribe, who took down the stories as he told them, in the midst of the crowd of Venetian prisoners and Genoese gentlemen, raptly drinking in all the wonders of Kublai Khan. It was by a just instinct that, when all was written, Rusticiano prefixed to the tale that same address to the lords and gentlemen of the world, bidding them to take heed and listen, which he had been wont to set at the beginning of his tales of Tristan and Lancelot and King Arthur: "Ye Lords, Emperors and Kings, Dukes and Marquises, Counts, Knights and Burgesses and all ye men who desire to know the divers races of men and the diversities of the different regions of the world, take ye this book and cause it to be read, and here shall ye find the greatest marvels." But he adds, "Marco Polo, a wise and learned citizen of Venice, states distinctly what things he saw and what things he heard from others, for this book will be a truthful one." Marco Polo's truthful marvels were more wonderful even than the exploits of Arthur's knights, and were possibly better suited to the respectable Rusticiano's pen, for his only other claim to distinction in the eyes of posterity seems to be that in his abridgment of the Romance of Lancelot he entirely omits the episode (if episode it can be called) of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere. "Alas," remarks his French editor, "that the copy of *Lancelot* which fell into the hands of poor Francesca of Rimini was not one of those expurgated by Rusticiano!"[2]

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[1] On Rusticiano see *Ibid.*, Introd., pp. 56 ff.

[2] *Ibid.*, Introd., p. 61.

Marco Polo was released from prison (there must have been mourning in the palaces of Genoa) and returned to Venice at the end of a year. Sometimes hereafter his name occurs in the records of Venice, as he moves about on his lawful occasions.[1] In 1305 we find "Nobilis Marchus Polo Milioni" standing surety for a wine smuggler; in 1311 he is suing a dishonest agent who owes him money on the sale of musk (he, Marco, had seen the musk deer in its lair); and in 1323 he is concerned in a dispute about a party wall. We know, too, from his will, that he had a wife named Donata, and three daughters, Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta. Had he loved before, under the alien skies where his youth was spent, some languid, exquisite lady of China, or hardy Tartar maid? Had he profited himself from the strange marriage customs of Tibet, of which he remarks (with one of his very rare gleams of humour), "En cele contree aurent bien aler les jeune de seize anz en vingt quatre"? Had Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta half-brothers, flying their gerfalcons at the quails by the shores of the "White Lake" where the Khan hunted, and telling tales of the half legendary father, who sailed away for ever when they were boys in the days of Kublai Khan? These things we cannot know, nor can we even guess whether he regretted that only daughters sprang from his loins in the city of the lagoons, and no Venetian son to go venturing again to the far-distant country where assuredly he had left a good half of his heart. Perhaps he talked of it sometimes to Peter, his Tartar servant, whom he freed at his death "from all bondage as completely as I pray God to release mine own soul from all sin and guilt." Some have thought that he brought Peter the Tartar with him from the East, and the thought is a pleasant one; but it is more likely that he bought him in Italy, for the Venetians were inveterate slave-owners, and captive Tartars were held of all the slaves the strongest and best. So his life passed; and in 1324 Marco Polo died, honoured much by his fellow-citizens, after making a will which is still preserved in the library of St. Mark's.

A characteristic story of his death-bed is related by a Dominican friar, one Jacopo of Acqui, who wrote some time later. "What he told in the book," says Jacopo, "was not as much as he had really seen, because of the tongues of detractors, who being ready to impose their own lies on others are over hasty to set down as lies what they in their perversity disbelieve or do not understand. And because there are many great and strange things in that book, which are reckoned past all credence, he was asked by his friends on his death-bed to correct the book, by removing everything that went beyond the facts. To which his reply was that he had not told *one half* of what he had really seen."[1] How well one can see that last indignant flash of the dying observer, who in the long years of his youth had taken notes of strange tribes and customs for the wise and gracious Kublai Khan, and whom little men now dared to doubt. Indeed, modern discovery has entirely confirmed the exactitude of Marco Polo's observation. It is true that he sometimes repeated some very tall stories which had been told to him, of dog-faced men in the Andaman Islands and of the "male and female islands" so beloved of medieval geographers. These were sailors' yarns, and where Marco Polo reports what he has seen with his own eyes, he reports with complete accuracy, nor does he ever pretend to have seen a place which he had not visited. The explorers of our own day, Aurel Stein, Ellsworth Huntington, and Sven Hedin, travelling in Central Asia, have triumphantly vindicated him. "It is," says an eminent French historian, "as though the originals of very old photographs had been suddenly rediscovered: the old descriptions of things which were unchanged could be perfectly superimposed upon present reality,"[2] and Huntington and Aurel Stein took with them to the inaccessible districts of Central Asia as guide-books the book of the Chinese pilgrim Hiwen Thsang (seventh century) and the book of Marco Polo, and over and over again found how accurate were their descriptions.

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[1] On Rusticiano see *Ibid.*, Introd., pp. 67–73.

The knowledge which Marco Polo had thus brought to Europe, the intercourse between East and West which his experience had shown to be so desirable, continued to grow after him. Merchants and missionaries alike travelled by land or sea eastward to Cathay.[3] Another of those indomitable Franciscan friars, John of Monte Corvino, went out at the age of fifty and became Archbishop of Peking. Churches and houses of friars were founded in

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[1] On Rusticiano, see *Ibid.*, Introd., p. 54.

[2] Ch.-V. Langlois in *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, xxxv, p. 259.

[3] Yule, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, Introd., cxxxii–iv.

Marcos influence

some of the Chinese cities. Odoric of Pordenone, another friar, and a very good observer too, set forth in 1316 and sailed round India and through the Spice Islands by the same sea route by which the Polos had brought their Tartar princess back to Persia, and so reached Canton, "a city as big as three Venices . . . and all Italy hath not the amount of craft that this one city hath." He left a wonderful account of his travels in China, including descriptions of Peking and Hangchow, and ends his stories with the words, "As for me, from day to day I prepare myself to return to those countries, in which I am content to die, if it pleaseth Him from whom all good things do come" — no doubt where he had left his heart, but he died at Udine in Italy. Later there went out another friar, John Marignolli, who was Papal Legate to Peking from 1342 to 1346.

Nor was it only missionaries who went to Cathay. Odoric, speaking of the wonders of Hangchow, refers for confirmation to Venetian traders who have visited it: "'Tis the greatest city in the whole world, so great indeed that I should scarcely venture to tell of it, but that I have met at Venice people in plenty who have been there"; John of Monte Corvino was accompanied by Master Peter of Lucolongo, "a great merchant," and John Marignolli mentions a *fondaco* for the use of Christian merchants, which was attached to one of the Franciscan convents at Zaiton. Above all, there is Francis Balducci Pegolotti, that intrepid factor who served the great commercial house of the Bardi of Florence, and who wrote a priceless handbook for the use of merchants about 1340. In this he gives detailed instructions for the guidance of a merchant, who wishes to proceed from Tana on the Black Sea by the overland route across Asia to Cathay and back again with £1,200 worth of silk in his caravan, and remarks casually, in passing, "The road you travel from Tana to Cathay is perfectly safe, whether by day or night, according to what merchants say who have used it" — "il chanmino dandare dalla Tana al Ghattajo *è sichurissimo!*" [1] Think only of what it all means. Marco Polo travelling where no man set foot again till the twentieth century. The bells of the Christian church ringing sweetly in the ears of the Great Khan in Peking. The long road across Central Asia perfectly safe for merchants. The "many persons at Venice" who have walked in the streets of Hangchow. This is in the late thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries, in the despised and hidebound Middle Ages. *È sichurissimo!* It takes some of the gilt off Columbus and Vasco da Gama and the age (forsooth) of "discovery."

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[1] Yule, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, II, p. 292; and App., p. LXV.

But a change came over everything in the middle of the fourteenth century. Darkness fell again and swallowed up Peking and Hangchow, the great ports, the crowding junks, the noble civilization. No longer was the great trade route *sichurissimo*, and no longer did Christian friars chant their masses in Zaiton. The Tartar dynasty fell and the new rulers of China reverted to the old anti-foreign policy; moreover, Islam spread its conquests all over Central Asia and lay like a rampart between the Far East and the West, a great wall of intolerance and hatred stronger by far than the great wall of stone which the Chinese had once built to keep out the Tartars. All Marco Polo's marvels became no more than a legend, a traveller's tale.

But that great adventurer was not done for yet. Nearly a century and a half after Marco's death a Genoese sea captain sat poring over one of the new printed books, which men were beginning to buy and to hand about among themselves. The book which he was reading was the Latin version of Marco Polo's travels. He was reading it with intentness and indeed with passion. As he read he made notes in the margin; on over seventy pages he made his notes.[1] From time to time he frowned and turned back and read again the tale of those great ports of Cathay and the gold-roofed palaces of Cipangu; and always he wondered how those lands might be reached, now that the wall of darkness covered Central Asia and anarchy blocked the road to the Persian Gulf. One day (may we not see him?) he lifted his head and smote his hand upon the table. "I will sail west," he said. "Maybe I shall find the lost island of Antilha in the western ocean, but maybe on its far rim I shall indeed come to Cipangu, for the world is round, and somewhere in those great seas beyond the coast of Europe must lie Marco Polo's rich Cathay. I will beseech the kings of England and of Spain for a ship and a ship's company, and the silk and the spices and the wealth shall be theirs. I will sail West," said the Genoese sea captain, and

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[1] Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, II, App. H, p. 558.

Columbus

he smote his thigh. "I will sail West, West, West!" And this was the last of Messer Marco's marvels; he discovered China in the thirteenth century, when he was alive, and in the fifteenth, when he was dead, he discovered America!

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EXPOSITORY PARAGRAPHS FOR ANALYSIS

1. A TREE is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. 2. All its intelligence is in its roots. 3. All the senses it has are in its roots. 4. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink! 5. Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. 6. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. 7. When spring and summer come, they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor passive things, with very little will of their own, and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. 8. The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. 9. I have sometimes thought I could understand them, as they talk with each other, and that they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. 10. Remember what I say. 11. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially, in the summer-time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.[1]

1. There are very few moments in a man's existence, when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. 2. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment, are requisite in catching a hat. 3. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. 4. The best way is, to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head;

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[1] Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Over the Teacups.*

smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it was as good a joke as anybody else.[1]

1. Trained to the service of such connoisseurs Dr. Harding carries over the style that they admire into his traffic with Congress, the effete *intelligentsia*, and the powers and principalities of Europe. 2. That style is based upon the simplest of principles. 3. For every idea there is what may be called a maximum investiture — a garb of words beyond which it is a sheer impossibility to go in gaudiness. 4. For every plain word there is a word four times as big. 5. The problem is to think the thing out in terms of harmless banality, to arrange a series of obvious and familiar ideas in a logical sequence, and then to translate them, one by one, into nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and pronouns of the highest conceivable horse-power — to lift the whole discourse to the plane of artillery practice — to dignify the sense by all the arts of sorcery. 6. Turn to the two immortal documents. 7. The word *citizen* is plainly banal; even a Congressman can understand it. 8. Very well, then let us make it *citizenship* — and *citizenship* it becomes every time. 9. But even that is not enough. 10. There comes a high point in the argument; a few more pounds of steam must be found. 11. *Citizen* now undergoes a second proliferation; it becomes *factor in our citizenship.* 12. "We must invite . . . every factor in our citizenship to join in the effort" — to restore normalcy. 13. So with *women.* 14. It is a word in common use, a vulgar word, a word unfit for the occasions of statecraft. 15. Also, it becomes *womanhood.* 16. Again, there is *reference;* it swells up a bit and becomes *referendum.* 17. Yet again, *civil* becomes *civic* — more scholarly, more tasty, more nobby. 18. Yet again, *interference* has a low smack: it suggests plow-horses that interfere. 19. *En avant!* there is *intermediation.* 20. And so with whole phrases. 21. "The views of the world" gives way to "the expressed views of world opinion." 22. "Heedless of cost" becomes "in heedlessness of cost." 23. "Public conscience" becomes "the expressed conscience of progress." 24. The "uplift," now ancient and a trifle obscene, is triumphantly reincarnated in "our manifestation of human interest." 25. "The Government's duty to develop good citizens" shrieks upward like a rocket and bursts

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[1] Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers.*

magnificently into "the Government's obligation affirmatively to encourage development of the highest and most efficient type of citizenship." 26. And so on and on.[1]

1. When without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learnt both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate and to recognize that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last so to transform and refashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. 2. In all the multiform facts of the world — in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of man, even in the very omnipotence of Death — the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own thoughts first made. 3. In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces of Nature. 4. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the pageant of its triumph. 5. Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very center of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain; from its impregnable watch-towers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. 6. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeing eminence. 7. Honor to those brave warriors who, through countless ages of warfare, have preserved for us the priceless heritage of liberty, and have kept undefiled by sacrilegious invaders the home of the unsubdued.[2]

1. Any one who knows the newspaper business from the inside knows that most newspapers are very autocratically run.

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[1] Henry L. Mencken, *A Short View of Gamalielese.* From the *Nation.* By permission of the editor.

[2] Bertrand Russell, *A Free Man's Worship.* From *Mysticism and Logic.* Copyright, by Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

2. The editors and reporters know what topics must be avoided, what news hushed up, what men and movements must be given no publicity. 3. They know, on the other hand, the individuals and the corporations, the events and movements which are to be written up. 4. Not only are the editorials thoroughly partisan — that we expect, and discount — but the news itself is editorialized. 5. The headlines emphasize what the policy of the paper intends to thrust upon the attention of the readers. 6. The position, prominent or out-of-the-way, given to an article, the manner of the write-up, the excisions and emphases, all work to the same end. 7. The result is that, to an extent not realized as yet by most readers, our newspapers have become organs of propaganda rather than impartial records of fact.[1]

1. As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. 2. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults, vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. 3. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. 4. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. 5. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. 6. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. 7. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or a well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. 8. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. 9. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. 10. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others. 11. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford

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[1] Durant Drake, *America Faces the Future*. Copyright, 1922, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

to taste; they knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. 12. These men were irreclaimable. 13. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilised communities. 14. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. 15. They could no more be broken in to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. 16. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. 17. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. 18. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality, and, before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. 19. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into bagnios and taverns. 20. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. 21. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.[1]

1. Only when the abolition of "white slavery" becomes part of the social currents of the time will it bear any interesting analogy to the so-called freeing of the slaves. 2. Even then for many enthusiasts the comparison is misleading. 3. They are likely to regard the Emancipation Proclamation as the end of chattel slavery. 4. It wasn't. 5. That historic document broke a legal bond but not a social one. 6. The process of negro emancipation is infinitely slower and it is not accomplished yet. 7. Likewise no statute can end "white slavery." 8. Only vast and complicated changes in the whole texture of social life will achieve such an end. 8. If by some magic every taboo of the commission could be enforced, the abolition of sex-slavery would not have come one step nearer to reality. 9. Living forces, not

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[1] Thomas Babington Macaulay, *Samuel Johnson*.

statutes or clubs, must work that change. 10. The power of emancipation is in the social movements which alone can effect any deep reform in a nation. 11. So it is and has been with the negro. 12. I do not think the Abolitionists saw facts truly when they disbanded their organization a few years after the Civil War. 13. They found too much comfort in a change of legal status. 14. Profound economic forces brought about the beginning of the end of chattel slavery. 15. But the reality of freedom was not achieved by proclamation. 16. For that the revolution had to go on: the industrial life of the nation had to change its character, social customs had to be replaced, the whole outlook of men had to be transformed. 17. And whether it is negro slavery or a vicious sexual bondage, the actual advance comes from substitutions injected into society by dynamic social forces.[1]

1. Another extremely important means toward the development of morale is vocational guidance. 2. Our present methods of finding the right person for every job and the right job for every person are, in general, quite rudimentary. 3. A son drifts into the business of his father. 4. An employer picks a man from a number of applicants, on the basis of his momentary impression, or because he is vaguely recommended by someone. 4. The result is a trial and error method, with square pegs constantly trying to fit themselves into round holes. 5. A large proportion of our population never find the work for which, by temperament and ability, they are actually best fitted. 6. No one can estimate how much enthusiasm, how much ability, how much real genius, is wasted because never applied to its proper field. 7. The universal use in the public schools of careful psychological tests, and the steering of boys and girls into the lines of study, and later into the vocations, for which nature has adapted them, will mean not only a far more general interest and happiness in work, but also an incalculable increase in its productivity, both in quantity and quality.[2]

1. Take the way the *Daily Herald* has gone on for months about the Ruhr and the wickedness of French policy. 2. We entirely agree with most of its opinions on these subjects, but how dull

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[1] Walter Lippmann, *A Preface to Politics*. By permission of the author.

[2] Durant Drake, *America Faces the Future*. Copyright, 1922, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

the working-class reader must find the material as it is dished up to him. 3. There is always a right way to dish up your argument for every reader if you can only find it. 4. The *Daily Herald* has often remarked on the disparity in taxation between France and England. 5. Supposing it had discussed the terms of beer. 6. The workman here likes his beer. 7. Let the *Herald* inform him that for twenty centimes, now about three farthings, the Frenchman sits in his café and drinks as much good beer as the Briton pays fourpence for. 8. Then is the time to explain to him that out of his fourpence twopence halfpenny goes to pay Britain's debt to America, the interest on our advances made to France, and reconstruction expenses. 9. Let him be further informed that the Frenchman gets his beer almost free because the French Government refuses to pay its debts to us, or to any one, and meets its reconstruction costs not by taxation, but by piling up "extraordinary budgets" in the fond hope that some day Germany will pay them. 10. That is the way the *Daily Mail* would present its arguments, were it Labor's organ. 11. As a result the *Daily Mail* would catch the public and make money. 12. The *Daily Herald* has committed the sin of dullness.[1]

1. You might say that genius works inductively and finds a method; the conservative works deductively from the method and defeats whatever genius he may have. 2. A friend of mine had written a very brilliant article on a play which had puzzled New York. 3. Some time later I was discussing the article with another friend of a decidedly classicalist bent. 4. "What is it?" he protested; "it isn't criticism, for it's half rhapsody; it isn't rhapsody because it is analytical. 5. What is it? 6. That's what I want to know." 7. "But isn't it fine, and worth having, and aren't you glad it was written?" I pleaded. 8. "Well, if I knew what it was. . . ." 9. And so the argument ran for hours. 10. Until he had subsumed the article under certain categories he had come to accept, appreciation was impossible for him. 11. I have many arguments with my classicalist friend. 12. This time it was about George Moore's "Ave." 13. I was trying to express my delight. 14. "It isn't a novel, or an essay, or a real confession — it's nothing," said he. 15. His well-ordered mind was compelled to throw out of doors any work for which he

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[1] *The Outlook*, London. By permission of the editor.

had no carefully prepared pocket. 16. I thought of Aristotle, who denied the existence of a mule because it was neither a horse nor an ass.[1]

1. Imagine a great factory where little or no work is done: buildings that cover acres, miles on miles of corridors, rooms after rooms, machines of a hundred different kinds. 2. Every known scientific device, every known scientific principle in usable form is embodied in one room or another; equipment more perfect than anything ever before dreamed of. 3. But that whole great plant, with all its possibilities, all its intricate mechanism, is standing idle, not abandoned, but not kept up. 4. Only the footfalls of watchmen echo along the empty corridors; cobwebs are across the windows, around the door-knobs, between the spokes of the great flywheels, and thick dust over everything. 5. The delicately adjusted machinery is motionless, rusting silently away; the whole wonderful plant, with all its marvelous equipment, practically going to waste. 6. What is it? 7. That's a leading psychologist's picture of the average human mind.[2]

1. Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. 2. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was moulded into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then, as in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the form of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? 3. It is like trying to paint a soul.[3]

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[1] Walter Lippmann, *A Preface to Politics*. By permission of the author.

[2] *Collier's, The National Weekly*. By permission of the editor.

[3] John Ruskin, *Modern Painters*.

DID MOONEY PLANT THE BOMB?[1]

ROGER MONTGOMERY

TEN killed and forty injured is the casualty list of the bomb explosion which took place in San Francisco, July 22, 1916, during a preparedness parade. It may seem a small number compared with the hundreds of thousands who fell around Verdun or in the Argonne drive. But nevertheless that spattering of jagged death on the main street of San Francisco had an importance almost as great. When it became known that Thomas F. Mooney, a well-known California strike leader, had been convicted of the crime, protests from labor and radical groups came to President Wilson from all over the world. Wilson asked for and obtained a commutation of sentence. On the other hand, ex-President Roosevelt took up the cudgels against Mooney with characteristic vigor. The issue assumed to the minds of many people this form: Can a radical labor leader secure justice in the courts of the United States? Will he be convicted, whether or not he is guilty of the crime charged?

With this general question I am not concerned. I only wish to know, since there is a doubt in the matter, whether Thomas Mooney committed the specific crime for which he individually was convicted. Did Thomas Mooney, as the prosecution alleged, place the suitcase containing the time bomb on the corner of Market and Steuart Streets, during the progress of the parade?

I have come to my conclusion after carefully examining all the evidence, but I base my conclusion only on the official note-book of Police Inspector Smith of Oakland and on the facts admitted by Walter Woehlke, an editor of a popular California magazine, *Sunset*, and the author of a number of anti-red articles. Neither of these two men can be called friends of Mooney or sympathizers with dynamite. Yet these two sources have led me to the conclusion that Mooney was convicted on insufficient evidence and that that evidence was largely manufactured by Fickert, the District Attorney of San Francisco.

Let me say at the outset that Woehlke, whatever his professions of impartiality, is very easily led off into lengthy discussion of matters which might prejudice the reader but which really prove nothing. If large funds were collected for Mooney's defense, if tons of propaganda pamphlets were issued in his favor, if Fickert, the prosecutor, had been a football star at college, if Freeman Older, a newspaper proprietor who fought Mooney's fight, had always sided with labor, is anything proved? Do these facts even remotely connect Mooney with the bomb placed at the corner of Market and Steuart Streets? Obviously not.

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[1] By permission of the author.

What is the real evidence? Simply the statements of the four witnesses who said that they saw Mooney with the fatal suitcase. Judge Griffin, who presided at Mooney's trial and pronounced sentence of death upon him, expressly says that it was upon the testimony of four witnesses and only four that he was convicted.[1] This same judge two years later urged that Mooney be granted a new trial on the ground that the credibility of these four witnesses had been shaken by revelations subsequent to the original trial. The question of Mooney's guilt, then, is a simple one: how much faith can we place in the testimony of these four witnesses?

The first two were Mrs. Edeau and her daughter. In the trial they testified to seeing Mooney with the suitcase at the Dental Building, half a mile from the scene of the explosion at Market and Steuart Streets. After the trial the official diary of Police Inspector Smith of Oakland was produced, and it shows that six days after the catastrophe Mrs. Edeau told an entirely different story from that which she told on the witness stand. A photographic reproduction of Police Inspector Smith's diary reads:[2] "July 28, 16. Took Mrs. Sadie Edeau of 4106 Bayo St. to S. F. to see if she could identify Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings as men she saw with suit case at Market and Steuart St. She failed to identify them." This record is unchallenged, and there can be scarcely a doubt that the later story of Mrs. Edeau and her daughter was a falsehood invented to meet the requirements of the prosecution.

The third witness produced the greatest impression at the trial. Judge Griffin says: "Oxman was by far the most important of the witnesses."[3] Woehlke admits: "It is a fact that in the public mind Oxman was the witness who sent Mooney into the shadow of the gallows." Oxman told an extraordinary story:[1] He had seen a jitney containing five people come down Market Street five or ten minutes after the parade had started up the same street; it turned off into Steuart and stopped. Mooney was holding the suitcase on the running board; Billings jumped off in an excited state, and took the suitcase. An unidentified occupant of the car then carried it part way down Steuart; Billings brought it back, and placed it against the building, where later it exploded. Billings, Mooney, and the unknown, however, stood around for a few minutes, and then left in the car. Their actions had been so suspicious that Oxman asserted that he jotted down the number of the car and the words, "Think stolen grip."[2] Oxman's story would seem to imply that the bomb terrorists were trying to secure the maximum of publicity for their performance by riding straight towards the marching procession and carrying the incriminating suitcase on the running board, and behaving as queerly as they knew how. There were only two publicity devices which they neglected. They did not wave the red flag nor sing the International. Nevertheless, Oxman stood his cross-examination very well. Neither confusion nor self-contradiction marked his testimony. He was an honest cattleman from Oregon. The jury believed him and rendered a verdict of guilty against Mooney.

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[1] *The Mooney Case from Five Official Records*, p. 2. *New Republic*, vol. XXIX, p. 216.

[2] Robert Minor, *Shall Mooney Hang?* p. 27.

[3] *The Mooney Case from Five Official Records*, p. 2. *New Republic*, vol. XXIX, p. 216.

Some months afterwards, however, two letters were produced, written by Oxman. Their genuineness is admitted by Oxman himself. In the first he says:[3] "Dear Ed has been a Long ttime sence I hurd from you I have a chance for you to cum to San Frico as a Expurt wittness in a very Important case you will only hafto answcr 3 & 4 questiones and I will Post you on them you will get milegage and all that a witness can drow Probly 100 in the cleare." In the second he says: "You will only hafto Say you seen me on July 22 in San Frisco and that will be Easey dun. . . . The state of California will Pay you but I will attend to the Expces. . . . When you ariv Registure as Evansville Ind little more milege." Now that sounds like a clear example of subornation of perjury. But before we make up our minds, let us hear what Oxman had to say in explanation of these letters. I give Woehlke's own account.[1] Oxman says that when the attorneys prosecuting Mooney asked him before the trial if he could corroborate his story, he replied that he had spoken with a young man at the time. He remembered the young man's appearance but never learned his name or location. When pressed by the attorneys, Oxman told them it might be Ed. Rigall of Grayville, Ill., Oxman's former home, which he had left eighteen years before. This, remember, is Oxman's own account of his writing to Rigall, not as it might be distorted by an ironic radical but as given out by the anti-red Woehlke. In other words, Oxman was not sure who the young man was whom he had seen in San Francisco, but merely guessed it might be his friend of eighteen years before. Now I put it to you: how would any sane and honest man in such a situation begin his letter? Would not his first sentence read: "Dear Ed, Were you the guy I talked with last July just before the Preparedness Parade?" The way Oxman actually began the letter to the man whom he was not certain he had seen at all was: "has been a Long ttime sence I hurd from you I have a chance for you to cum to San Frico as a Expurt wittness in a very Important case you will only hafto answer 3 & 4 questiones and I will Post you on them you will get milegage and all that a witness can drow Probly 100 in the cleare." And there is not a trace in the letters of the doubt which Oxman says there was in his own mind. In fact so little was Oxman worrying about whether Rigall had actually been in San Francisco at the time of the explosion that he even invited Rigall's mother, whom he does not pretend to have seen, to take the trip to California also, since he could "probly use a Extry witness."[2]

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[1] *Sunset*, March, 1919, pp. 29, 73.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 70.

[3] *Ibid.*, April, 1919, p. 43.

Oxman says that he wrote a postscript to the first letter to the effect that if Rigall had not been in San Francisco on the date mentioned there was no use in his coming. This Rigall denies. Oxman's defenders point out that Rigall was a bootlegger, a drunken brawler, a gambler, and had lied to everyone he came in contact with in San Francisco. Very true. Oxman was not going to write the president of the Grayville Y.M.C.A. or the pastor of the First Congregational Church, inviting him to commit perjury for $100 and a trip to California. No, Oxman knew that Rigall was exactly the kind of man he was, and for that very reason sent him the kind of invitation he would be likely to accept. Postscript or no postscript, Oxman damns himself in those letters. The prosecution knew it, for when later Mrs. Mooney was tried for complicity, Oxman, though available, was not produced.[1] Why not? It would have damaged the prosecution more than it hurt the defendant.

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[1] *Sunset*, April, 1919, p. 44.

[2] Robert Minor, *Shall Mooney Hang?* p. 10.

We now come to the fourth witness to connect Mooney with the suitcase and the place of the explosion. After observing the character of the first three, we may properly be suspicious, not only of the witnesses themselves but also of the prosecution which introduced them. If we are to be convinced of Mooney's guilt, this last witness at least should be free from suspicion: a man with a strong reputation for integrity, without interest in the case. Whom do we find? John MacDonald. Concerning him Woehlke makes two fatal admissions. First, MacDonald was "a derelict, a down-and-outer." [2] Secondly, "the prosecution had little effective testimony to offer in refutation of the claim that the crowd in Steuart Street had prevented MacDonald from seeing what he claimed to have perceived on the other side of the thoroughfare." [3] In other words, Woehlke admits that this last witness was of the poorest kind and that his story is inherently improbable. The only point adduced in his favor is that shortly after the explosion he declared that he had seen a short man place the suitcase, and later identified before a police officer the photographs of Billings and Mooney. If we were sure that in the meantime he had not been coached, there might be something in the story. But we have seen that the first three witnesses were obviously "fixed": and now, the fourth fits perfectly into the theory of a frame-up.

Let us see, then, if there are signs of a frame-up besides the character of the four witnesses against Mooney. One of the chief witnesses against Billings had been Estelle Smith, later admitted to have a criminal record as the lowest type of prostitute. Then, too, the prosecuting attorney, Fickert, had a somewhat unsavory reputation. But there are some who profess a high regard for his courage and honesty. How are we to get at the truth about Fickert? Luckily it is easy to do so. John B. Densmore was instructed by the Department of Labor to investigate the Mooney case, placed a dictaphone in Fickert's office, and for four months recorded conversations there. All sorts of things have been said about Mr. Densmore's activity in the matter, but that his published report is an accurate and truthful record of the conversations in Fickert's office is not denied.[1] Anyone may now listen in on the secret outpourings of the prosecuting attorney and his aids in the months following the conviction of Mooney. No one can listen long to those conversations without coming to the conviction that Fickert was a foul-mouthed scoundrel. But the real issue is: how was he handling the administration of justice? Here are some hints. Mulhall, the prosecutor in certain I.W.W. cases at Sacramento, remarked in Fickert's office: "You know if this thing ever breaks, we will go down hill so fast that all hell won't save us."[2] A Burns agent said to Fickert: "Now as far as the movie people go, you never saw such a bunch of people since you were born. . . . I'd rather have what's stolen out of their royalties than all the rest — it makes fellows like ourselves look cheap."[3] At this direct insult did Fickert answer fiercely: "Take back that insinuation, or I'll knock you for a Continental loop!" No, he seemed to be used to similar insinuations from those who were in his confidence. At another time Cunha, assistant prosecutor in the Mooney cases, said: "Chief, if you can get a witness who will put Mrs. Mooney at Steuart and Market Streets, I don't give a damn if you put her there in a balloon." Fickert replied: "I think I can put her there in a taxicab. It looks as though we had the witness."[4] Finally, in speaking of a prospective witness who knew Mrs. Mooney, Fickert said: "When you get on this thing, you want to keep her all day, if she is willing to come through. She will be. She will warm up — she is getting too much money for it."[5]

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[1] *The Mooney Case from Five Official Records*, p. 6.

[2] *Sunset*, February, 1919, p. 70.

[3] *Ibid.*, March, 1919, p. 73

Is it necessary to go further? Whatever Mooney's past may have been, of this act he must be innocent. Otherwise, how can one explain that out of that vast crowd no one saw him but the perjured Edeaus, the suborner of perjury Oxman, the derelict MacDonald? How is it that Mooney, a marked man because of his strike activities, could have ridden in a solitary jitney down the street of the parade, with policemen on every side, and escaped the notice of all but these four perjurers?

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[1] *Sunset*, May, 1919, pp. 82, 84.

[2] House of Representatives, 66th Congress, 1st Session, Document 157, p. 16.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 19. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 26. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 62.

Is it any wonder that Judge Griffin, the very man who had pronounced sentence of death on Mooney, after reading the Oxman letters, appealed to the Attorney General of California: "Right and Justice demand that a new trial of Mooney should be had in order that no possible mistake shall be made in a case where a human life is at stake."[1] Is it any wonder that Judge Griffin should have declared: "To carry into execution the judgement against Mooney would be a travesty upon justice and a blot upon the administration which the state can ill afford to bear."[2]

IRISH AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE[3]

LINCOLN COLCORD

It constantly is amazing, to one of American revolutionary descent, to reflect how little is made of the analogy between the American and the Irish Revolution. We see many attempts, of course, to draw a comparison between the present revolt in Ireland and the American Civil War; but this plainly is no analogy. The real analogy lies in the earlier period. In the true sense of history — that is, in terms of the motives which inspire men and of the objectives which they seek — Ireland stands to-day in much the same position as that occupied by the American Colonies in 1776. In both cases, the goal is independence from the British Crown; in both, economic exploitation, which is to say, British Colonial Government, is the dominating factor. In both, also, a Tory Government in Britain precipitates the issue in stupidity and violence, while Liberalism, in the Opposition, protests vigorously.

Modern history stresses the importance of George III in the American conflict, in the laudable effort to throw responsibility on an alien monarch and demonstrate that England's attitude toward the Colonies was not native to her. Yet, in terms of fact and policy, it cannot be denied that it was a British Government which George III dominated in this matter; the nation supported the policy, the Government remained in power; and Lord North was no more of an alien than is Sir Hamar Greenwood. It is no disparagement of the splendid Liberal protest of 1776 in England to recall that it never reached the point of seizing power, and that it fell far short of staying the processes by which the American Colonies were permanently estranged as a political entity from the mother country.

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[1] *The Mooney Case from Five Official Records*, p. 4.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 4.

[3] From *The Nation*, New York. By permission of the editor.

But it is in the simple state of mind of governments and people on both sides of the controversy that the analogy between the Irish and American Revolutions finds its main support. I venture to affirm that the mental and emotional attitude of the Irish patriot of to-day toward the British Crown is precisely the attitude of the American patriot of 1776. He is dealing with the same set of terms — imperialism, coercion, arbitrary and absentee control. He is taking the same broad stand — to refuse to submit to the sovereignty of Great Britain. He is making the same claim — to set up his own sovereignty, unfettered and unlimited. In short, the Irishman psychologically stands pretty squarely in the shoes of our forefathers, thinks the same thoughts, is inflamed by the same hatreds, objects to the same things, seeks the same ends, and finds himself confronted by the same power. It would be nothing strange to the young Irish patriot, drilling among the hills, if a hundred and fifty years should suddenly drop away and he should find himself among the huddled band of barefoot rebels at Valley Forge; without a break, he could join the conversation where he left it off in Ireland the moment before.

On the other hand, I venture to affirm that the attitude of Government, as well as of British Liberalism, toward the American Colonies in 1776 finds its repetition in their attitude toward Ireland to-day. Liberalism warned that if the conflict went on in the narrow rut of intolerance and oppression, the die would be cast for nothing short of independence for the Colonies. Government, representing Toryism, fumed and blustered, refused to swallow its pride, invoked the force of arms, and made matters worse with every fresh stroke of policy. In the eyes of Toryism, the Boston Tea Party was a lawless raid, an outburst of anarchy.

The Battle of Lexington was a murderous assault by sneaking traitors on the forces of the Crown. Washington and his army were nothing but rebels, bandits, destroyers of law and order. Paul Jones was a pirate of the blackest water. Jefferson was an intellectual radical, a traitor to his class and the existing authority, the worst brand of agitator. The whole cause of American independence stank in the nostrils of Toryism, both in England and America.

To-day it is the enterprise for Irish independence which stinks in the nostrils of Toryism. The Irish Republican Army is looked upon as a band of rebels and cutthroats. Patriotic demonstrations become lawless raids and outbreaks of anarchy. Sinn Feiners are all agitators and extremists. Opinion everywhere is directed away from the basic issue, to wit, that Ireland refuses to recognize the sovereignty of Great Britain, and that every event in Ireland must be judged from this standpoint. Perhaps all Sinn Feiners are agitators and extremists. Perhaps all American patriots were in 1776. Such values are relative rather than absolute; and we should be interested only in getting a clear view of the Irish case, apart from cant and propaganda.

For instance, how would it have gone with the American Colonies had they been situated next door to England? Would we have given up the fight; would our fierce ardor for independence have been quenched by the proportions of the task? Never! (I take it that this still would be a legitimate claim.) But with only the Irish Channel to cross, Great Britain could have poured troops at will into our land; the broad Atlantic was our most powerful ally. Practically all the physical power would have remained on the side of the British Crown; and especially so had we faced modern conditions of armament. What course, then, would we have been likely to follow? In all human probability, we would have organized a secret patriotic movement and taken to guerrilla warfare, just as the Irish have done. Washington, instead of marching and counter-marching his inadequate troops to the confusion of the Crown forces, might have been elected Lord Mayor of Cork instead, and thrown down the gauntlet to the Government in a hunger strike. Tactics and leadership go on in changing guise.

The Irish, as I understand it, take the position that Britain has no right to police Ireland; the police are looked on as a branch of the Army of Occupation, and are shot without warning when practicable. The British Government, of course, calls it murder. Allowing for proper differences in the physical and geographical situation, it seems to me that this is about the same position as that taken by our New England farmers in 1776 when they shot down the Redcoats without warning from behind the stone walls of Lexington. The British Government called that murder, too. The "embattled farmers" of Lexington were not forced by the practical exigencies of the case to desist from open warfare, to go into Boston and kill off individual officers of the Crown; but they were acting on the same principle, a principle which, unfortunately for Ireland, has been driven beyond the bounds of traditional revolutionary practice.

We were indeed fortunate to have escaped the necessity for carrying forward our revolt under the conditions which obtain in Ireland. Ireland's struggle has been longer and harder than ours; she has paid the price a hundred times over of her geographical position; and now it seems as if she were destined to run blood for the next few years. Yet stranger things than Irish independence have happened. If her leaders do not betray the cause (and they will not) it is entirely possible that she may win it. There appears to be no intrinsic reason against Irish independence — only political and diplomatic reasons, which, as history amply proves, are no reasons at all. I have to read a single argument of the British Government on this issue which might not have been advanced with double force (and probably was) against the independence of the American Colonies. Beyond the granting of that independence, however, and a second brief conflict to prove the decision, nothing terrible has taken place between the two countries to this day.

Who can say that our relations with Great Britain would have been as sound as they are to-day had we failed to gain our independence in 1776?

I am not at all animated by anti-British sentiment in this matter, although beyond question I am animated by sympathy for Irish independence. The two positions are not incompatible, for I am not an Englishman; to my mind they are thoroughly American, in every sense of the word. How shall we continue to glorify the memory of Lexington, to acclaim the "shot heard round the world," to honor our Revolutionary heroes, to teach the Boston Tea Party in our schools as a daredevil patriotic prank, to celebrate the principles and to perpetuate the traditions of 1776 — how shall we continue to do all this and at the same time accept the attitude of Toryism toward the Irish Revolution? Nations cannot endure without consistency. Patrick Henry recently was elected to our Hall of Fame. What for, if not for exactly the same sort of record which the young leaders of Sinn Fein are rewriting to-day in Ireland?

There was a time, while our own revolution was yet fresh in the hearts of succeeding generations, when the great American Republic stood before the world as the friend of peoples everywhere struggling for freedom. It was our proudest boast, our most cherished tradition; and in more than one instance we embodied it in foreign policy. Are we now coming to be ashamed of our former revolutionary attainments and practices; have we fundamentally shifted our national ground? Are we in process of canonizing our revolutionary heroes as saints of reaction? Are we trying to sidestep our splendid tradition of liberty by attributing to extremism every present-day effort for independence, and by branding every foreign patriot as a traitor to government and society?

If so, we are confronted by two obvious correlated facts: first, that we ourselves are now definitely committed to imperialism; second, that our own patriots, the real upholders of our vital traditions, the advocates of true Americanism, are destined to be branded as extremists, as traitors to government and society. We are preparing to make Mexico our Ireland, and to intrench the forces of Toryism beyond the reach of criticism or orderly political control. One thing is linked with another; and if we deny liberty abroad, we have lost liberty at home.

THE MENTAL AGE OF AMERICANS [1]

WALTER LIPPMANN

A STARTLING bit of news has recently been unearthed and is now being retailed by the credulous to the gullible. "The *average* mental age of Americans," says Mr. Lothrop Stoddard in *The Revolt Against Civilization*, "is only about fourteen."

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[1] From *The New Republic.* By permission of the editor and the author.

Mr. Stoddard did not invent this astonishing conclusion. He found it ready-made in the writings of a number of other writers. They in their turn got the conclusion by misreading the data collected in the army intelligence tests. For the data themselves lead to no such conclusion. It is impossible that they should. It is quite impossible for honest statistics to show that the average adult intelligence of a representative sample of the nation is that of an immature child in that same nation. The average adult intelligence cannot be less than the average adult intelligence, and to anyone who knows what the words "mental age" mean, Mr. Stoddard's remark is precisely as silly as if he had written that the average mile was three quarters of a mile long.

The trouble is that Mr. Stoddard uses the words "mental age" without explaining either to himself or to his readers how the conception of "mental age" is derived. He was in such an enormous hurry to predict the downfall of civilization that he could not pause long enough to straighten out a few simple ideas. The result is that he snatches at a few scarifying statistics and uses them as a base upon which to erect a glittering tower of generalities. For the statement that the average mental age of Americans is only about fourteen is not inaccurate. It is not incorrect. It is nonsense.

Mental age is a yardstick invented by a school of psychologists to measure "intelligence." It is not easy, however, to make a measure of intelligence and the psychologists have never agreed on a definition. This quandary presented itself to Alfred Binet. For years he had tried to reach a definition of intelligence and always he had failed. Finally he gave up the attempt, and started on another tack. He then turned his attention to the practical problem of distinguishing the "backward" child from the "normal" child in the Paris schools. To do this he had to know what was a normal child. Difficult as this promised to be, it was a good deal easier than the attempt to define intelligence. For Binet concluded, quite logically, that the standard of a normal child of any particular age was something or other which an arbitrary percentage of children of that age could do. Binet therefore decided to consider "normal" those abilities which were common to between 65 and 75 percent of the children of a particular age. In deciding on these percentages he thus decided to consider at least twenty-five percent of the children as backward. He might just as easily have fixed a percentage which would have classified ten percent of the children as backward, or fifty percent.

Having fixed a percentage which he would henceforth regard as "normal" he devoted himself to collecting questions, stunts and puzzles of various sorts, hard ones and easy ones. At the end he settled upon fifty-four tests, each of which he guessed and hoped would test some element of intelligence; all of which together would test intelligence as a whole. Binet then gave these tests in Paris to two hundred school children who ranged from three to fifteen years of age. Whenever he found a test that about sixty-five percent of the children of the same age could pass he called that a Binet test of intelligence for that age. Thus a mental age of seven years was the ability to do all the tests which sixty-five to seventy-five percent of a small group of seven-year-old Paris school children had shown themselves able to do.

This was a promising method, but of course the actual tests rested on a very weak foundation indeed. Binet himself died before he could carry his idea much further, and the task of revision and improvement was then transferred to Stanford University. The Binet scale worked badly in California. The same puzzles did not give the same results in California as in Paris. So about 1910 Professor L. M. Terman undertook to revise them. He followed Binet's method. Like Binet he would guess at a stunt which might indicate intelligence, and then try it out on about 2300 people of various ages, including 1700 children "in a community of average social status." By editing, rearranging and supplementing the original Binet tests he finally worked out a series of tests for each age which the average child of that age in about one hundred Californian children could pass.

The puzzles which this average child among a hundred Californian children of the same age about the year 1913 could answer are the yardstick by which "mental age" is measured in what is known as the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale. Each correct answer gives a credit of two months' mental age. So if a child of seven can answer all tests up to the seven-year-old tests perfectly, and cannot answer any of the eight-year-old tests, his total score is seven years. He is said to test "at age," and his "intelligence quotient" or "I.Q." is unity or 100 percent. Anybody's I.Q. can be figured, therefore, by dividing his mental age by his actual age. A child of five who tests at four years' mental age has an I.Q. of 80 (4/5 = 80). A child of five who tests at six years' mental age has an I.Q. of 120 (6/5 = 1.20).

The aspect of all this which matters is that "mental age" is simply the average performance with certain rather arbitrary problems. The thing to keep in mind is that all the talk about "a mental age of fourteen" goes back to the performance of eighty-two California school children in 1913–14. Their success and failures on the days they happened to be tested have become embalmed and consecrated as the measure of human intelligence. By means of that measure writers like Mr. Stoddard fix the relative values of all the peoples of the earth and of all social classes within the nations. They don't know they are doing this, however, because Mr. Stoddard at least is quite plainly taking everything at second hand.

However, I am willing for just a moment to grant that Mr. Terman in California has worked out a test for the different ages of a growing child. But I insist that anyone who uses the words "mental age" should remember that Mr. Terman reached his test by seeing what the average child of an age group could do. If his group is too small or is untypical his test is in the same measure inaccurate.

Remembering this, we come to the army tests. Here we are dealing at once with men all of whom are over the age of the mental scale. For the Stanford-Binet scale ends at "sixteen years." It assumes that intelligence stops developing at sixteen and everybody sixteen and over is therefore treated as "adult" or as "superior adult." Now the adult Stanford-Binet tests were "standardized chiefly on the basis of results from 400 adults" (Terman, p. 13) "of moderate success and of very limited educational advantages" and also thirty-two high school pupils from sixteen to twenty years of age. Among these adults those who tested close together have the honor of being considered the standard of average adult intelligence.

Before the army tests came along, when anyone talked about the average adult he was talking about a few hundred Californians. The army tested about 1,700,000 adult men. But it did not use the Binet system of scoring by mental ages. It scored by a system of points which we need not stop to describe. Naturally enough everyone interested in mental testing wanted to know whether the army tests agreed in any way with the Stanford-Binet mental age standard. So by another process, which need also not be described, the results of the army tests were translated into Binet terms. The result of this translation is the table which has so badly misled poor Mr. Stoddard. This table showed that the average of the army did not agree at all with the average of Mr. Terman's Californians. There were then two things to do. One was to say that the average intelligence of 1,700,000 men was a more representative average than that of four hundred men. The other was to pin your faith to the four hundred men and insist they gave the true average.

Mr. Stoddard chose the average of four hundred rather than the average of 1,700,000 because he was in such haste to write his own book that he never reached page 785 of *Psychological Examining in the United States Army*, the volume of the data edited by Major Yerkes.[1] He would have found there a clear warning against the blunder he was about to commit, the blunder of treating the average of a small number of instances as more valid than the average of a large number.

But instead of pausing to realize that the army tests had knocked the Stanford-Binet measure of adult intelligence into a cocked hat, he wrote his book in the belief that the Stanford measure is as good as it ever was. This is not intelligent. It leads one to suspect that Mr. Stoddard is a propagandist with a tendency to put truth not in the first place but in the second. It leads one to suspect, after such a beginning, that the real promise and value of the investigation which Binet started is in danger of gross perversion by muddleheaded and prejudiced men.

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[1] "For norms of adult intelligence the results of the Army examinations are undoubtedly the most representative. It is customary to say that the mental age of the average adult is about sixteen years. This figure is based, however, upon examinations of only 62 persons. . . . This group is too small to give very reliable results and is furthermore probably not typical." (*Psychological Examining in the United States Army*, p. 785.)

The reader will note that Major Yerkes and his colleagues assert that the Stanford standard of adult intelligence is based on only sixty-two cases. This is a reference to page 49 of Mr. Terman's book on the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale. But page 13 of the same book speaks of 400 adults being the basis on which the adult tests were standardized. I have used this larger figure because it is more favorable to the Stanford-Binet scale.

It should also be remarked that the army figures are not the absolute figures but the results of a "sample of the white draft" consisting of nearly 100,000 recruits. In strictest accuracy we ought to say then that the disagreement between army and Stanford-Binet results derives from conclusions drawn from 100,000 cases as against 400.

If these 100,000 recruits are not a fair sample of the nation, as they probably are not, then in addition to saying that the army tests contradict the Stanford-Binet scale, we ought to add that the army tests are themselves no reliable basis for measuring the average American mentality.

THE COMEDY OF COAL[1]

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

CAPRICIOUS fate had transferred me abruptly from a university instructorship in literature to the management of the largest charitable relief agency in America. The points of the compass in this realm of benevolence were not so clear to me as I could have wished. In those days a group of ardent young reformers were energetically trying to convert the ladies bountiful of philanthropic tradition into scientific social workers, to transform "friendly visitors" into human engineers. They were recognized leaders in the social-service profession, the men to whom new-comers like myself naturally looked for guidance. Most of them had been students under that inspiring teacher Simon Nelson Patten, professor of political economy in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in the University of Pennsylvania. He was their prophet of the new basis of civilization. Their enthusiastic devotion made me eager to meet him. When the opportunity came, he had just returned from a tour of the globe.

Feeling diffident in his presence, I began by asking him the crudest of conventional questions.

"What were the most impressive things you saw in Asia and Europe?" I asked. I confess that I was thinking of magnificent temples, ancient cathedrals, and the ruins of vanished civilizations.

"Well," he said, "I think the most significant things I came across were two new words. You know, words are not made by scholars; they grow out of the soil of a people's life. A new word is likely to be the sign of something that is brewing in the soul or the society of a people. In India I heard men using a word meaning not only political liberty in our sense, but emancipation into liberty. There was no such word in the old Indian vocabulary. The birth of the new idea which that word expresses seems to me to foreshadow the political awakening of India."

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[1] From *The Century Magazine.* By permission of the editor.

Within less than a decade his prophecy was fulfilled.

"In Turkey," he went on, "I heard men using a word meaning *person*, neither orthodox Moslem nor gentile — just plain man. Formerly the Mohammedan divided the world into two groups, those of the faith and the heathen. The new idea which this word expresses seems to me to foreshadow the modernization of Turkey, the passing of the old taboos and sectarian barriers, the Europeanization of Islam."

To-day this process is under way, even if the news may from time to time record set-backs.

An interesting anecdote, it will be allowed; but what has it to do with coal?

"The most comical thing I have seen in America," an acute Chinese student observed, "is the way you Americans are like the *Ancient Mariner*. Coal, coal everywhere, and yet so often you are without coal to burn! You are a good deal like my people. There is much ancestor-worship among you. You may not worship your ancestors, but you bow much to ancestor ideas. When your coal supply fails, when there are strikes or your railroads break down, you make a terrible fuss, like crows in a cornfield. Then you hold investigations, call everybody bad names, your States and your Washington appoint commissions. The commissions tell you that coal is a public utility like water and gas; that you have a right to have it, a right to regulate it, to fix prices, and demand continuous service on pain of public intervention. Then your courts tell your commissions they are wrong, that they do not know the law, that no franchise is required to run coal-mines, that there are more than three thousand coal companies, that competition for the fuel market is intense, that there is no coal monopoly. You see, the ancestor idea about coal as not being a public utility is so strong with you that you can't get the new idea of coal as a public utility born. You need a new idea about coal, a new word, but your ancestor ideas are very powerful. You call anthracite a monopoly, but anthracite, the courts say, is a luxury fuel. You need not freeze without it.

There are substitutes, wood and coke and soft coal. And so like the dog with the flea you race yourself around in a circle. To an outsider like me this predicament of a so practical people seems very comical."

The director of the board recently appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to survey the fuel and power resources of that first among our coal-producing States makes a similar diagnosis. They have wrestled with coal problems in Pennsylvania, lo! these many years. Because Pennsylvania contains all the marketable anthracite in the country, because throughout the more populous portions of the country anthracite is the customary domestic fuel, and because the price of anthracite goes higher year after year, Pennsylvania is held peculiarly responsible for our fuel troubles. Since Pennsylvania gives us more coal than any other State, this situation contains an added touch of comedy. Under the leadership of the nation's foremost conservationist, Pennsylvania is tackling the coal problem in good earnest. So long as her public servants dealt with coal as merely coal, the problem was a Gordian knot. They think they have found the sword that will cut it. For they have coined a new word to embody the meaning of coal as engineers understand it — giant-power, which signifies that coal is not a refractory mineral to be mined and hauled hither and yon across the country, but is electricity, gas, benzol, tar, and a thousand useful things in a lump. Above all, that it is stored electricity. The moment we are able to think of coal as a vast battery of stored electrical energy, the moment we associate its use not with the coal-car, the scuttle, and the shovel, but with the electrical generator, the high-tension transmission line, the electric switch, the solution of the coal problem as we know it to-day will be in sight. We shall enter an era of social and technical changes as far-reaching as those which followed in the wake of the new words Simon Patten heard in India and Turkey.

Our idea of coal is in much the same state of arrested development that our idea of water-power was a generation ago. Within a few years I have seen mills driven by water flowing over wheels whose essential design was thousands of years old. Then came the hydroelectric turbine generators, single machines capable of generating from fifty to sixty thousand horsepower of energy, convertible into mechanical motion, light, heat. In Ontario the application of the new idea of water as electricity as against the traditional idea of water as mere weight has transformed a sprawling frontier province into a flourishing commonwealth of closely knit coöperating municipalities. The lowest net rate for electricity in Toronto is nine tenths of a cent. The little town of Windsor, two hundred and forty-eight miles from the power-stations at Niagara, gets its electricity both for residence and commercial uses at about three cents a kilowatt hour. The community in which I live within the metropolitan district of New York, one hundred miles from the anthracite coal-fields and about the same distance from the rich bituminous fields of Pennsylvania that Windsor is from Niagara, pays fourteen cents a kilowatt hour for its electricity. A friend living in Washington, District of Columbia, recently visited the little city of Niagara Falls, Ontario. He visited a home in which he saw the electricity of Niagara doing the cooking, washing the clothes, and ironing them, running the vacuum-cleaner, the coffee-percolator, heating the water for all household purposes, lighting eight rooms with thirty-five Mazda lamps. His hostess kept accounts. During the month of July she had used 334 kilowatt hours, which cost her $3.55. By happy coincidence, he found when he returned home that he himself had used exactly 334 kilowatt hours in December. His bill in Washington had been $23.18. The difference means that in Ontario most of the population can afford to use electricity for all manner of household purposes, including heating in all but the coldest winter months. In the relatively mild climate of the Pacific coast communities that have water-power and have caught the new idea are building houses without chimneys. In my community, which is almost entirely dependent upon coal, we count ourselves fortunate to be able to have electricity for lighting only. And yet, with the full development of the giant-power idea, there is no reason why electricity from coal should not be as cheap as hydroelectricity and far more abundant. Our coal-fields are a black Niagara capable of yielding a steady flow of electricity many times greater than all our water-powers combined.

By burning raw coal in our thousands of scattered little furnaces instead of converting it into electricity at or near the mines and salvaging the commodity values that now go up in smoke, we are guilty of waste which experts figure at from two to four billions of dollars a year. This waste is largely responsible for high freight and passenger rates and the persistent floundering of our railroads. It is a large element in our high-fuel and power costs. It has a fundamental bearing upon industrial unrest in the coal-fields, upon coal shortages and strikes. For waste breeds war.

The reason for the publication of this article at this time is that the editor of *The Century* shares the general apprehension that there may be a nation-wide lockout or strike, or at least a disconcerting period of uncertainty and unsettlement, in the bituminous coal industry when the present collective agreement between the United Mine Workers of America and the organized bituminous coal operators expires at midnight of March 31. A strike may be averted, but there will inevitably be a period of uncertainty during which the railroads and the industries, which depend very largely upon the soft-coal supply for power, will not know how soon they may have to curtail operation or shut down altogether. If a strike should develop, coal will leap back into the newspaper headlines.

For my part, I shall have a fellow-feeling for both operators and miners, because, like the rest of us, they are the victims of our ancestral idea of coal. I know that under our present wasteful method of burning raw coal in steam locomotives and under hundreds of thousands of isolated individualistic factory boilers, the coal industry is perpetually struggling to make ends meet. Some operators and some miners make good money, but with ten thousand mines competing for an ill defined and uncertain market, with thousands of mines unable to keep their machinery and men busy for more than two hundred and fifteen days in the year, with half of their output wasted in smoke, life is an endless, harassing gamble. Inevitably, when the two sides come together to negotiate a wage agreement, each is keyed up to a sullen desperate determination to have and hold as large a share of the industry's gross income as it can compel the other to yield. Last year the miners struck when the operators demanded a reduction in wages. They won their strike. There is no likelihood that they will agree to a reduction now. The operators will probably protest that they cannot pay the present rate without going bankrupt. For most of them this will be approximately true. Already an increasing number of them are taking refuge in the non-union fields, where they can make up for the wastefulness of our use of coal by getting cheap labor and recovering much of the wages they pay by operating company stores. Both sides organize for war rather than for stable industrial government and co-operation in the development of their industry as an essential public service. This long contest between the coal operators and miners will continue and the coal problem will remain with us until through the development of the giant-power idea we conserve the full economic values of coal.

Giant-power means the conversion of coal into electricity at or near the mines; but it means more than that. It contemplates, as an integral part of coal electric plants, the construction of coal by-product ovens for the recovery of the tar, ammonium sulphate — a valuable fertilizer — and the oils that are lost when we burn raw coal. It contemplates the interconnection of carboelectric and hydroelectric power plants and systems into regional reservoirs of power and the ultimate interconnection of these reservoirs into a vast nation-wide giant-power system. Moreover, giant-power, as distinguished from what is popularly known as super-power, places the service of the home on the farm and in the small community ahead of, or at least on a parity with, the service of the railroads and manufacturing establishments. It aims to encourage the decentralization of population by making all the conveniences of electricity as readily accessible to the farm and the small town as they now are to the inhabitants of large cities, and so to temper the evils of the steam industrial revolution with its slum-breeding concentration of factory populations. It will more than double the value of our annual coal production, and so simplify the problem of earnings and wages; it will immensely increase the mechanical energy at the disposal of the individual workman, and so greatly increase the national wealth. The major technical apparatus required for the development of the giant-power idea already exists; the system itself already exists in embryo. It is now possible to relay electrical current from Oregon to the borders of Mexico; only a link or two are missing in a chain of power units that stretch from Minnesota to Alabama.

The public can have electricity for manufacturing and all manner of household uses, including heating in all but the coldest months of the year, as soon as they begin to think of coal as electricity instead of something to be hauled about on the railroads and in trucks, dumped into bins, and shoveled into dirty stoves and furnaces, whose by-products are soot and ashes.

Heating during all but the coldest months of the year. But what of those coldest months? Our present answer is anthracite, and for those who can afford it that will continue to be the answer for some time to come. But our supply of anthracite is limited. Except for some low-grade deposits in Rhode Island and some inaccessible veins in Colorado, all of our anthracite coal is confined to an area less than five hundred square miles in extent in Pennsylvania. For all practical purposes all anthracite is Pennsylvania anthracite. Many of the best workings there have been exhausted; it is becoming increasingly necessary to tunnel deeper down in the earth.

We usually speak of the "anthracite monopoly," because seventy per cent and more of this fuel is owned or controlled by a few big financially related companies, and we therefore assume that it will be relatively simple to give the industry the legal status of a public utility, subject to regulation as to prices, like gas and electricity. But a condition of public regulation is that the price shall be such as to yield the owner a reasonable return on his investment, and as Mr. S. D. Warriner, President of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, and spokesman in ordinary of the anthracite operators, suggests, the price of anthracite under regulation might follow the example of railroad rates and fatten on its medicine. Moreover, as he also points out, there are substitutes for hard coal other than soft coal. Within a few months during the recent anthracite strike, 418,000 tons of anthracite were displaced by oil in New York City alone. The use of coke is rapidly increasing. Coke is a product of bituminous coal. When a ton of bituminous coal is put through by-product ovens, it yields, among other things, from seven to ten thousand cubic feet of gas, and also some fifteen hundred pounds of coke or smokeless fuel similar to anthracite. The United States Geological Survey has issued a pamphlet in which it demonstrates that coke is in some ways a better domestic fuel than hard coal. The editorial director of the *Gas Age Record* says: "before many years have passed, fuel consumers in great cities, getting all their heat units through pipes, will look back in horror to the day when raw coal was burned and the people submitted to the evils of smoke, ashes, unnecessary waste and needless labor. . . . It will be just as easy in the future to turn on the gas in the cellar as it is now to turn on water in the bath-tub."

The advantages of gas need not be confined to large cities. Owing to our vast inheritance of natural gas, there are already great networks of gas-pipe lines reaching into hundreds of small towns and farm-homes. "Just as whole regions will be supplied with electricity for power purposes from one great central plant, so whole regions . . . will be supplied with gas from enormous central plants. . . . No modern practice is more ridiculous or more closely linked with a primitive age than our present methods of distributing and burning coal." Like my acute Chinese student, the editor of *Gas Age Record* finds comedy in our American coal situation.

This large-scale development of coke and gas for domestic as well as industrial uses, like the large-scale development of electricity, depends upon the full application of the giant-power idea to bituminous coal, with anthracite as a minor ally. The conversion of coal into electricity at or near the mines in plants equipped with ovens for by-product recovery has a most vital bearing upon industrial relations in the coal industry, because without it the net income of the industry will be insufficient to meet the reasonable demands of owners and workers. Since the days back in the seventies when Marcus A. Hanna led the progressive coal-operators in the recognition of the union in exchange for the pledge of John Siney, the miners' leader, that there would be no strike without previous resort to arbitration, all attempts to establish permanent peace in the industry have broken on this problem of earnings. Waste breeds war. It has a fundamental bearing upon business stability, for the stability of industry largely depends upon the stability and cost of the fuel supply. It has a profound bearing upon the convenience of domestic life and the maintenance and increase of our American standard of living. It is technically feasible and economically imperative.

What, then, delays the coming of giant-power? Among other things, the vast investment in raw coal-burning machinery, for whose capitalized waste the public pays. Take the single case of the railroads. Competent engineers have figured that the electrification of our railroads under a giant-power system might easily save $800,000,000 a year. At least a third of our railroad mileage lies in territory of sufficient traffic density to make immediate electrification good business. But there are the thousands of steam-locomotives already in existence, together with the locomotive works that built them. Burning raw coal costs the railroads a heap of wasted money, but, then, a third of their profitable freight load is coal. For the stupidity of hauling coal up and down the country instead of sending its energy through pipes and wires, the public pays in high freight and passenger rates and in railroad inefficiency generally.

Then there are the small electric light plants whose owners prefer not to be disturbed in their present inefficient, but profitable, business. These small plants use from two to three times as much coal per unit of electricity produced as the large modern plants. But they are a vested interest, and hitherto the public, spellbound by the still novel wonder of electric light, has seemed willing to pay for their extravagance. There are the large electric light and power companies owning valuable franchises and wanting to extend their business along the established lines of least resistance. They want to enlarge their present franchises in advance of the full flowering of the giant-power idea, so that when the public awakens to the idea that coal is electricity and gas, the question of ownership will be largely an academic question. For it is obvious that a giant-power system involves the development of a giant monopoly of the nation's fuel and power resources. Owing to knowledge of this fact, the ghost of public ownership already haunts the houses of the great electric utility corporations. They are entirely certain that private ownership is better for the public as well as for themselves, but the ghost walks just the same.

But the greatest cause of delay in the coming of giant-power is the persistence of the ancestral idea of coal in the official and lay public mind. We have just had a federal coal commission whose reports, according to one of the commissioners, represent the expenditure of a million and a half dollars. These reports are bulky with facts about the coal industry as traditionally conceived. The commission plead for the recognition of the coal industry as one affected with a public interest, in the technical sense, as a public utility. For years, senators, congressmen, and governors — notably since the last anthracite strike, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania — have tried to find legal ways of bringing coal under public control as a utility. But so long as coal is treated merely as coal, the courts have held that this cannot be constitutionally done. There are thousands of coal companies, ten thousand coal-mines. Coal as such is no more a public utility than wheat. But put it on wires and into gas pipes and it becomes a recognized public utility at once. Electric transmission lines, like gas-pipe lines, are essentially monopolistic; their construction involves the use of public highways and the exercise of the sovereign power of eminent domain. Giant-power is the necessary forerunner to the solution of this quaint paradox in which common sense says coal is a public utility, but the common law says it is not.

We are like sleep-walkers in a dream. But once we awaken to the idea that coal is not merely coal, but gas and electricity, the comedy of coal will draw to a close.

THE POPULATION QUESTION[1]

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The result of this state of things is a widespread but very flimsy hypocrisy, which allows many infractions of the code, and forbids only those which must become public. A man may not live openly with a woman who is not his wife, an unmarried woman may not have a child, and neither man nor woman may get into the divorce court. Subject to these restrictions, there is in practice very great freedom. It is this practical freedom which makes the state of the law seem tolerable to those who do not accept the principles upon which it is based. What has to be sacrificed to propitiate the holders of strict views is not pleasure, but only children and a common life and truth and honesty. It cannot be supposed that this is the result desired by those who maintain the code, but equally it cannot be denied that this is the result which they do in fact achieve. Extra-matrimonial relations which do not lead to children and are accompanied by a certain amount of deceit remain unpunished, but severe penalties fall on those which are honest or lead to children.

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[1] From *Why Men Fight*. Copyright, by The Century Company, publishers.

Within marriage, the expense of children leads to continually greater limitation of families. The limitation is greatest among those who have most sense of parental responsibility and most wish to educate their children well, since it is to them that the expense of children is most severe. But although the economic motive for limiting families has hitherto probably been the strongest, it is being continually reinforced by another. Women are acquiring freedom — not merely outward and formal freedom, but inward freedom, enabling them to think and feel genuinely, not according to received maxims. To the men who have prated confidently of women's natural instincts, the result would be surprising if they were aware of it. Very large numbers of women, when they are sufficiently free to think for themselves, do not desire to have children, or at most desire one child in order not to miss the experience which a child brings. There are women who are intelligent and active-minded who resent the slavery to the body which is involved in having children. There are ambitious women, who desire a career which leaves no time for children. There are women who love the admiration of men; such women will at least postpone child-bearing until their youth is past. All these classes of women are rapidly becoming more numerous, and it may be safely assumed that their numbers will continue to increase for many years to come.

It is too soon to judge with any confidence as to the effects of women's freedom upon private life and upon the life of the nation. But I think it is not too soon to see that it will be profoundly different from the effect expected by the pioneers of the women's movement. Men have invested, and women in the past have often accepted, a theory that women are the guardians of the race, that their life centers in motherhood, that all their instincts and desires are directed, consciously or unconsciously, to this end. Tolstoy's Natacha illustrates this theory: she is charming, gay, liable to passion, until she is married; then she becomes merely a virtuous mother, without any mental life. This result has

Tolstoy's entire approval. It must be admitted that it is very desirable from the point of view of the nation, whatever we may think of it in relation to private life. It must also be admitted that it is probably common among women who are physically vigorous and not highly civilized. But in countries like France and England it is becoming increasingly rare. More and more women find motherhood unsatisfying, not what their needs demand. And more and more there comes to be a conflict between their personal development and the future of the community. It is difficult to know what ought to be done to mitigate this conflict, but I think it is worth while to see what are likely to be its effects if it is not mitigated.

Owing to the combination of economic prudence with the increasing freedom of women, there is at present a selective birth-rate of a very singular kind.[1] In France the population is practically stationary, and in England it is rapidly becoming so; this means that some sections are dwindling while others are increasing.[2] The sections that are dwindling include the whole middle-class and the skilled artisans. The sections that are increasing are the very poor, the shiftless and drunken, the feeble-minded — feeble-minded women, especially, are apt to be very prolific. There is an increase in those sections of the population which still actively believe the Catholic religion, such as the Irish and the Bretons, because the Catholic religion forbids limitation of families. Within the classes that are dwindling, it is the best elements that are dwindling most rapidly. Working-class boys of exceptional ability rise, by means of scholarships, into the professional class; they naturally desire to marry into the class to which they belong by education, not into the class from which they spring; but as they have no money beyond what they earn, they cannot marry young, or afford a large family. The result is that in each generation the best elements are extracted from the working classes and artificially sterilized, at least in comparison with those who are left. In the professional classes the young women who have initiative, energy, or intelligence are as a rule not inclined to marry young, or to have more than one or two children when they do marry. Marriage has been in the past the only obvious means of livelihood for women; pressure from parents and fear of becoming an old maid combined to force many women to marry in spite of a complete absence of inclination for the duties of a wife. But now a young woman of ordinary intelligence can easily earn her own living, and can acquire freedom and experience without the permanent ties of a husband and a family of children. The result is that if she marries she marries late.

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[1] Some interesting facts were given by Mr. Sidney Webb in two letters to *The Times*, October 11, and 16, 1906; there is also a Fabian tract on the subject: "The Decline in the Birth-Rate," by Sidney Webb (No. 131). Some further information may be found in *The Declining Birth-Rate: Its National and International Significance*, by A. Newsholme, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Cassell, 1911.)

[2] The fall in the death-rate, and especially in the infant mortality, which has occurred concurrently with the fall in the birth-rate, has hitherto been sufficiently great to allow the population of Great Britain to go on increasing. But there are obvious limits to the fall of the death-rate, whereas the birth-rate might easily fall to a point which would make an actual diminution of numbers unavoidable.

For these reasons, if an average sample of children were taken out of the population of England, and their parents were examined, it would be found that prudence, energy, intellect, and enlightenment were less common among parents than in the population in general; while shiftlessness, feeble-mindedness, stupidity, and superstition were more common than in the population in general. It would be found that those who are prudent or energetic or intelligent or enlightened actually fail to reproduce their own numbers; that is to say, they do not on the average have as many as two children each who survive infancy. On the other hand, those who have the opposite qualities have, on the average, more than two children each, and more than reproduce their own numbers.

It is impossible to estimate the effect which this will have upon the character of the population without a much greater knowledge of heredity than exists at present. But so long as children continue to live with their parents, parental example and early education must have a great influence in developing their character, even if we leave heredity entirely out of account. Whatever may be thought of genius, there can be no doubt that intelligence, whether through heredity or through education, tends to run in families, and that the decay of the families in which it is common must lower the mental standard of the population. It seems unquestionable that if our economic system and our moral standards remain unchanged, there will be, in the next two or three generations, a rapid change for the worse in the character of the population in all civilized countries, and an actual diminution of numbers in the most civilized.

The diminution of numbers, in all likelihood, will rectify itself in time through the elimination of those characteristics which at present lead to a small birth-rate. Men and women who can still believe the Catholic faith will have a biological advantage; gradually a race will grow up which will be impervious to all the assaults of reason, and will believe imperturbably that limitation of families leads to hell-fire. Women who have mental interests, who care about art or literature or politics, who desire a career or who value their liberty, will gradually grow rarer, and be more and more replaced by a placid maternal type which has no interests outside the home and no dislike of the burden of motherhood. This result, which ages of masculine domination have vainly striven to achieve, is likely to be the final outcome of women's emancipation and of their attempt to enter upon a wider sphere than that to which the jealousy of men confined them in the past.

Perhaps, if the facts could be ascertained, it would be found that something of the same kind occurred in the Roman Empire. The decay of energy and intelligence during the second, third, and fourth centuries of our era has always remained more or less mysterious. But there is reason to think that then, as now, the best elements of the population in each generation failed to reproduce themselves, and that the least vigorous were, as a rule, those to whom the continuance of the race was due. One might be tempted to suppose that civilization, when it has reached a certain height, becomes unstable, and tends to decay through some inherent weakness, some failure to adapt the life of instinct to the intense mental life of a period of high culture. But such vague theories have always something glib and superstitious which makes them worthless as scientific explanations or as guides to action. It is not by a literary formula, but by detailed and complex thought, that a true solution is to be found.

Let us first be clear as to what we desire. There is no importance in an increasing population; on the contrary, if the population of Europe were stationary, it would be much easier to promote economic reform and to avoid war. What is regrettable *at present* is not the decline of the birth-rate in itself, but the fact that the decline is greatest in the best elements of the population. There is reason, however, to fear in the future three bad results: first, an absolute decline in the numbers of English, French, and Germans; secondly, as a consequence of this decline, their subjugation by less civilized races and the extinction of their tradition; thirdly, a revival of their numbers on a much lower plane of civilization, after generations of selection of those who have neither intelligence nor foresight. If this result is to be avoided, the present unfortunate selectiveness of the birth-rate must be somehow stopped.

The problem is one which applies to the whole of Western civilization. There is no difficulty in discovering a theoretical solution, but there is great difficulty in persuading men to adopt a solution in practice, because the effects to be feared are not immediate and the subject is one upon which people are not in the habit of using their reason. If a rational solution is ever adopted, the cause will probably be international rivalry. It is obvious that if one State — say Germany — adopted a rational means of dealing with the matter, it would acquire an enormous advantage over other States unless they did likewise. After the war, it is possible that population questions will attract more attention than they did before, and it is likely that they will be studied from the point of view of international rivalry. This motive, unlike reason and humanity, is perhaps strong enough to overcome men's objections to a scientific treatment of the birth-rate.

In the past, at most periods and in most societies, the instincts of men and women led of themselves to a more than sufficient birth-rate; Malthus's statement of the population question had been true enough up to the time when he wrote. It is still true of barbarous and semi-civilized races. But it has become false as regards the more civilized half of the population in Western Europe and America. Among them, instinct no longer suffices to keep numbers even stationary.

We may sum up the reasons for this in order of importance, as follows:

1. The expense of children is very great if parents are conscientious.

2. An increasing number of women desire to have no children,

or only one or two, in order not to be hampered in their own careers.

3. Owing to the excess of women, a large number of women remain unmarried. These women, though not debarred in practice from relations with men, are debarred by the code from having children. In this class are to be found an enormous and increasing number of women who earn their own living as typists, in shops, or otherwise. The war has opened many employments to women from which they were formerly excluded, and this change is probably only in part temporary.

If the sterilizing of the best parts of the population is to be arrested, the first and most pressing necessity is the removal of the economic motives for limiting families. The expense of children ought to be borne wholly by the community. Their food and clothing and education ought to be provided, not only to the very poor as a matter of charity, but to all classes as a matter of public interest. In addition to this, a woman who is capable of earning money, and who abandons wage-earning for motherhood, ought to receive from the State as nearly as possible what she would have received if she had not had children. The only condition attached to State maintenance of the mother and the children should be that both parents are physically and mentally sound in all ways likely to affect the children. Those who are not sound should not be debarred from having children, but should continue, as at present, to bear the expense of the children themselves. . . .

So far we have been considering the question of the reproduction of the race, rather than the effect of sex relations in fostering or hindering the development of men and women. From the point of view of the race, what seems needed is a complete removal of the economic burdens due to children from all parents who are not physically or mentally unfit, and as much freedom in the law as is compatible with public knowledge of paternity. Exactly the same changes seem called for when the question is considered from the point of view of the men and women concerned.

In regard to marriage, as with all the other traditional bonds between human beings, a very extraordinary change is taking place, wholly inevitable, wholly necessary as a stage in the development of a new life, but by no means wholly satisfactory until it is completed. All the traditional bonds were based on *authority* — of the king, the feudal baron, the priest, the father, the husband. All these bonds, just because they were based on authority, are dissolving or already dissolved, and the creation of other bonds to take their place is as yet very incomplete. For this reason human relations have at present an unusual triviality, and do less than they did formerly to break down the hard walls of the Ego.

The ideal of marriage in the past depended upon the authority of the husband, which was admitted as a right by the wife. The husband was free, the wife was a willing slave. In all matters which concerned husband and wife jointly, it was taken for granted that the husband's fiat should be final. The wife was expected to be faithful, while the husband, except in very religious societies, was only expected to throw a decent veil over his infidelities. Families could not be limited except by continence, and a wife had no recognized right to demand continence, however she might suffer from frequent children.

So long as the husband's right to authority was unquestioningly believed by both men and women, this system was fairly satisfactory, and afforded to both a certain instinctive fulfilment which is rarely achieved among educated people now. Only one will, the husband's, had to be taken into account, and there was no need of the difficult adjustments required when common decisions have to be reached by two equal wills. The wife's desires were not treated seriously enough to enable them to thwart the husband's needs, and the wife herself, unless she was exceptionally selfish, did not seek self-development, or see in marriage anything but an opportunity for duties. Since she did not seek or expect much happiness, she suffered less, when happiness was not attained, than a woman does now: her suffering contained no element of indignation or surprise, and did not readily turn into bitterness and sense of injury.

The saintly, self-sacrificing woman whom our ancestors praised had her place in a certain organic conception of society, the conception of the ordered hierarchy of authorities which dominated the Middle Ages. She belongs to the same order of ideas as the faithful servant, the loyal subject, and the orthodox son of the

Church. This whole order of ideas has vanished from the civilized world, and it is to be hoped that it has vanished for ever, in spite of the fact that the society which it produced was vital and in some ways full of nobility. The old order has been destroyed by the new ideals of justice and liberty, beginning with religion, passing on to politics, and reaching at last the private relations of marriage and the family. When once the question has been asked, "Why should a woman submit to a man?" when once the answers derived from tradition and the Bible have ceased to satisfy, there is no longer any possibility of maintaining the old subordination. To every man who has the power of thinking impersonally and freely, it is obvious, as soon as the question is asked, that the rights of women are precisely the same as the rights of men. Whatever dangers and difficulties, whatever temporary chaos, may be incurred in the transition to equality, the claims of reason are so insistent and so clear that no opposition to them can hope to be long successful.

Mutual liberty, which is now demanded, is making the old form of marriage impossible. But a new form, which shall be an equally good vehicle for instinct, and an equal help to spiritual growth, has not yet been developed. For the present, women who are conscious of liberty as something to be preserved are also conscious of the difficulty of preserving it. The wish for mastery is an ingredient in most men's sexual passions, especially in those which are strong and serious. It survives in many men whose theories are entirely opposed to despotism. The result is a fight for liberty on the one side and for life on the other. Women feel that they must protect their individuality; men feel, often very dumbly, that the repression of instinct which is demanded of them is incompatible with vigor and initiative. The clash of these opposing moods makes all real mingling of personalities impossible; the man and woman remain hard, separate units, continually asking themselves whether anything of value to themselves is resulting from the union. The effect is that relations tend to become trivial and temporary, a pleasure rather than the satisfaction of a profound need, an excitement, not an attainment. The fundamental loneliness into which we are born remains untouched, and the hunger for inner companionship remains unappeased.

No cheap and easy solution of this trouble is possible. It is a trouble which affects most the most civilized men and women, and is an outcome of the increasing sense of individuality which springs inevitably from mental progress. I doubt if there is any radical cure except in some form of religion, so firmly and sincerely believed as to dominate even the life of instinct. The individual is not the end and aim of his own being: outside the individual, there is the community, the future of mankind, the immensity of the universe in which all our hopes and fears are a mere pin-point. A man and woman with reverence for the spirit of life in each other, with an equal sense of their own unimportance beside the whole life of man, may become comrades without interference with liberty, and may achieve the union of instinct without doing violence to the life of mind and spirit. As religion dominated the old form of marriage, so religion must dominate the new. But it must be a new religion, based upon liberty, justice, and love, not upon authority and law and hell-fire.

A bad effect upon the relations of men and women has been produced by the romantic movement, through directing attention to what ought to be an incidental good, not the purpose for which relations exist. Love is what gives intrinsic value to a marriage, and, like art and thought, it is one of the supreme things which make human life worth preserving. But though there is no good marriage without love, the best marriages have a purpose which goes beyond love. The love of two people for each other is too circumscribed, too separate from the community, to be by itself the main purpose of a good life. It is not in itself a sufficient source of activities, it is not sufficiently prospective, to make an existence in which ultimate satisfaction can be found. It brings its great moments, and then its times which are less great, which are unsatisfying because they are less great. It becomes, sooner or later, retrospective, a tomb of dead joys, not a well-spring of new life. This evil is inseparable from any purpose which is to be achieved in a single supreme emotion. The only adequate purposes are those which stretch out into the future, which can never be fully achieved, but are always growing, and infinite with the infinity of human endeavor. And it is only when love is linked to some infinite purpose of this kind that it can have the seriousness and depth of which it is capable.

For the great majority of men and women seriousness in sex relations is most likely to be achieved through children. Children are to most people rather a need than a desire: instinct is as a rule only consciously directed towards what used to lead to children. The desire for children is apt to develop, in middle life, when the adventure of one's own existence is past, when the friendships of youth seem less important than they once did, when the prospect of a lonely old age begins to terrify, and the feeling of having no share in the future becomes oppressive. Then those who, while they were young, have had no sense that children would be a fulfillment of their needs, begin to regret their former contempt for the normal, and to envy acquaintances whom before they had thought humdrum. But owing to economic causes it is often impossible for the young, and especially for the best of the young, to have children without sacrificing things of vital importance to their own lives. And so youth passes, and the need is felt too late.

Needs without corresponding desires have grown increasingly common as life has grown more different from that primitive existence from which our instincts are derived, and to which, rather than to that of the present day, they are still very largely adapted. An unsatisfied need produces, in the end, as much pain and as much distortion of character as if it had been associated with a conscious desire. For this reason, as well as for the sake of the race, it is important to remove the present economic inducements to childlessness. There is no necessity whatever to urge parenthood upon those who feel disinclined to it, but there is necessity not to place obstacles in the way of those who have no such disinclination.

IS AMERICA FIT TO JOIN THE LEAGUE?[1]

FRANCIS HACKETT

A GENTLEMAN asked me at Geneva: "Is America fit to join the League of Nations?"

I made an unintelligible noise.

"Here, now," he said, "none of this patriotism! I am in earnest. I should welcome Russia in the league, and Mexico, and of course Germany. But I think it might be a great misfortune to have America in the league."

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[1] From *The Century Magazine*. By permission of the editor.

"But," I said, "I hear nothing else but the desirability of America joining. English statesmen are getting housemaid's knee praying for America to join. Every few weeks we are assured by liberals that civilization is again being 'menaced' because America has not joined. And you, a serious official of the league, raise the question of America's fitness."

"I do," he interrupted. "I should not be afraid in five or six years. By that time the league will be strong enough to stand the big dose of conservatism that it must swallow when America comes in. But now it might be fatal. You see, America is too imperialistic, too nationalistic, too capitalistic, too militaristic, too power-loving and too power-seeking to come into the league."

"I suppose," I said to this smiling European, "that no other such powers are members of the league."

"On the contrary, the league is the creature of just such governments. It isn't the instrument of a new society. It is the instrument of the same old society that brought about the war. It does not definitely represent those elements in the world that are decently radical. It represents the powers that be. And it is not itself a government or a state, no matter what poor Harding thought. It is a white sheet on which the members throw their moving-picture. But, believe me, the picture is definitely better because there is an international audience watching it and because it is composed for their benefit. But I don't want America in. America is not ready for the international audience."

"You forget," I urged with some heat, "the kind of part that America took in the war. American idealism was not lacking when America sent its millions over to Europe. And Wilson had every one behind him when he said, 'There is only one sort of peace that the peoples of America could join in guaranteeing.' He said that, or something like it, when he was putting forward the fourteen points."

"You mean when he was pressing the fourteen points into the brow of Germany, before he helped to nail Germany to the cross. But we'll leave Wilson out of it. The war idealism of America was sincere, but shoddy. The war could not have been fought except on manufactured opinion. Opinion was manufactured wholesale, 'ready to wear,' both in England and America. The mind of England and the mind of America were systematically debauched, but the mind of America was easier to debauch, because it is, on the whole, the crudest mind in the so-called literate world. It was debauched on the subject of Germany. It was later debauched on the subject of Russia. Hughes on Russia is still the prim little Baptist criticizing an adding-machine under the delusion that it is a roulette device. Nothing can be done internationally with material like Hughes.

"The danger of America in the league is not really that it is a power-loving and power-seeking country. It is that as yet it has no international mind. Europe, you may say, is rotten. Granted. The war was a satanic bean-feast; it could not have occurred in a sane society. But Europe, for all its rottenness, is politically minded. It may have a bad heart, but it comprehends its problem. America, on the contrary, does not comprehend."

"Which is better," I asked, "a bad heart and comprehension or a good heart and no comprehension?"

"I never said that, politically speaking, America has a good heart."

He left me with that phrase for a moment. Then he returned.

"Now," he said, "you have been a year in Europe. Do you still think that America is on a higher moral level than the rest of the world?"

"In some respects; in the sphere of politics, yes."

His eyes glittered.

"Where?" he demanded.

"Not in regard to enemy aliens," I admitted, "not in regard to negroes. Not in regard to political prisoners. Not in regard to minorities. Not in regard to trade-unions. Not in regard to labor legislation. Not in regard to civil service and office-holders' honesty. Not in regard to oil concessions and the rest. But, well, in China America has tried to arrange for benevolent exploitation, and in the Philippines it has done well."

"Well, do you still think it is too good to associate with Europe? Do you think Europe should be allowed to stew in its own juice?"

"I'd rather hear your opinion," I murmured.

"From most Americans I gather this impression, and I should like to be corrected if I'm wrong. Europe, they consider, is a mess. Down in the depths of their groveling nationalisms are all these brawling states. First it was Germany that behaved like a mad dog; now it is France. Great Britain is better, but Great Britain uses the difficulties of others and has its eye eternally on trade. The Bulgarians, the Greeks, the Russians, and the Turks — these ignorant foreigners live in a moral zone too black to be depicted. The Poles and the Rumanians are no better. Something good must be said for the clean Northern neutrals, for Holland, for Switzerland, perhaps for Czechoslovakia. But the rest of Europe is a loss. Spain is defunct. So is Austria-Hungary. The Serb-Croat-Slovene state is uncivilized. Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia are margarin nationalities. As for Italy, it is summed up in the melodramatic Mussolini, the greatest operatic performer Italy has ever produced.

"To keep out of this mess is an American instinct. 'We have contributed to the diseased and famine-stricken,' they might say, 'we have responded to one money-collecting campaign after another, and have listened open-hearted to innumerable appeals. But that's as far as we'll go. Every day we read fresh news of European excess and violence, of crushing taxation or governments overthrown, of currency gone mad. Inside the British Empire, which is continually held up for admiration, we have followed the Irish business, first watching the black-and-tan atrocities and then seeing the Irish live up to their reputation and fighting among themselves. In India the patriots are sent to jail wholesale. In Egypt we see continuous insurrection, with a promise of self-determination that is not kept. In England itself we see a business man's government and a great improvement in dividends, but many strikes, a threat of increased unemployment, and the violence of Labor members in Parliament. In France we find the meanest self-seeking, bitter, unchristian vengefulness, the most unscrupulous chauvinism, and a totally corrupt press. A nation that had suffered from militarism uses a cruel militarism to avenge itself. It uses black troops against the Germans, spreads syphilis among the German women, lavishes the death penalty, wrecks industry, fails to pay its own debts, and yet expects monstrous sums in reparation.

"'The Germans, formidable and insolent in 1914, are crushed and disorganized. Their capitalists, we hear, are grown rich, but misery has eaten deep into the tissue of the people, and they tremble sickeningly on the edge of a revolution of which England is mortally afraid. The French are cynical in believing that in Germany it will never come.

"'Italy is united at the price of liberty. Greece is completely demoralized. Spain fumes with a revolutionary ferment. Turkey, the author of the worst savageries of the war, is released and triumphant. The Poles have used their new freedom to attack Lithuania. The Serbs have encroached on Albania. The Rumanians have denuded their Hungarian proprietors. Finland quarrels with Soviet Russia. Even Norway is bickering with Denmark about Greenland.'"

"That is Europe!" I exclaimed. "You needn't go on. Leave out the assassinations and the hardships of the Austrian and Russian aristocrats. Leave out the secret societies and fascismo, leave out the decay of the intellectuals. The Americans do see Europe more or less as you paint it, and they see it right."

"They see it as pure idealists. But how do our pure idealists see America?"

"Most unfavorably."

"I agree. American militarism, after all, is very much alive. America is preparing for war in the air. If certain great monopolies make a taxi of the American navy, that is none of our business, but it is rather shocking to the coast-towns of Albania. But our moralists have a somewhat larger vision of America than this implies, and what do they see? A country violently critical of Europeans, from whom it sprang. A country great — in size. A country intolerant of foreigners and extravagantly patriotic. A country needlessly cruel to the weak, vilely unfair to the immigrant, ferociously competitive and wasteful. A country that bullies Mexico, burns negroes, defends child labor, and invented the 'water cure.' In other words, a country that has all the faults of a gigantic youth, and yet, when it slips into its adolescent idealism, forgets that it ever had a fault."

"Adolescence doesn't justify such rancorous criticism," I said.

"No," he said, "adolescence doesn't, but crass idealism in America provokes counter-idealism in Europe. The thing that most unfits America for the league is its ready-made idealism. America doesn't comprehend.

"It doesn't see the league as it is. What has happened to pragmatism? When that dazzling, refreshing philosophy first came over from America, I shouted, 'The real thing!' I thought America had found a key that would unlock its own soul. But America is not pragmatic about the league.

"I wish that Americans would approach the league saying, 'Does it work?' More nonsense is talked about it than about any other organization on earth. Some of it must be perverse, springing from anger and hate. Some of it surely comes from ignorance. Let's clear the ground of ignorance, at any rate. Why not tell the Americans the truth? Grant that imperialism, capitalism, nationalism, and the rest are at work in the nations that compose the league and do seriously influence their conduct inside the league. Grant that it is a fallible body. Still, it works. It does something that otherwise would be left undone, and it has unheard-of possibilities. When I think of them, I am sorry I have only one life, one career. The league could spend its whole yearly revenue on any one of its departments, and still not perform all the service in that one department it is fitted to perform. The league could be *kolossal*. And it will be, America or no America."

"The church peace people are all with you in America," I said.

He laughed brutally.

"I know," he said, "the same old uplift. But I decline to represent the league exclusively as a method of uplift. Do you see anywhere one wicked Continental power, and a number of good Continental powers pleading with her for justice and peace? That is the formula you meet with all the time, but it is a false emphasis. Let's go back a few years. We all know how the good Christian powers, like England, France, and Italy, plus the good Christian power of czarist Russia, agreed during the war to carve up the Turkish Empire and each help themselves to a slice of Turkey and a share of the stuffing. You remember how the tragedies of Armenia were disclosed afresh and exploited afresh. The most respectable and reputable of Englishmen were utilized to prepare propaganda, and the wickedness of the Turk gave a grand excuse for a settlement according to gross self-interest.

Idealists became directors of oil companies, and Turks became sub-men. What happened, then, to the precious conception of Turkish sovereignty? It was mislaid. The wicked Turks, however, did not wait till the good Continental powers had outlawed war. They paid no attention to Article Ten. They went after the Allies, they whipped the Allies, and got back some of their own. Now, in the midst of protestations of moral uplift and the sacred cause of oil, I refuse to put forward the league as a holy league, or to argue that it exists for the morally superior, especially the morally superior American.

"Americans are so confoundedly moral about the whole business. They see the league as an international nursemaid, keeping the children playing in the sand-box without hitting one another over the heads. Outlawing war, the nursemaid is, and wiping their noses. Bad little European children!

"I come across Americans who say to me, as a spokesman of the nursemaid, 'You didn't keep order in the Ruhr.' 'You didn't behave well in the Saar.' 'You didn't keep the mark from rushing over the precipice into the sea.' And before I can answer, some American apologist of the league rushes out to shout, 'Ah, but didn't the good nursemaid keep Finland from hitting Sweden on the nose? We settled that terrible dispute about the Aaland Islands. And we almost settled a dispute about the Poland-Lithuanian boundary. And the Albanians — well, some one said that a league commission was greatly impressed by the great moral authority and prestige enjoyed by the league in Albania!'

"Now, these things impress me not at all. I remember far enough back to the days of the Dogger Bank and a row between French and Germans somewhere near Casablanca. When these disputes were settled, the peace advocates went around rejoicing. They said that it 'proved the progress of peace,' like Mr. Bryan's peace treaties later on.

"No, this deludes people. Make it clear that the league is not really an independent body which lays down just and fair decisions on its own account. Make it painfully evident it is not an independent body. Show it does not exist as a leviathan. Then perhaps you can show that, as a coöperative body, it does exist 'to extend, develop, and regularize the method of conciliation.' It is not the nursemaid who does the trick. It is the brats themselves, in the heart of a self-government league. They don't outlaw war so much as outlaw the misunderstanding or the will-to-grab which makes for war.

"But the league isn't leviathan. If it could act as leviathan, with strong power in its own body, it might be a much greater force for good in the world. But force, you know, is force. It might also be a great force for evil. The point is, the league is not an independent body at present. That being the case, it cannot swing enormous power in outlawing the enemies of society or enforcing its own decisions. Neither can it swing enormous power in crushing the states and unions and associations that are feared by the people now on top. It is limited, even in the verdict force of its own tribunal. And it cannot take on the tone of the autocratic, the dictatorial, the supreme, or the Almighty.

"Perhaps it would be quicker if the league had more power. Americans like action. But the league was conceived in an unhealthy period, and the present distribution of power in the world is not so ideal that every one would want to see it heavily underwritten."

"Of course it will be said to Americans that they ought to come into the league for humanitarian reasons and on humanitarian lines. This is sheer cant. The only argument for the league is that it creates an equalitarian community of states. If America wants community of the widest possible kind, if it wants the fullness of life and to facilitate deep living, it cannot stay out of the league. The league is really one technical improvement in the fight for survival on humane terms. It is the pooling of international effort to extend the margin that permits enjoyment. That margin, both for Americans and Europeans, cannot be secured in seclusion. It must be secured in coöperation."

"But America is more powerful than any nation on earth. It is strong enough to stand alone."

"Is it? Suppose some great state, France, for example, proves to have endangered, to be endangering, the world's peace, is America strong enough to exert decisive pressure on it?"

"Is the league?" I asked.

"*No!*" he shouted "The league is not strong enough to do anything without an access of general consent. It is not strong enough to consider any vital question — the question of monopolies, for instance — so long as it does not enlist enough public opinion. It does not to-day care to vindicate public right, except possibly by scheming for a balance against France.

"But the league provides a process by which official opinion can immediately count. If that official opinion were radical, it would count just the same. If America elects a communist Senate, and joins the league, it will automatically put a communist on the Council of the League. If Russia sends a czarist to the Council, he must be seated. The league is not of itself radical or conservative. It keeps tune with existing governments, and reacts to them. It does not assemble idealists who have no home opinion behind them.

"But what it does is to indicate very precisely the balance of decent international opinion that is on deposit in the current governments of the nations that are members. If the balance is too small to meet a heavy draft like the question of disarmament or raw materials or the Ruhr, then it is the fault of existing governments. My feeling about America at present is that its official balance of decent internationalism is too low to make it an asset to the league."

"But if the league could do nothing more than register the will of existing governments, it would be bankrupt," I declared.

"I accept that," he answered. "It has, despite its being merely coöperative, something positive to claim for itself. It brings into the diplomatic process a way of remembering and of pursuing public objects of international concern. In those offices it has created — directors and chiefs and secretary-general and so on — it has created officials who wear the antiseptic gloves of internationalism. That alone is a great advance.

"Besides, it makes for association. It substitutes contact for imagination. It creates friendships. It brings us together."

"And it provides an ambulance and an intern in case of international collision," I said.

"Yes," he assented. "If America would come in to do its share of the intern work, to do its share of the associating, I'd welcome it. But I am in no hurry to have an America which thinks on conventionally superior lines."

"But," I got in, "you have Americans now. America may say the league is dead, but the secretary of state appoints Miss Grace Abbott to deal with the league. I see a Harvard professor in the secretariat. A very prominent member of the publicity department is a pronounced American, an American is a member of the Court of Justice, an American is connected with arranging the Greek loan and is doing business with the council in the most direct way, an American is on the health committee appointed by the council — he is a United States government employee. I am told that an American is to come to the labor office in place of Royal Meeker, who has retired. I know an American runs the library, Miss Wilson, and I know Mr. Huston of North Dakota superintends the whole plant."

"My dear fellow," he said, smiling like a trained seal, "the Americans are personally all right. But have they nothing to say about their cabinet and the fossilized State Department and the United States Senate?"

THE INDICTMENT AGAINST CHRISTIANITY[1]

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

No thinking man can deny that this war has grievously stained the reputation of Europe. Even if the verdict of history confirms the opinion that the conspiracy which threw the torch into the powder-magazine was laid by a few persons in one or two countries, and that the unparalleled outrages which have accompanied the conflict were ordered by a small coterie of brutal officers, we cannot forget that these crimes have been committed by the responsible representatives of a civilised European power, and that the nation which they represent has shown no qualms of conscience. That such a calamity, the permanent results of which include a holocaust of European wealth and credit, accumulated during a century of unprecedented industry and ingenuity, the loss of innumerable lives, and the destruction of all the old and honourable conventions which have hitherto regulated the intercourse of civilised nations with each other, in war as well as in peace, should have been possible, is justly felt to be a reproach to the whole continent, and especially to the nations which have taken the lead in its civilisation and culture. The ancient races of Asia, which have never admitted the moral superiority of the West, are keenly interested spectators of our suicidal frenzy. A Japanese is reported to have said, 'We have only to wait a little longer, till Europe has completed her *hara kiri.*' This is, indeed, what any intelligent observer must think about the present struggle. Just as the feudal barons of England destroyed each other and brought the feudal system to an end in the Wars of the Roses, so the great industrial nations are rending to pieces the whole fabric of modern industrialism, which can never be reconstructed. Mr. Norman Angell was perfectly right in his argument that a European war would be ruinous to both sides. The material objects at stake, such as the control of the Turkish Empire and the African continent, are not worth more than an insignificant fraction of the war-bill. We are witnessing the suicide of a social order, and our descendants will marvel at our madness, as we marvel at the senseless wars of the past.

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[1] From *Outspoken Essays*, Longmans, Green & Company. By permission of the author.

There has, it is plain, been something fundamentally wrong with European civilisation, and the disease appears to be a moral one. With this conviction it is natural that men should turn upon the official custodians of religion and morality, and ask them whether they have been unfaithful to their trust, or whether it is not rather proved that the faith which they profess is itself bankrupt and incapable of exerting any salutary influence upon human character and action. Christianity stands arraigned at the bar of public opinion. But it is not without significance that the indictment should now be urged with a vehemence which we do not find in the records of former convulsions. It was not generally felt to be a scandal to Christianity that England was at war for sixty-nine years out of the one hundred and twenty which preceded the battle of Waterloo. Either our generation expected more from Christianity, or it was far more shocked by the sudden outbreak of this fierce war than our ancestors were by the almost chronic condition of desultory campaigning to which they were accustomed. The latter is probably the true reason. The belief in progress, which at the beginning of the industrial revolution was an article of faith, had become a tacitly accepted presupposition of all serious thought; and even those who were dubious about the moral improvement of mankind in other directions, seldom denied that we were more humane and peaceable than our forefathers. The disillusion has struck our self-complacency in its most vital spot. Nothing in our own experience had prepared us for the hideous savagery and vandalism of German warfare, the first accounts of which we received with blank amazement and incredulity. Then, when disbelief was no longer possible, there awoke within us a sense of fear for our homes and women and children — a feeling to which modern civilised man had long been a stranger. We had not supposed that the non-combatant population of any European country would ever again be exposed to the horrors of savage warfare. This, much more than the war itself, has made thousands feel that the house of civilisation is built upon the sand, and that Christianity has failed to subdue the most barbarous instincts of human nature. Christians cannot regret that the flagrant contradiction between the principles of their creed and the scenes that have been enacted during the last three years is fully recognised. But the often repeated statement that 'Christianity has failed' needs more examination than it usually receives from those who utter it.

History acquaints us with two kinds of religion, which, though they are not entirely separate from each other, differ very widely in their effects upon conduct and morality. The *religio* which Lucretius hated, and from which he strangely hoped that the atomistic materialism of Epicurus had finally delivered mankind, has its roots in the sombre and confused superstitions of the savage. Fear, as Statius and Petronius tell us, created the gods of this religion. These deities are mysterious and capricious powers, who exact vengeance for the transgression of arbitrary laws which they have not revealed, and who must be propitiated by public sacrifice, lest some collective punishment fall on the tribe, blighting its crops and smiting its herds with murrain, or giving it over into the hand of its enemies. This religion makes very little attempt to correct the current standard of values. Its rewards are wealth and prosperity; its punishments are calamity in this world and perhaps torture in the next. It is not, however, incapable of moralisation. The wrath of heaven may visit not the innocent violation of some *tabu*, but cruelty and injustice. In the historical books of the Old Testament, though Uzzah is stricken dead for touching the ark, and the subjects of King David afflicted with pestilence because their ruler took a census of his people, Jehovah is above all things a righteous God, who punishes bloodshed, adultery, and social oppression. So in Greece the Furies pursue the homicide and the perjurer, till the name of his family is clean put out. Herodotus tells us how the family of Glaucus was extinguished because he consulted the oracle of Delphi about an act of embezzlement which he was meditating.

International law was protected by the same fear of divine vengeance. The murder of heralds must by all means be expiated. When the Romans repudiate their 'scrap of paper' with the Samnites, they deliver up to the enemy the officers who signed it, though (with characteristic 'slimness') not the army which the mountaineers had captured and liberated under the agreement. To destroy the temples in an enemy's country was an act of wanton impiety; Herodotus cannot understand the religious intolerance which led the Persians to burn the shrines of Greek gods. Thus religion had a restraining influence in war throughout antiquity, and in the Middle Ages. The Pope, who was believed to hold the keys of future bliss and torment, was frequently, though by no means always, obeyed by the turbulent feudal lords, and often enforced the sanctity of a contract by the threat or the imposition of excommunication and interdict. In order to make these penalties more terrible, the torments of those who died under the displeasure of the Church were painted in the most vivid colours. But in the official and popular Christian eschatology, as in the terrestrial theodicy of the Old Testament, there is little or no moral idealism. The joys or pains of the future life are made to depend, in part at least, on the observance or violation of the moral law, but they are themselves of a kind which the natural man would desire or dread. They are an enhanced, because a deferred, retribution of the same kind which in more primitive religions promises earthly prosperity to the righteous, and earthly calamities to the wicked. Values, positive and negative, are taken nearly as they stand in the estimation of the average man.

But there is another religious tradition, which in Greece was almost separated from the official and national cults, and among the Hebrews was often in opposition to them. The Hebrew prophets certainly proclaimed that 'the history of the world is the judgment of the world,' and often assumed, too crudely as it seems to us, that national calamities are a proof of national transgression; but the whole course of development in prophecy was towards an autonomous morality based on a spiritual valuation of life. Its quarrel with sacerdotalism was mainly directed against the unethical *tabu*-morality of the priesthood; the revolt was grounded in a lofty moral idealism, which found expression in a half-symbolic vision of a coming state in which might and right should coincide. The apocalyptic prophecies of post-exilic Judaism, which were not based, like some political predictions of the earlier prophets, on a statesmanlike view of the international situation, but on hopes of supernatural intervention, had their roots in visions of a new and better world-order. This aspiration, which had to disentangle itself by degrees from the patriotic dreams of a stubborn and unfortunate race, was projected into the near future, and was mixed with less worthy political ambitions which had a different origin. The prophet always foreshortens his revelation, and generally blends the city of God with a vision of his own country transfigured. We see him doing this even to-day, in his Utopian dreams of social reconstruction.

And so it has always been. We remember Condorcet foretelling a reign of truth and peace just before he was compelled to flee from the storm of calumny to die in a damp cell at Bourg la Reine; and Kant hailing the approach of a peaceful international republic while Napoleon was preparing to drown Europe in blood. Apocalyptism is a compromise between the religion of rewards and punishments and the religion of spiritual deliverance. It calls a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old: but its discontent with the old is mainly the result of a moral and spiritual valuation of life. Greek philosophy has really much in common with Hebrew prophecy, though the Greek envisaged his ideal world as the eternal background of reality, and not under the form of history. In its maturest form, it is a transvaluation of all values in accordance with an absolute ideal standard — that of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. This idealism appears in a still more drastic form in the religions of Asia, which preach deliverance by demonetising at a stroke all the world's currency. Spiritual values are alone accepted; man wins peace and freedom by renouncing in advance all of which fortune may deprive him.

We are apt to assume, in deference to our theories of human progress, that the evolution of religion is normally from a lower to a higher type. It would, indeed, be absurd to question that the religion of a civilised people is usually more spiritual and more rational than that of barbarians. But none the less, the history of religions is generally a history of decline. In Judaism the prophets came before the Scribes and the Pharisees. Brahmanism and Buddhism were both degraded by superstitions and unethical rites. Christianity, which began as a republication of the purest prophetic teaching, has suffered the same fate. In each case, when the revelation has lost its freshness, and the enthusiasm which it evoked has begun to cool, a reversion to older habits of thought and customs takes place; and sometimes it may be said that the old religion has really conquered the new.

Christianity, as taught by its Founder, is based on a transvaluation of values even more complete than that of Stoicism and the later Platonism, because, while it regards the objects of ordinary ambition as a positive hindrance to the higher life, it accepts and gives value to those pains of sympathy which Greek thought dreaded, as detracting from the calm enjoyment of the philosophic life. This acceptance of the world's suffering, from which every other spiritual religion and philosophy promises a way of escape, is perhaps the most distinctive feature of Christian ethics. In practice, it thus achieves a more complete conquest of evil than any other system; and by bringing sorrow and sympathy into the Divine life, it not only presents the character and nature of the Deity in a new light, but opens out a new ideal of moral perfection. This is not the place for a discussion of the main characteristics of the Gospel of Christ, and they are familiar to us all. But, since we are now considering the charge of failure brought against Christianity in connexion with the present world-war, it seems necessary to emphasise two points which are not always remembered.

The first is that there is no evidence that the historical Christ ever intended to found a new institutional religion. He neither attempted to make a schism in the Jewish Church nor to substitute a new system for it. He placed Himself deliberately in the prophetic line, only claiming to sum up the series in Himself. The whole manner of His life and teaching was prophetic. The differences which undoubtedly may be found between His style and that of the older prophets do not remove Him from the company in which He clearly wished to stand. He treated the institutional religion of His people with the independence and indifference of the prophet and mystic; and the hierarchy, which, like other hierarchies, had a sure instinct in discerning a dangerous enemy, was not slow to declare war to the knife against Him. Such, He reminded His enemies, was the treatment which all the prophets had met with from the class to which those enemies belonged. This, then, is the first fact to remember. Institutional Christianity may be a legitimate and necessary historical development from the original Gospel, but it is something alien to the Gospel itself. The first disciples believed that they had the Master's authority for expecting the end of the existing world-order in their own lifetime. They believed that He had come forward with the cry of 'Hora novissima!' Whether they misunderstood Him or not, they clearly could not have held this opinion if they had received instructions for the constitution of a Church.

The second point on which it is necessary to insist is that Christ never expected, or taught His disciples to expect, that His teaching would meet with wide acceptance, or exercise political influence. 'The world' — organised human society — was the enemy and was to continue the enemy. His message, He foresaw, would be scorned and rejected by the majority; and those who preached it were to expect persecution. This warning is repeated so often in the Gospels that it would be superfluous to give quotations. He made it quite plain that the big battalions are never likely to be gathered before the narrow gate. He declared that only false prophets are well spoken of by the majority. When we consider the revolutionary character of the Christian idealism, its indifference to nearly all that passes for 'religion' with the vulgar, and its reversal of all current valuations, it is plain that it is never likely to be a popular creed. As surely as the presence of high spiritual instincts in the human mind guarantees its indestructibility, so surely the deeply-rooted prejudices which keep the majority on a lower level must prevent the Gospel of Christ from dominating mundane politics or social life.

Moreover, the actual extent of its influence cannot be estimated. The inwardness and individualism of its teaching make its apparent effectiveness smaller than its real power, which works secretly and unobserved. The vices which Christ regarded with abhorrence are perversions of character — hypocrisy, hard-heartedness, and worldliness or secularity; and who can say what degree of success the Gospel has achieved in combating these? The method of Christianity is alien to all externalism and machinery; it does not lend itself to those accommodations and compromises without which nothing can be done in politics. As Harnack says, the Gospel is not one of social improvement, but of spiritual redemption. Its influence upon social and political life is indirect and obscure, operating through a subtle modification of current valuations, and curbing the competitive and acquisitive instincts, which nearly correspond with what Christ called 'Mammon' and St. Paul 'the flesh.' Christianity is a spiritual dynamic, which has very little to do directly with the mechanism of social life.

It is, therefore, certain that when we speak of Christianity as a factor in human life, we must not identify it with the opinions or actions of the multitudes who are nominally Christians. We must not even identify it, without qualification, with the types of character exhibited by those who try to frame their lives in accordance with its precepts. For these types are very largely determined by the ideals which belong to the stage through which the life of the race is passing; and these differ so widely in different ages and countries that the historian of religion might well despair if he was compelled to regard them all as typical manifestations of the same idea. There are times when the disciple of Christ seems to turn his back upon society; he is occupied solely with the relation of the individual soul to God. These are periods when the opportunities for social service are much restricted by a faulty structure of the body politic; periods when secular civilisation is so brutal, or so servile, that the religious life can only be led in seclusion from it. At another time the typical Christian seems to be the active and valiant soldier of a militant corporation. At another, again, he is a philanthropist, who devotes his life to the redress of some great wrong, such as slavery, or the promotion of a more righteous system of production and

Reality is dividing from Christianity

distribution. In all these types we can trace the operation of the genius of Christianity, but they are partial manifestations of it, with much alien admixture. The spirit of the age, as well as the spirit of Christ, has moulded the various types of Christian piety.

If there has ever been a time when organised Christianity was a concrete embodiment of the pure principles of the Gospel, we must look for it in the era of the persecutions, when the Church had already gained coherence and discipline and a corporate self-consciousness, and was still preserved from the corrupting influence of secularity by the danger which attended the profession of an illicit creed. A vivid picture of the Christian communities at this period has been given by Dobschütz, whose learning and impartiality are unimpeachable. The Church at this time demanded from its followers an unreserved confession, even when this meant death. It was a brotherhood within which there was no privileged class. Men and women, the free and the slave, had an equal share in it. It abolished the fundamental Greek distinction of civilised and barbarian. It looked with contempt on none. Its great organisation was spread by purely voluntary means, till it gained a firm footing throughout the Empire and beyond it. To a large extent it was an association for mutual aid. Wherever anyone was in need, help was at hand. The tangible advantages of belonging to such a guild were so great that the Church had to enforce labour on all who could work, as a condition of sharing in the benefits of membership. Social distinctions, such as those of rich and poor, master and slave, were not abolished, but they had lost their sting, because genuine affection, loyalty and sympathy neutralised these inequalities. Great importance was laid on truth, integrity in business, and sexual purity. A complete rupture with pagan standards of morality was insisted on from new members. The human body must be kept holy, as the temple of God. Revenge was forbidden, and injustice was endured with meekness and pardon. This is no imaginary picture. In that brief golden age of the Church, such were indeed the characteristics of the Christian society. In the opinion of Dobschütz the moral condition of the Church in the second century was much higher than among St. Paul's converts in the first. The paucity of references to sins of the flesh, and to fraud, is to be accounted for by the actual rarity of such offences.

For a short time, then, the artificial selection effected by the persecutions kept the Church pure; and from the happy pictures which we can reconstruct of this period we can judge what a really Christian society would be like.

The history of institutional Catholicism must be approached from a different side. Troeltsch argues with much cogency that the Catholic Church must be regarded rather as the last creative achievement of classical antiquity than as the beginning of the Middle Ages. Its growth belongs mainly to the political history of Europe; the strictly religious element in it is quite subordinate. There is, as Modernist critics have seen, a real break between the Palestinian Gospel and the elaborate mystery-religion, with its graded hierarchy, its Roman organisation, its Hellenistic speculative theology, which achieved the conquest of the Empire in the fourth century. The Church, as Loisy says, determined to survive and to conquer, and adapted itself to the demands of the time. It has travelled far from the simple teaching of the earthly Christ; though we may, if we choose, hold that His spirit continued to direct the growing and changing institution which, as a matter of history, had its source in the Galilean ministry. In truth, however, the extremely efficient organisation of the Roman Church began in self-defence and was continued for conquest. It is one of the strongest of all human institutions, so that it was said before the war that it is one of the 'three invincibles,' the other two being the German Army and the Standard Oil Trust.

But our admiration for the subtle and tenacious power of this corporation must not blind us to its essentially political character. Its policy has been always directed to self-preservation and aggrandisement; it is an *imperium in imperio*, which has only checked fanatical nationalism by the competing influence of a still more fanatical partisanship. In the present war, the problem before the Pope's councillors was whether the friendship of the Central Powers or that of the Entente was best worth cultivating; and the unshaken loyalty of Austria to the Church, together with a natural preference for German methods of governing as compared with democracy, turned the scale against us. In Ireland, in Canada, and in Spain the Catholic priests have been formidable enemies of our cause. As for the other Churches, they have not the same power of arbitrating in national quarrels. The Russian

Church has never been independent of the secular government; and the Anglican and Lutheran Churches can hardly be expected to be impartial when the vital interests of England or Germany are at stake. Lovers of peace have not much to hope for from organised religion. National Christianity, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says, will only be possible when we have a nation of Christs.

The downfall of the medieval European system, though in truth it was a theory rather than a fact, has removed some of the restraints upon war. The determining principle of the medieval political theory was the conception of a 'lex Dei,' which included the 'lex Mosis,' the 'lex Christi,' and the 'lex ecclesiæ,' but which also, as 'lex naturæ,' comprised the law, science, and ethics of antiquity. These laws were super-national, and no nation dared explicitly to repudiate them. They formed the basis of a real system of international law, resting, like everything else in the Middle Ages, on supposed divine authority.

This theory, with its sanctions, was shattered at the Renaissance; and the Machiavellian doctrine of the absolute State, accepted by Bacon and put into practice by Frederick the Great, has prevailed ever since, though not without frequent protests. The rise of nationalities, each with an intense self-consciousness, has facilitated the adoption of a theory too grossly immoral to have found favour except in the peculiar circumstances of modern civilisation. The emergence of nationalities was often connected with a legitimate struggle for freedom; and at such times *esprit de corps* seems to be almost the sum of morality, the substitute for all other virtues. Loyalty is one of the most attractive of moral qualities, and it necessarily inhibits criticism of its own objects, which has the appearance of treason. But, unless the aims of the corporate body which claims our absolute allegiance are right and reasonable, loyalty may be, and often has been, the parent of hideous crimes, and a social evil of the first magnitude. The perversion of *esprit de corps* does incalculable harm in every direction, destroying all sense of honour and justice, of chivalry and generosity, of sympathy and humanity. It involves a complete repudiation of Christianity, which breaks down all barriers by ignoring them, and insists on love and justice towards all mankind without distinction. The worship of the State has during the last half-century been sedulously and artificially fostered in Germany, until it has produced a kind of moral insanity. Even philosophical historians like Troeltsch seem unable to see the monstrosity of a political doctrine which has caused his country to be justly regarded as the enemy of the whole human race. Eucken, writing some years before the war, in a rather gingerly manner deprecates *Politismus* as a national danger; but he does not dare to grasp the nettle firmly. It is possible that this deification of the State in Germany may be in part due to an unsatisfied instinct of worship. In Roman Catholic countries, where there must be a divided allegiance, patriotism never, perhaps, assumes such sinister and fanatical forms.

But we shall not understand the attraction which this naked immoralism in international affairs exercises over the minds of many who are not otherwise ignoble, if we do not remember that the repudiation of the Christian ethical standard has been equally thorough in commercial competition. The German officer believes himself to have chosen a morally nobler profession than that of the business-man; he serves (he thinks) a larger cause, and he is content with much less personal reward. Socialist assailants of our industrial system, much as they dislike war, would probably agree with him. It is not necessary to condemn all competition. The desire to excel others is not reprehensible, when the rivalry is in rendering useful social service. But it cannot be denied that the present condition of industry is such that a heavy premium is offered to mere cupidity; that the fraternal social life which Christianity enjoins is often literally impossible, except at the cost of economic suicide; and that in a competitive system a business man is, by the very force of circumstances, a warrior, though war is an enemy of love and destructive of Christian society. When the object of bargaining is to give as little and gain as much as possible, the Christian standard of values has been rejected as completely as it was by Machiavelli himself. The competition between two parties to a bargain is often a competition in unserviceableness. Money is very frequently made by creating a local and temporary monopoly, which enables the vendor to squeeze the purchaser. In all such transactions one man's gain is another man's loss. This state of things, the evils of which are almost universally recognised and deplored, marks the end of the glorification of productive industry which was one result of the Reformation.

Hardly anything distinguishes modern from medieval ethics more sharply than the emphasis laid by Protestant morality on the duty of making and producing something tangible. Theoretically the Protestant may hold that 'doing ends in death,' and he may sing these words on Sunday; but his whole life on week days is occupied in strenuous 'doing.' We find in Calvinism and Quakerism the genuinely religious basis of the modern business life, which, however, has degenerated sadly, now that the largest fortunes are made by dealing in money rather than in commodities. In the books of Samuel Smiles, and in Clough's poem beginning 'Hope ever more and believe, O Man,' we find the Gospel of productive work preached with fervour. It is out of favour now in England; but in America we still see quaint attempts to make business a religion, as in the Middle Ages religion was a business. In these circles, it is productive activity as such to which value is attached, without much enquiry as to the utility of the product. The result has been an immense accumulation of the apparatus of life, without any corresponding elevation in moral standards. The mischiefs wrought by modern commercialism are largely the fruit of the purely irrational production which it encourages. There are, says Professor Santayana, Nibelungen who toil underground over a gold which they will never use, and in their obsession with production begrudge themselves all inclinations to recreation, to merriment, to fancy. Visible signs of such unreason appear in the relentless and hideous aspect which life puts on; for those instruments which emancipate themselves from their uses soon become hateful. 'A barbaric civilisation, built on blind impulse and ambition, should fear to awaken a deeper detestation than could ever be aroused by those more beautiful tyrannies, chivalrous or religious, against which past revolutions have been directed.' We cannot, indeed, be surprised that this ideal of productive work as a means of grace, precious for its own sake, has no attraction for the masses, and that independent thinkers like Edward Carpenter should write books on 'Civilisation, its Cause and Cure.'

This Puritan ideal is not so much unchristian as narrow and unintelligent; but the money-making life has of late become more and more frankly predatory and anti-social. The great trusts, and the arts of the company-promoter, can hardly be said to perform any social service; they exist to levy tribute on the public. We may say therefore that, though war between the leading nations of the world had become a strange idea and a far-off memory, we had by no means risen above the principles and practices of war in our internal life. The immunity from militarism hitherto enjoyed by Britain and the United States was a fortunate accident, not a proof of higher morality. Our fleet protected both ourselves and the Americans from the necessity of maintaining a conscript army; but we had drifted into a condition in which civil war seemed not to be far off, and in which violence and lawlessness were increasing. By a strange inconsistency, many who on moral or religious grounds condemned wars between nations were found to condone or justify acts of war against the State, organised by discontented factions of its citizens. Revolutionary strikes, prepared long in advance by forced levies of money which were candidly called war-funds, had as their avowed aim the paralysis of the industries of the country and the reduction of the population to distress by withholding the necessaries of life. These acts of civil war, and disgraceful outbreaks of criminal anarchism, were justified by persons who professed a conscientious objection to defending their homes and families against a foreign invader. This state of mind proves how little essential connexion there is between democracy and peace. It discloses a confusion of ideas even greater than the antithesis between industrialism and militarism in the writings of Herbert Spencer. On this latter fallacy it is enough to quote the words of Admiral Mahan: 'As far as the advocacy of peace rests on material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon; and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better.' This is notoriously what has happened in Germany. A short war, with huge indemnities, seemed to German financiers a promising speculation. If such were the rotten foundations upon which anti-militarism in this country was based, the Churches cannot be blamed for giving the peace-movement a rather lukewarm support.

In Germany there was no internal anarchy, such as prevailed in England; there was also no illusion about the imminence of war. Our politicians ought to have read the signs of the times better; but they were too intent on feeling the pulse of the electorate at home to attend to disturbing and unwelcome symptoms abroad. The causes of the war are not difficult to determine. War has long been a national industry of Germany, and the idea of it evoked no moral repugnance. The military virtues were extolled; the military profession enjoyed an astonishing social prestige; the learned class proclaimed the biological necessity of international conflicts. The army believed itself to be invincible, and it had begun to control the policy of the country; where these two conditions exist, no diplomacy can avert war. Professionalism always has a selfish and anti-social element in its code, and the professionalism of the soldier is always prone to override the rights and disdain the scruples of civilians.

The dominant classes in Germany also found that their power was being undermined by the growing industrialisation. The steady increase in the social-democratic vote was a portent not to be disregarded. A letter from a German officer to a friend in Roumania, which found its way into the newspapers, tells a great deal of truth in a few words. 'You cannot conceive,' he wrote, 'what difficulty we had in persuading our Emperor that it was necessary to let loose this war. But it has been done; and I hope that for a long time to come we shall hear no more in Germany of pacifism, internationalism, democracy, and similar pestilent doctrines.' Sir Charles Walston, in his thoughtful book *Aristodemocracy*, lays great stress on this. 'It appeared to me,' he says, 'ever since 1905, that in the immediate future it was all a question as to whether the labour-men, the practical pacifists, would arrive at the realisation of their power before the militarists had forced a war upon us, or whether the military powers would anticipate this result, and within the next few years force a war upon the world.' To the influence of the military was added the cupidity of the commercial and financial class. The law of diminishing returns was driving capital further and further afield; and large profits, it was hoped, might be made by the exploitation of backward countries and the reduction of their inhabitants to serfdom. To a predatory and parasitic class war seems only a logical extension of the principles upon which it habitually acts; and for this reason privileged orders seldom feel much moral compunction about a war-policy. Lastly, among the causes of the war must be reckoned one which has received far too little attention from social and political philosophers — the tenacious and half-unconscious memories of a race. Injustice comes home to roost, sometimes after an astonishingly long interval. The disaffection of Catholic Ireland would be quite unintelligible without the massacres of the sixteenth century and the unjust trade-legislation of the seventeenth and eighteenth. The bitterness of the working class in England has its roots in the earlier period of the industrial revolution (about 1760–1832), when the labourer, with his wife and children, was treated as the 'cannon-fodder' of industry. Similarly, the seeds of Prussian brutality and aggressiveness were sown at Jena and in the raiding of Prussia for recruits before the Moscow expedition. If such were the causes of the great world-war, how little can be hoped from courts of international arbitration!

These considerations have, perhaps, made it clear that the main causes of international conflicts are what the Epistle of St. James declares them to be — 'the lusts that war in your members,' the pugnacious and acquisitive instincts which pervade our social life in times of peace, and not least in those nations which pride themselves on having advanced beyond the militant stage. There are some who accept this state of things as natural and necessary, and who blame Christianity for carrying on a futile campaign against human nature. This is a very different indictment from that which condemns Christianity for tolerating a preventible evil; and it is, in our opinion, even less justified. The argument that, because war has always existed, it must always continue to exist, is justly ridiculed by Mr. Norman Angell. 'It is commonly asserted that old habits of thought can never be shaken; that, as men have been, so they will be. That, of course, is why we now eat our enemies, enslave their children, examine witnesses with the thumbscrew, and burn those who do not attend the same church.'

The long history of war as a racial habit explains why a ruinous and insane anachronism shows such tenacity; for the conditions which established the habit among primitive tribes demonstrably no longer exist. It is probably true, as William James says, that 'militarist writers without exception regard war as a biological or sociological necessity'; lawyers might say the same about litigation. But 'laws of nature' are not efficient causes, and it is open to any one to prove that they are not laws, if he can break them with impunity. It would be the height of pessimistic fatalism to hold that men must always go on doing that which they hate, and which brings them to misery and ruin. Man is not bound for ever by habits contracted during his racial nonage; his moral, rational, and spiritual instincts are as natural as his physical appetites; and against them, as St. Paul says, 'there is no law.' Huxley's Romanes Lecture gave an unfortunate support to the mischievous notion that the 'cosmic process' is the enemy of morality. The truth seems to be that Nature presents to us not a categorical imperative, but a choice. Do we prefer to pay our way in the world, or to be parasites? War, with very few exceptions, is a mode of parasitism. Its object is to exploit the labour of other nations, to make them pay tribute, or to plunder them openly, as the Germans have plundered the cities of Belgium. War is a parasitic industry; and Christianity forbids parasitism. Nature has her own penalties for the lower animals which make this choice, and they strike with equal severity 'the peoples that delight in war.' The bellicose nations have nearly all perished.

There remains, however, a class of wars which escapes this condemnation; and about them difficult moral problems may be raised. We can hardly deny to a growing and civilised nation the right to expand at the expense of barbarous hunters and nomads. No one would suggest that the Americans ought to give back their country to the Indians, or that Australia should be abandoned to the aborigines. But were the Anglo-Saxons justified in expropriating the Britons, and the Spaniards the Aztecs? There is room for differences of opinion in these cases; and a very serious problem may arise in the future, as to whether the European races are morally justified in using armed force to restrict Asiatic competition. As a general principle, we must condemn the expropriation of any nation which is in effective occupation of the soil. The popular estimate of superior and inferior races is thoroughly unchristian and unscientific, as is the prejudice against a dark skin. The opinion that a nation which is increasing in population has a right to expel the inhabitants of another country to make room for its own emigrants is surely untenable. If it justifies war at all, it sanctions a war of extermination, which would attain its objects most completely by massacring girls and young women. The pressure of population is a real cause of war; but the moral is, not that war is right, but that a nation must cut its coat according to its cloth, and limit its numbers.

Unless we justify wars of extermination, war has no biological sanction, and Christianity is not flying in the face of nature by condemning it. On the contrary, by condemning every form of parasitism, it indicates the true path of evolution. It is equally right in rejecting the purely economic valuation of human goods. The 'economic man' does not exist in nature; he is a fictitious creature who is responsible for a great deal of social injustice. Some modern economists, like Mr. Hobson, would substitute for the old monetary standards of production and distribution an attempt to estimate the 'human costs' of labour. Creative work involving ingenuity and artistic qualities is not 'costly' at all, unless the hours of labour, or the nervous strain, exceed the powers of the worker. More monotonous work is not costly to the worker if the day's labour is fairly short, or if some variety can be introduced. The human cost is greatly increased if the worker thinks that his labour is useless, or that it will only benefit those who do not deserve the enjoyment of its fruits. Work which only produces frivolous luxuries is and ought to be unwelcome to the producer, even if he is well paid. It must also be emphasized that worry and anxiety take the heart out of a man more than anything else. Security of employment greatly reduces the 'human cost' of labour. These considerations are comparatively new in political economy. They change it from a highly abstract science into a study of the conditions of human welfare as affected by social organisation. The change is a victory for the ideas of Ruskin and Morris, though not necessarily for the practical remedies for social maladjustments which they propounded. It brings political economy into close relations with ethics and religion, and should induce economists to consider carefully the contribution which Christianity makes to the solution of the whole problem. For Christianity has its remedy to propose, and it is a solution of the problem of war, not less than of industrial evils.

Christianity gives the world a new and characteristic standard of values. It diminishes greatly the values which can accrue from competition, and enhances immeasurably the non-competitive values. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' 'Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?' 'The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' Passages like these are found in every part of the New Testament. This Christian idealism has a direct bearing on the doctrine of 'human costs.' Work is irksome, not only when it is excessive or ill-paid, but when the worker is lazy, selfish, envious, or discontented. There is one thing which can make almost any work welcome. If it is done from love or unselfish affection, the human cost is almost *nil*, because it is not counted or consciously felt. This is no exaggeration when it is applied to the devoted labour of the mother and the nurse, or to that of the evangelist conscious of a divine vocation. But in all useful work the keen desire to render social service, or to do God's will, diminishes to an incalculable extent the 'human cost' of labour. This principle introduces a deep cleavage between the Christian remedy and that of political socialism, which fosters discontent and indignation as a lever for social amelioration. Men are made unhappy in order that they may be urged to claim a larger share of the world's wealth. Christianity considers that, measured by human costs, the remedy is worse than the disease. The adoption of a truer standard of value would tear up the lust of accumulation by the roots, and would thus effect a real cure. It would also stop the grudging and deliberately bad work which at present seriously diminishes the national wealth.

The Christian cure is the only real cure. It is the fashion to assume that militarism and cupidity are vices of the privileged classes, and that democracies may be trusted neither to plunder the minority at home nor to seek foreign adventures by unjust wars. There is not the slightest reason to accept either of these views. Political power is always abused; an unrepresented class is always plundered. Nor are democracies pacific, except by accident. At present they do not wish to see the capital which they regard as their prospective prey dissipated in war; and for this reason their influence in our time will probably be on the side of peace. But, as soon as the competition of cheap Asiatic labour becomes acute, we may expect to see the democracies bellicose and the employing class pacific. This is not guess-work; we already see how the democracies of California and Australia behave towards immigrants from Asia. Readers of Anatole France will remember his description of the economic wars decreed by the Senate of the great republic, at the end of *L'Île des Pingouins*. It would, indeed, be difficult to prove that the expansion of the United States has differed much, in methods and morals, from that of the European monarchies; and the methods of trade-unions are the methods of pitiless belligerency. Democracy and socialism are broken reeds for the lover of peace to lean upon.

In conclusion, our answer to the indictment against Christianity is that institutional religion does not represent the Gospel of Christ, but the opinions of a mass of nominal Christians. It cannot be expected to do much more than look after its own interests and reflect the moral ideas of its supporters. The real Gospel, if it were accepted, would pull up by the roots not only militarism but its analogue in civil life, the desire to exploit other people for private gain. But it is not accepted. We have seen that the Founder of Christianity had no illusions as to the reception which His message of redemption would meet with. The 'Prince of this World' is not Christ, but the Devil. Nevertheless, He did speak of the 'whole lump' being gradually leavened, and we shall not exceed the limits of a reasonable and justifiable optimism if we hope that the accumulated experience of humanity, and perhaps a real though very slow modification for the better of human nature itself, may at last eliminate the wickedest and most insane of our maleficent institutions. The human race has probably hundreds of thousands of years to live, whereas our so-called civilisation cannot be traced back for more than a few thousand years. The time when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more,' will probably come at last, though no one can predict what the conditions will be which will make such a change possible....

Whatever forms reconstruction may take, Christianity will have its part to play in making the new Europe. It will be able to point to the terrible vindication of its doctrines in the misery and ruin which have overtaken a world which has rejected its valuations and scorned its precepts. It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilisation; it is civilisation which has destroyed itself because it has honoured Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from Him. But a spiritual religion can win a victory only within its own sphere. It can promise no Deuteronomic catalogue of blessings and cursings to those who obey or disobey its principles. Social happiness and peace would certainly follow a whole-hearted acceptance of Christian principles; but they would not certainly bring wealth or empire. 'Philosophy,' said Hegel, 'will bake no man's bread'; and it is only in a spiritual sense that the meek-spirited can expect to possess the earth. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to suppose that a Christian nation would be unable to hold its own in the struggle for existence. A nation in which every citizen endeavoured to pay his way and to help his neighbour would be in no danger of servitude or extinction. The mills of God grind slowly, but the future does not belong to lawless violence. In the long run, the wisdom that is from above will be justified in her children.

NORDAU'S "DEGENERATION"[1]

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

AFTER this long preamble, you will have no difficulty in understanding the sort of book Nordau has written. Imagine a huge volume, stuffed with the most slashing of the criticisms which were hurled at the Impressionists, the Tone Poets, and the philosophers and dramatists of the Schopenhauerian revival, before these movements had reached the point at which it began to require some real courage to attack them. Imagine a rehash not only of the newspaper criticisms of this period, but of all its little parasitic paragraphs of small-talk and scandal, from the long-forgotten jibes against Oscar Wilde's momentary attempt to bring knee-breeches into fashion years ago, to the latest scurrilities about "the New Woman." Imagine the general staleness and occasional putrescence of this mess disguised by a dressing of the terminology invented by Krafft-Ebing, Lombroso, and all the latest specialists in madness and crime, to describe the artistic faculties and propensities as they operate in the insane. Imagine all this done by a man who is a vigorous and capable journalist, shrewd enough to see that there is a good opening for a big reactionary book as a relief to the Wagner and Ibsen booms, bold enough to let himself go without respect to persons or reputations, lucky enough to be a stronger, clearer-headed man than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his critics, besides having a keener interest in science: a born theorist, reasoner, and busybody; therefore able, without insight, or even any very remarkable intensive industry (he is, like most Germans, *ex*tensively industrious to an appalling degree), to produce a book which has made a very considerable impression on the artistic ignorance of Europe and America. For he says a thing as if he meant it; he holds superficial ideas obstinately, and sees them clearly; and his mind works so impetuously that it is a pleasure to watch it — for a while. All the same, he is the dupe of a theory which would hardly impose on one of those gamblers who have a system or martingale founded on a solid rock of algebra, by which they can infallibly break the bank at Monte Carlo. "Psychiatry" takes the place of algebra in Nordau's martingale.

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[1] From *The Sanity of Art.*

This theory of his is, at bottom, nothing but the familiar delusion of the used-up man that the world is going to the dogs. But Nordau is too clever to be driven back on ready-made mistakes: he makes them for himself in his own way. He appeals to the prodigious extension of the quantity of business a single man can transact through the modern machinery of social intercourse: the railway, the telegraph and telephone, the post, and so forth. He gives appalling statistics of the increase of railway mileage and shipping, of the number of letters written per head of the population, of the newspapers which tell us things (mostly lies) of which we used to know nothing.[1] "In the last fifty years," he says, "the population of Europe has not doubled, whereas the sum of its labors has increased tenfold: in part, even fiftyfold. Every civilized man furnishes, at the present time, from five to twenty-five times as much work as was demanded of him half a century ago."[1] Then follow more statistics of "the constant increase of crime, madness, and suicide," of increases in the mortality from diseases of the nerves and heart, of increased consumption of stimulants, of new nervous diseases like "railway spine and railway brain," with the general moral that we are all suffering from exhaustion, and that symptoms of degeneracy are visible in all directions, culminating at various points in such hysterical horrors as Wagner's music, Ibsen's dramas, Manet's pictures, Tolstoy's novels, Whitman's poetry, Dr. Jaeger's woolen clothing, vegetarianism, scepticism as to vivisection and vaccination, Anarchism and humanitarianism, and, in short, everything that Dr. Nordau does not happen to approve of.

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[1] Perhaps I had better remark in passing that, unless it were true — which it is not — that the length of the modern penny letter or halfpenny post-card is the same as that of the eighteenth-century letter, and that the number of persons who know how to read and write has not increased, there is no reason whatever to draw Nordau's conclusion from the postal statistics.

You will at once see that such a case, if well got up and argued, is worth hearing, even though its advocate has no chance of a verdict, because it is sure to bring out a certain number of interesting and important facts. It is, I take it, quite true that with our railways and our postal services many of us are for the moment very like a pedestrian converted to bicycling, who, instead of using his machine to go twenty miles with less labor than he used to walk seven, proceeds to do a hundred miles instead, with the result that the "labor-saving" contrivance acts as a means of working its user to exhaustion. It is also true that under our existing industrial system machinery in industrial processes is regarded solely as a means of extracting a larger product from the unremitted toil of the actual wage-worker. And I do not think any person who is in touch with the artistic professions will deny that they are recruited largely by persons who become actors, or painters, or journalists and authors because they are incapable of steady work and regular habits, or that the attraction which the patrons of the stage, music, and literature find in their favorite arts has often little or nothing to do with the need which nerves great artists to the heavy travail of creation. The claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us, protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing, and rebreathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music, and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean, wholesome, handsome fabrics to wear, and utensils of fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice, and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race. This is why we value art: this is why we feel that the iconoclast and the Philistine are attacking something made holier, by solid usefulness, than their own theories of purity and practicality: this is why art has won the privileges of religion; so that London shopkeepers who would fiercely resent a compulsory church rate, who do not know Yankee Doodle from Luther's hymn, and who are more interested in photographs of the latest celebrities than in the Velasquez portraits in the National Gallery, tamely allow the London County Council to spend their money on bands, on municipal art inspectors, and on plaster casts from the antique.

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[1] Here again we have a statement which means nothing unless it be compared with statistics as to the multiplication of the civilized man's power of production by machinery, which in some industries has multiplied a single man's power by hundreds and in others by thousands. As to crimes and disease, Nordau should state whether he counts convictions under modern laws — for offences against the Joint Stock Company Acts, for instance — as proving that we have degenerated since those Acts were passed, and whether he regards the invention of new names for a dozen varieties of fever which were formerly counted as one single disease as an evidence of decaying health in the face of the increasing duration of life.

But the business of responding to the demand for the gratification of the senses has many grades. The confectioner who makes unwholesome sweets, the bullfighter, the women whose advertisements in the American papers are so astounding to English people, are examples ready to hand to shew what the art and trade of pleasing may be, not at its lowest, but at the lowest that we can speak of without intolerable shame. We have dramatists who write their lines in such a way as to enable low comedians of a certain class to give them an indecorous turn; we have painters who aim no higher than Giulio Romano did when he decorated the Palazzo Te in Mantua; we have poets who have nothing to versify but the commonplaces of amorous infatuation; and, worse than all the rest put together, we have journalists who openly profess that it is their duty to "reflect" what they believe to be the ignorance and prejudice of their readers, instead of leading and enlightening them to the best of their ability: an excuse for cowardice and time-serving which is also becoming well worn in political circles as "the duty of a democratic statesman." In short, the artist can be a prostitute, a pander, and a flatterer more easily, as far as external pressure goes, than a faithful servant of the community, much less the founder of a school or the father of a church. Even an artist who is doing the best he can may be doing a very low class of work: for instance, many performers at the rougher music-halls, who get their living by singing coarse songs in the rowdiest possible way, do so to the utmost of their ability in that direction in the most conscientious spirit of earning their money honestly and being a credit to their profession. And the exaltation of the greatest artists is not continuous: you cannot defend every line of Shakespear or every stroke of Titian. Since the artist is a man and his patron a man, all human moods and grades of development are reflected in art; consequently the iconoclast's or the Philistine's indictments of art have as many counts as the misanthrope's indictment of humanity. And this is the Achilles heel of art at which Nordau has struck. He has piled the iconoclast on the Philistine, the Philistine on the misanthrope, in order to make out his case.

Let me describe to you one or two of his artifices as a special pleader making the most of the eddies at the sides of the stream of progress. Take as a first specimen the old and effective trick of pointing out, as "stigmata of degeneration" in the person he is abusing, features which are common to the whole human race. The drawing-room palmist astonishes ladies by telling them "secrets" about themselves which are nothing but the inevitable experiences of ninety-nine people out of every hundred, though each individual is vain enough to suppose that they are peculiar to herself. Nordau turns the trick inside out by trusting to the fact that people are in the habit of assuming that uniformity and symmetry are laws of nature: for example, that every normal person's face is precisely symmetrical, that all persons have the same number of bones in their bodies, and so on. He takes advantage of this popular error to claim asymmetry as a stigma of degeneration. As a matter of fact, perfect symmetry or uniformity does not exist in nature. My two profiles, when photographed, are hardly recognizable as belonging to the same person by those who do not know me; so that the camera would prove me an utter degenerate if my case were exceptional. Probably, however, you would not object to testify that my face is as symmetrical as faces are ordinarily made. Another unfailing trick is the common one of having two names for the same thing, one abusive, the other complimentary, for use according to circumstances. You know how it is done: "We trust the Government will be firm" in one paper, and "We hope the obstinate elements in the Cabinet will take warning in time" in another. The following is a typical specimen of Nordau's use of this device. First, let me explain that when a man with a turn for rhyming goes mad, he repeats rhymes as if he were quoting a rhyming dictionary. You say "Come" to him, and he starts away with "Dumb, plum, sum, rum, numb, gum," and so on. This the doctors call echolalia. Dickens gives a specimen of it in *Great Expectations*, where Mr. Jaggers's Jewish client expresses his rapture of admiration for the lawyer by exclaiming: "Oh, Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! all otherth ith Cag-Maggerth: give me Jaggerth!" There are some well-known verses by Swinburne, beginning, "If love were what the rose is," which, rhyming and tripping along very prettily, express a sentiment without making any intelligible statement whatsoever; and we have plenty of nonsensically inconsequent nursery rhymes, like Ba, ba, black sheep, or Old Daddy long legs, which please sane children just as Mr. Swinburne's verses please sane adults, simply as funny or pretty little word-patterns. People do not write such things for the sake of conveying information, but for the sake of amusing and pleasing, just as people do not eat strawberries and cream to nourish their bones and muscles, but to enjoy the taste of a toothsome dish. A lunatic may plead that he eats kitchen soap and tin tacks on the same ground; and, as far as I can see, the lunatic would completely shut up Nordau by this argument; for Nordau is absurd enough, in the case of rhyming, to claim that every rhyme made for its own sake, as proved by the fact that it does not convey an intelligible statement of fact of any kind, convicts the rhymer of echolalia. He can thus convict any poet whom he dislikes of being a degenerate by simply picking out a rhyme which exists for its own sake, or a pun, or what is called a burden in a ballad, and claiming them as symptoms of echolalia, supporting this diagnosis by carefully examining the poem for contradictions and inconsistencies as to time, place, description, or the like. It will occur to you probably that by this means he must bring out Shakespear as the champion instance of poetic degeneracy, since Shakespear was an incorrigible punster; delighted in burdens (for instance, "With hey, ho, the wind and the rain," which exactly fulfils all the conditions accepted by Nordau as symptomatic of insanity in Rossetti's case); and rhymed for the sake of rhyming in quite a childish fashion; whilst, as to contradictions and inconsistencies, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as to which Shakespear never made up his mind whether the action covered a week or a single night, is only one of a dozen instances of his slips. But no: Shakespear, not being a nineteenth-century poet, would have spoiled the case for modern degeneration by showing that its symptoms existed before the telegraph and the railway were dreamt of; and besides, Nordau likes Shakespear, just as he likes Goethe, and holds him up as a model of sanity in contrast to the nineteenth-century poets. Thus Wagner is a degenerate because he made puns; and Shakespear, who made worse ones, is a great poet. Swinburne, with his "unmeaning" refrains of "Small red leaves in the mill water," and "Apples of gold for the King's daughter," is a diseased madman; but Shakespear, with his "In spring time, the only merry ring time, when birds do sing hey ding a ding ding" (if this is not the worst case of echolalia in the world, what *is* echolalia?), is a sober master mind. Rossetti, with his Blessed Damozel leaning out from the gold bar of heaven, weeping though she is in paradise, which is a happy place; describing the dead in one line as "dressed in white" and in another as "mounting like thin flames"; and calculating days and years quite otherwise than commercial almanacks do, is that dangerous and cranky thing, a mystic; whilst Goethe (the author of the second part of Faust, if you please) is a hard-headed, accurate, sound, scientific poet. As to the list of inconsistencies of which poor Ibsen is convicted, it is too long to be dealt with in detail. But I assure you I am not doing Nordau less than justice when I say that if he had accused Shakespear of inconsistency on the ground that Othello is represented in the first act as loving his wife, and in the last as strangling her, the demonstration would have left you with more respect for his good sense than his pages on Ibsen, the folly of which goes beyond all patience.[1]

When Nordau deals with painting and music, he is less irritating, because he errs through ignorance, and ignorance, too, of a sort that is now perfectly well recognized and understood. We all know what the old-fashioned critic of literature and science who cultivated his detective logic without ever dreaming of cultivating his eyes and ears, can be relied upon to say when painters and composers are under discussion. Nordau gives himself away with laughable punctuality. He celebrates "the most glorious period of the Renaissance" and "the rosy dawn of the new thought" with all the gravity of the older editions of Murray's guides to Italy. He tells us that "to copy Cimabue and Giotto is comparatively easy: to imitate Raphael it is necessary to be able to draw and paint to perfection." He lumps Fra Angelico with Giotto and Cimabue, as if they represented the same stage in the development of technical execution, and Pollajuolo with Ghirlandajo. "Here," he says, speaking of the great Florentine painters, from Giotto to Masaccio, "were paintings bad in drawing, faded or smoked, their coloring either originally feeble or impaired by the action of centuries, pictures *executed with the awkwardness of a learner* . . . easy of imitation, since, in painting pictures in the style of the early masters, faulty drawing, deficient sense of color, and *general artistic incapacity*, are so many advantages." To make any comment on these howlers would be to hit a man when he is down. Poor Nordau offers them as a demonstration that Ruskin, who gave this sort of ignorant nonsense its death-blow in England, was a delirious mystic. Also that Millais and Holman Hunt, in the days of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, strove to acquire the qualities of the early Florentine masters because the Florentine easel pictures were so much easier to imitate than those of the apprentices in Raphael's Roman fresco factory.

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[1] Perhaps I had better give one example. Nordau first quotes a couple of speeches from *An Enemy of the People* and *The Wild Duck:*

STOCKMANN: I love my native town so well that I had rather ruin it than see it flourishing on a lie. All men who live on lies must be exterminated like vermin. (*An Enemy of the People.*)

RELLING: Yes, I said, illusion [lie]. For illusion, you know, is the stimulating principle. Rob the average man of his life illusion and you rob him of his happiness at the same time. (*The Wild Duck.*)

Nordau proceeds to comment as follows:

"Now, what is Ibsen's real opinion? Is a man to strive for truth or to swelter in deceit? Is Ibsen with Stockmann or with Relling? Ibsen owes us an answer to these questions or, rather, he replies to them affirmatively and negatively with equal ardor and equal poetical power."

In music we find Nordau equally content with the theories as to how music is composed which were current among literary men fifty years ago. He tells us of "the severe discipline and fixed rules of the theory of composition, which gave a grammar to the musical babbling of primeval times, and made of it a worthy medium for the expression of the emotions of civilized men," and describes Wagner as breaking these fixed rules and rebelling against this severe discipline because he was "an inattentive mystic, abandoned to amorphous dreams." This notion that there are certain rules, derived from a science of counterpoint, by the application of which pieces of music can be constructed just as an equilateral triangle can be constructed on a given straight line by any one who has mastered Euclid's first proposition, is highly characteristic of the generation of blind and deaf critics to which Nordau belongs. It is evident that if there were fixed rules by which Wagner or anyone else could have composed good music, there could have been no more severe discipline in the work of arranging a list of names in alphabetical order. The severity of artistic discipline is produced by the fact that in creative art no ready-made rules can help you. There is nothing to guide you to the right expression for your thought except your own sense of beauty and fitness; and, as you advance upon those who went before you, that sense of beauty and fitness is necessarily often in conflict, not with fixed rules, because there are no rules, but with precedents, which are what Nordau means by fixed rules, as far as he knows what he is talking about enough to mean anything at all. If Wagner had composed the prelude to *Das Rheingold* with a half close at the end of the eighth bar and a full close at the end of the sixteenth, he would undoubtedly have followed the precedent of Mozart and other great composers, and complied with the requirements of Messrs. Hanslick, Nordau and Company. Only, as it happened, that was not what he wanted to do. His purpose was to produce a tone picture of the mighty flood in the depths of the Rhine; and, as the poetic imagination does not conceive the Rhine as stopping at every eight feet to take off its hat to Herren Hanslick and Nordau, the closes and half closes are omitted, and Nordau, huffed at being passed by as if he were a person of no consequence, complains that the composer is "an inattentive mystic, abandoned to amorphous dreams." But, even if Wagner's descriptive purpose is left out of the question, Nordau's general criticism of him is an ignorant one; for the truth is that Wagner, like most artists who have great intellectual power, was dominated in the technical work of his gigantic scores by so strong a regard for system, order, logic, symmetry, and syntax, that when in the course of time his melody and harmony become perfectly familiar to us, he will be ranked with Handel as a composer whose extreme regularity of procedure must make his work appear drily mechanical to those who cannot catch its dramatic inspiration. If Nordau, having no sense of that inspiration, had said: "This fellow, whom you all imagine to be the creator of a new heaven and a new earth in music out of a chaos of poetic emotion, is really an arrant pedant and formalist," I should have pricked up my ears and listened to him with some curiosity, knowing how good a case a really keen technical critic could make out for that view. As it is, I have only to expose him as having picked up a vulgar error under the influence of a vulgar literary superstition. For the rest, you will hardly need any prompting of mine to appreciate the absurdity of dismissing as "inattentive" the Paris journalist, the Dresden conductor, the designer and founder of the Bayreuth enterprise, the humorous and practical author of *On Conducting*, and the man who scored and stage-managed the four evenings of *The Niblung's Ring*. I purposely leave out the composer, the poet, the philosopher, the reformer, since Nordau cannot be compelled to admit that Wagner's eminence in these departments was real. Striking them all out accordingly, there remain the indisputable, objective facts of Wagner's practically professional ability and organizing power to put Nordau's diagnosis of Wagner as an amorphous, inattentive person out of the question. If Nordau had one hundredth part of the truly terrific power of attention which Wagner must have maintained all his life almost as easily as a common man breathes, he would not now be so deplorable an example of the truth of his own contention that the power of attention may be taken as the measure of mental strength.

Nordau's trick of calling rhyme echolalia when he happens not to like the rhymer is reapplied in the case of authorship, which he calls graphomania when he happens not to like the author. He insists that Wagner, who was a voluminous author as well as a composer, was a graphomaniac; and his proof is that in his books we find "the restless repetition of one and the same strain of thought . . . *Opera and Drama, Judaism in Music, Religion and the State, Art and Religion,* and the *Vocation of Opera* are nothing more than the amplification of single passages in *The Art-Work of the Future.*" This is a capital example of Nordau's limited power of attention. The moment that limited power is concentrated on his theory of degeneration, he loses sight of everything else, and drives his one borrowed horse into every obstacle on the road. To those of us who can attend to more than one thing at a time, there is no observation more familiar, and more frequently confirmed, than that this growth of pregnant single sentences into whole books which Nordau discovers in Wagner, balanced as it always is by the contraction of whole boyish chapters into single epigrams, is the process by which all great writers, speakers, artists, and thinkers elaborate their life-work. Let me take a writer after Nordau's own heart, a specialist in lunacy, one whom he quotes as a trustworthy example of what he calls "the clear, mentally sane author, who, feeling himself impelled to say something, once for all expresses himself as distinctly and impressively as it is possible for him to do, and has done with it": namely, Dr. Henry Maudsley. Dr. Maudsley is a clever and cultivated specialist in insanity, who has written several interesting books, consisting of repetitions, amplifications, and historical illustrations of the same idea, which is, if I may put it rather more bluntly than the urbane author, nothing less than the identification of religious with sexual ecstasy. And the upshot of it is the conventional scientific pessimism, from which Dr. Maudsley never gets away; so that his last book repeats his first book, instead of leaving it far behind, as Wagner's *State and Religion* leaves his *Art and Revolution* behind. But now that I have prepared the way by quoting Dr. Maudsley, why should I not ask Herr Nordau himself to step before the looking-glass and tell us frankly whether, even in the ranks of his "psychiatrists" and lunacy doctors, he can pick out a crank more hopelessly obsessed with one idea than himself? If you want an example of echolalia, can you find a more shocking one than this gentleman who, when you say "mania," immediately begins to gabble Egomania, Graphomania, Megalomania, Onomatomania, Pyromania, Kleptomania, Dipsomania, Erotomania, Arithmomania, Oniomania, and is started off by the termination "phobia" with a string of Agoraphobia, Claustrophobia, Rupophobia, Iophobia, Nosophobia, Aichmophobia, Belenophobia, Cremnophobia, and Trichophobia? After which he suddenly observes: "This is simply philologico-medical trifling," a remark which looks like returning sanity until he follows it up by clasping his temples in the true bedlamite manner, and complaining that "psychiatry is being stuffed with useless and disturbing designations," whereas, if the psychiatrists would only listen to him, they would see that there is only one phobia and one mania: namely, degeneracy. That is, the philologico-medical triflers are not crazy enough for him. He is so utterly mad on the subject of degeneration that he finds the symptoms of it in the loftiest geniuses as plainly as in the lowest jailbirds, the exceptions being himself, Lombroso, Krafft-Ebing, Dr. Maudsley, Goethe, Shakespear, and Beethoven. Perhaps he would have dwelt on a case so convenient in many ways for his theory as Coleridge but that it would spoil the connection between degeneration and "railway spine." If a man's senses are acute, he is degenerate, hyperæsthesia having been observed in asylums. If they are dull, he is degenerate, anæsthesia being the stigma of the craziness which made old women confess to witchcraft. If he is particular as to what he wears, he is degenerate: silk dressing-gowns and knee-breeches are grave symptoms, and woolen shirts conclusive. If he is negligent in these matters, clearly he is inattentive, and therefore degenerate. If he drinks, he is neurotic: if he is a vegetarian and teetotaller, let him be locked up at once. If he lives an evil life, that fact condemns him without further words: if on the other hand his conduct is irreproachable, he is a wretched "mattoid," incapable of the will and courage to realize his vicious propensities in action. If he writes verse, he is afflicted with echolalia; if he writes prose, he is a graphomaniac; if in his books he is tenacious of his ideas, he is obsessed; if not, he is "amorphous" and "inattentive." Wagner, as we have seen, contrived to be both obsessed and inattentive, as might be expected from one who was "himself alone charged with a greater abundance of degeneration than all the other degenerates put together." And so on and so forth.

There is, however, one sort of mental weakness, common among men who take to science, as so many people take to art, without the necessary brain power, which Nordau, with amusing unconsciousness of himself, has omitted. I mean the weakness of the man who, when his theory works out into a flagrant contradiction of the facts, concludes: "So much the worse for the facts: let them be altered," instead of: "So much the worse for my theory." What in the name of commonsense is the value of a theory which identifies Ibsen, Wagner, Tolstoy, Ruskin, and Victor Hugo with the refuse of our prisons and lunatic asylums? What is to be said of the state of mind of an inveterate pamphleteer and journalist who, instead of accepting that identification as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory, desperately sets to work to prove it by pointing out that there are numerous resemblances; that they all have heads and bodies, appetites, aberrations, whims, weaknesses, asymmetrical features, erotic impulses, fallible judgments, and the like common properties, not merely of all human beings, but all vertebrate organisms. Take Nordau's own list: "vague and incoherent thought, the tyranny of the association of ideas, the presence of obsessions, erotic excitability, religious enthusiasm, feebleness of perception, will, memory, and judgment, as well as inattention and instability." Is there a single man capable of understanding these terms who will not plead guilty to some experience of all of them, especially when he is accused vaguely and unscientifically, without any statement of the subject, or the moment, or the circumstances to which the accusation refers, or any attempt to fix a standard of sanity? I could prove Nordau to be an elephant on more evidence than he has brought to prove that our greatest men are degenerate lunatics. The papers in which Swift, having predicted the death of the sham prophet Bickerstaff on a certain date, did, after that date, immediately prove that he was dead, are much more closely and fairly reasoned than any of Nordau's chapters. And Swift, though he afterwards died in a madhouse, was too sane to be the dupe of his own logic. At that rate, where will Nordau die? Probably in a highly respectable suburban villa.

Nordau's most likeable point is the freedom and boldness with which he expresses himself. Speaking of Peladan (of whose works I know nothing), he says, whilst holding him up as a typical degenerate of the mystical variety: "His moral ideal is high and noble. He pursues with ardent hatred all that is base and vulgar, every form of egoism, falsehood, and thirst for pleasure; and his characters are thoroughly aristocratic souls, whose thoughts are concerned only with the worthiest, if somewhat exclusively artistic, interests of society." On the other hand, Maeterlinck is a "poor devil of an idiot"; Mr. W. D. O'Connor, for describing Whitman as "the good grey poet," is politely introduced as "an American driveller"; Nietzsche "belongs, body and soul, to the flock of the mangy sheep"; Ibsen is "a malignant, anti-social simpleton"; and so on. Only occasionally is he Pharisaical in his tone, as, for instance, when he becomes virtuously indignant over Wagner's dramas, and plays to Mrs. Grundy by exclaiming ironically: "How unperverted must wives and readers be, when they are in a state of mind to witness these pieces without blushing crimson and sinking into the earth for shame!" This, to do him justice, is only an exceptional lapse: a far more characteristic comment of his on Wagner's love-scenes is "The lovers in his pieces behave like tom-cats gone mad, rolling in contortions and convulsions over a root of valerian." And he is not always on the side of the police, so to speak; for he is as careless of the feelings of the "beer-drinking" German *bourgeoisie* as of those of the æsthetes. Thus, though on one page he is pointing out that Socialism and all other forms of discontent with the existing social order are "stigmata of degeneration," on the next he is talking pure Karl Marx. For example, taking the two sides in their order:

> Ibsen's egomania assumes the form of Anarchism. He is in a state of constant revolt against all that exists. . . . The psychological roots of his anti-social impulses are well known. They are the degenerate's

> incapacity for self-adaptation, and the resultant discomfort in the midst of circumstances to which, in consequence of his organic deficiencies, he cannot accommodate himself. "The criminal," says Lombroso, "through his neurotic and impulsive nature, and his hatred of the institutions which have punished or imprisoned him, is a perpetual latent political rebel, who finds in insurrection the means, not only of satisfying his passions, but of even having them countenanced for the first time by a numerous public."
>
> Wagner is a declared Anarchist. . . . He betrays that mental condition which the degenerate shares with enlightened reformers, born criminals with the martyrs of human progress: namely, deep, devouring discontent with existing facts. . . . He would like to crush "political and criminal civilization," as he calls it.

Now for Nordau speaking for himself:

> Is it not the duty of intelligent philanthropy and justice, without destroying civilization, to adopt a better system of economy and transform the artisan from a factory convict, condemned to misery and ill-health, into a free producer of wealth, who enjoys the fruits of his labor himself, and works no more than is compatible with his health and his claims on life?
>
> Every gift that a man receives from some other man without work, without reciprocal service, is an alms, and as such is deeply immoral.
>
> Not in the impossible "return to Nature" lies healing for human misery, but in the reasonable organization of our struggle with nature — I might say, in universal and obligatory service against it, from which only the crippled should be exempted.
>
> In England it was Tolstoy's sexual morality that excited the greatest interest; for in that country economic reasons condemn a formidable number of girls, particularly of the educated classes, to forego marriage; and, from a theory which honored chastity as the highest dignity and noblest human destiny, and branded marriage with gloomy wrath as abominable depravity, these poor creatures would naturally derive rich consolation for their lonely, empty lives and their cruel exclusion from the possibility of fulfilling their natural calling.

So it appears that Nordau, too, shares "the degenerate's incapacity for self-adaptation, and the resultant discomfort in the midst of circumstances to which, in consequence of his organic deficiencies, he cannot accommodate himself." Is he not, indeed, the author of *Conventional Lies of Civilization?* But he has his usual easy way out of the dilemma. If Ibsen and Wagner are dissatisfied with the world, that is because the world is too good for them; but, if Max Nordau is dissatisfied, it is because Max is too good for the world. His modesty does not permit him to draw the distinction in these exact terms. Here is his statement of it:

Discontent shows itself otherwise in the degenerate than in reformers. The latter grow angry over real evils only, and make rational proposals for their remedy which are in advance of the time: these remedies may presuppose a better and wiser humanity than actually exists; but at least they are capable of being defended on reasonable grounds. The degenerate, on the other hand, selects among the arrangements of civilization such as are either immaterial or distinctly suitable, in order to rebel against them. His fury has either ridiculously insignificant aims, or simply beats the air. He either gives no earnest thought to improvement, or hatches astoundingly mad projects for making the world happy. His fundamental frame of mind is persistent rage against everything and everyone, which he displays in venomous phrases, savage threats, and the destructive mania of wild beasts. *Wagner is a good specimen of this species.*

Wagner was named because the passage occurs in the almost incredibly foolish chapter which is headed with his name. In another chapter it might have been Ibsen, or Tolstoy, or Ruskin, or William Morris, or any other eminent artist who shares Nordau's objection, and yours and mine, to our existing social arrangements. In the face of this, it is really impossible to deny oneself the fun of asking Nordau, with all possible good humor, who he is and what he is, that he should rail in this fashion at great men. Wagner was discontented with the condition of musical art in Europe. In essay after essay he pointed out with the most laborious exactitude what it was he complained of, and how it might be remedied. He not only shewed, in the teeth of the most envenomed opposition from all the dunderheads, pedants, and vested interests in Europe, what the musical drama ought to be as a work of art, but how theatres for its proper performance should be managed — nay, how they should be built, down to the arrangement of the seats and the position of the instruments in the orchestra. And he not only shewed this on paper, but he successfully composed the music dramas, built a model theatre, gave the model performances, *did* the impossible; so that there is now nobody left, not even Hanslick, who cares to stultify himself by repeating the old anti-Wagner cry of craziness and Impossibilism — nobody, save only Max Nordau, who, like a true journalist, is fact-proof. William Morris objected to the abominable ugliness of early Victorian decoration and furniture, to the rhymed rhetoric which did duty for poetry from the Renaissance to the nineteenth century, to kamptulicon stained glass, and, later on, to the shiny commercial gentility of typography according to the American ideal, which was being spread through England by *Harper's Magazine* and *The Century*, and which had not, like your abolition of "justification" in *Liberty*, the advantage of saving trouble. Well, did he sit down, as Nordau suggests, to rail helplessly at the men who were at all events getting the work of the world done, however inartistically? Not a bit of it: he designed and manufactured the decorations he wanted, and furnished and decorated houses with them; he put into public halls and churches tapestries and picture-windows which cultivated people now travel to see as they travel to see first-rate fifteenth-century work in that kind; the books from his Kelmscott Press, printed with type designed by his own hand, are pounced on by collectors like the treasures of our national museums, all this work, remember, involving the successful conducting of a large business establishment and factory, and being relieved by the incidental production of a series of poems and prose romances which placed their author in the position of the greatest living English poet. Now let me repeat the terms in which Nordau describes this kind of activity. "Ridiculously insignificant aims — beating the air — no earnest thought to improvement — astoundingly mad projects for making the world happy — persistent rage against everything and everyone, displayed in venomous phrases, savage threats, and destructive mania of wild beasts." Is there not something deliciously ironical in the ease with which a splenetic pamphleteer, with nothing to shew for himself except a bookful of blunders tacked on to a mock scientific theory picked up at second hand from a few lunacy doctors with a literary turn, should be able to create a European scandal by declaring that the greatest creative artists of the century are barren and hysterical madmen? I do not know what the American critics have said about Nordau; but here the tone has been that there is much in what he says, and that he is evidently an authority on the subjects with which he deals. And yet I assure you, on my credit as a man who lives by art criticism, that from his preliminary description of a Morris design as one "on which strange birds flit among crazily ramping branches, and blowzy flowers coquet with vain butterflies" (which is about as sensible as a description of the Norman chapel in the Tower of London as a characteristic specimen of Baroque architecture would be) to his coupling of Cimabue and Fra Angelico as primitive Florentine masters; from his unashamed bounce about "the conscientious observance of the laws of counterpoint" by Beethoven and other masters celebrated for breaking them, to his unlucky shot about "a pedal bass with correct harmonization" (a pedal bass happening to be the particular instance in which even the professor-made rules of "correct harmonization" are suspended), Nordau exposes his sciolism time after time as an authority upon the fine arts. But his critics, being for the most part ignorant literary men like himself, with sharpened wits and neglected eyes and ears, have swallowed Cimabue and Ghirlandajo and the pedal bass like so many gulls. Here an Ibsen admirer may maintain that Ibsen is an exception to the degenerate theory and should be classed with Goethe; there a Wagnerite may plead that Wagner is entitled to the honors of Beethoven; elsewhere one may find a champion of Rossetti venturing cautiously to suggest a suspicion of the glaringly obvious fact that Nordau has read only the two or three popular ballads like *The Blessed Damozel*, *Eden Bower*, *Sister Helen*, and so on, which every smatterer reads, and that his knowledge of the mass of pictorial, dramatic, and decorative work turned out by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, William Morris, and Holman Hunt, without a large knowledge and careful study of which no man can possibly speak with any critical authority of the pre-Raphaelite movement, is apparently limited to a glance at Holman Hunt's *Shadow of the Cross*, or possibly an engraving thereof. But in the main he is received as a serious authority on his subjects; and that is why we too, without malice and solely as a matter of public duty, are compelled to take all this trouble to destroy him.

HUMAN IMMORTALITY[1]

WILLIAM JAMES

One hears not only physiologists, but numbers of laymen who read the popular science books and magazines, saying all about us, How can we believe in life hereafter when Science has once for all attained to proving, beyond possibility of escape, that our inner life is a function of that famous material, the so-called 'gray matter' of our cerebral convolutions? How can the function possibly persist after its organ has undergone decay?

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[1] From *Human Immortality*. Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

Thus physiological psychology is what is supposed to bar the way to the old faith. And it is now as a physiological psychologist that I ask you to look at the question with me a little more closely.

It is indeed true that physiological science has come to the conclusion cited; and we must confess that in so doing she has only carried out a little farther the common belief of mankind. Every one knows that arrests of brain development occasion imbecility, that blows on the head abolish memory or consciousness, and that brain-stimulants and poisons change the quality of our ideas. The anatomists, physiologists, and pathologists have only shown this generally admitted fact of a dependence to be detailed and minute. What the laboratories and hospitals have lately been teaching us is not only that thought in general is one of the brain's functions, but that the various special forms of thinking are functions of special portions of the brain. When we are thinking of things seen, it is our occipital convolutions that are active; when of things heard, it is a certain portion of our temporal lobes; when of things to be spoken, it is one of our frontal convolutions. Professor Flechsig of Leipzig (who perhaps more than any one may claim to have made the subject his own) considers that in other special convolutions those processes of association go on, which permit the more abstract processes of thought, to take place. I could easily show you these regions if I had here a picture of the brain. Moreover, the diminished or exaggerated associations of what this author calls the *Körperfühlsphäre* with the other regions, accounts, according to him, for the complexion of our emotional life, and eventually decides whether one shall be a callous brute or criminal, an unbalanced sentimentalist, or a character accessible to feeling, and yet well poised. Such special opinions may have to be corrected; yet so firmly established do the main positions worked out by the anatomists, physiologists, and pathologists of the brain appear, that the youth of our medical schools are everywhere taught unhesitatingly to believe them. The assurance that observation will go on to establish them ever more and more minutely is the inspirer of all contemporary research. And almost any of our young psychologists will tell you that only a few belated scholastics, or possibly some crack-brained theosophist or psychical researcher, can be found holding back, and still talking as if mental phenomena might exist as independent variables in the world.

For the purposes of my argument, now, I wish to adopt this general doctrine as if it were established absolutely, with no possibility of restriction. During this hour I wish you also to accept it as a postulate, whether you think it incontrovertibly established or not; so I beg you to agree with me to-day in subscribing to the great psycho-physiological formula: *Thought is a function of the brain.*

The question is, then, Does this doctrine logically compel us to disbelieve in immortality? Ought it to force every truly consistent thinker to sacrifice his hopes of an hereafter to what he takes to be his duty of accepting all the consequences of a scientific truth?

Most persons imbued with what one may call the puritanism of science would feel themselves bound to answer this question with a yes. If any medically or psychologically bred young scientists feel otherwise, it is probably in consequence of that incoherency of mind of which the majority of mankind happily enjoy the privilege. At one hour scientists, at another they are Christians or common men, with the will to live burning hot in their breasts; and, holding thus the two ends of the chain, they are careless of the intermediate connection. But the more radical and uncompromising disciple of science makes the sacrifice, and, sorrowfully or not, according to his temperament, submits to giving up his hopes of heaven.

This, then, is the objection to immortality; and the next thing in order for me is to try to make plain to you why I believe that it has in strict logic no deterrent power. I must show you that the fatal consequence is not coercive, as is commonly imagined; and that, even though our soul's life (as here below it is revealed to us) may be in literal strictness the function of a brain that perishes, yet it is not at all impossible, but on the contrary quite possible, that the life may still continue when the brain itself is dead.

The supposed impossibility of its continuing comes from too superficial a look at the admitted fact of functional dependence. The moment we inquire more closely into the notion of functional dependence, and ask ourselves, for example, how many kinds of functional dependence there may be, we immediately perceive that there is one kind at least that does not exclude a life hereafter at all. The fatal conclusion of the physiologist flows from his assuming offhand another kind of functional dependence, and treating it as the only imaginable kind.

When the physiologist who thinks that his science cuts off all hope of immortality pronounces the phrase, "Thought is a function of the brain," he thinks of the matter just as he thinks when he says, "Steam is a function of the tea-kettle," "Light is a function of the electric circuit," "Power is a function of the moving waterfall." In these latter cases the several material objects have the function of inwardly creating or engendering their effects, and their function must be called *productive* function. Just so, he thinks, it must be with the brain. Engendering consciousness in its interior, much as it engenders cholesterin and creatin and carbonic acid, its relation to our soul's life must also be called productive function. Of course, if such production be the function, then when the organ perishes, since the production can no longer continue, the soul must surely die. Such a conclusion as this is indeed inevitable from that particular conception of the facts.

But in the world of physical nature productive function of this sort is not the only kind of function with which we are familiar. We have also releasing or permissive function; and we have transmissive function.

The trigger of a crossbow has a releasing function: it removes the obstacle that holds the string, and lets the bow fly back to its natural shape. So when the hammer falls upon a detonating compound. By knocking out the inner molecular obstructions, it lets the constituent gases resume their normal bulk, and so permits the explosion to take place.

In the case of a colored glass, a prism, or a refracting lens, we have transmissive function. The energy of light, no matter how produced, is by the glass sifted and limited in color, and by the lens or prism determined to a certain path and shape. Similarly, the keys of an organ have only a transmissive function. They open successively the various pipes and let the wind in the air-chest escape in various ways. The voices of the various pipes are constituted by the columns of air trembling as they emerge. But the air is not engendered in the organ. The organ proper, as distinguished from its air-chest, is only an apparatus for letting portions of it loose upon the world in these peculiarly limited shapes.

My thesis now is this: that, when we think of the law that thought is a function of the brain, we are not required to think of productive function only; *we are entitled also to consider permissive or transmissive function.* And this the ordinary psycho-physiologist leaves out of his account.

Suppose, for example, that the whole universe of material things — the furniture of earth and choir of heaven — should turn out to be a mere surface-veil of phenomena, hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign neither to common sense nor to philosophy. Common sense believes in realities behind the veil even too superstitiously; and idealistic philosophy declares the whole world of natural experience, as we get it, to be but a time-mask, shattering or refracting the one infinite Thought which is the sole reality into those millions of finite streams of consciousness known to us as our private selves.

> "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Suppose, now, that this were really so, and suppose, moreover, that the dome, opaque enough at all times to the full super-solar blaze, could at certain times and places grow less so, and let certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. These beams would be so many finite rays, so to speak, of consciousness, and they would vary in quantity and quality as the opacity varied in degree. Only at particular times and places would it seem that, as a matter of fact, the veil of nature can grow thin and rupturable enough for such effects to occur. But in those places gleams, however finite and unsatisfying, of the absolute life of the universe, are from time to time vouchsafed. Glows of feeling, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge and perception float into our finite world.

Admit now that *our brains* are such thin and half-transparent places in the veil. What will happen? Why, as the white radiance comes through the dome, with all sorts of staining and distortion imprinted on it by the glass, or as the air now comes through my glottis determined and limited in its force and quality of its vibrations by the peculiarities of those vocal cords which form its gate of egress and shape it into my personal voice, even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in its fullness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queernesses that characterize our finite individualities here below.

According to the state in which the brain finds itself, the barrier of its obstructiveness may also be supposed to rise or fall. It sinks so low, when the brain is in full activity, that a comparative flood of spiritual energy pours over. At other times, only such occasional waves of thought as heavy sleep permits get by. And when finally a brain stops acting altogether, or decays, that special stream of consciousness which it subserved will vanish entirely from this natural world. But the sphere of being that supplied the consciousness would still be intact; and in that more real world with which, even whilst here, it was continuous, the consciousness might, in ways unknown to us, continue still.

You see that, on all these suppositions, our soul's life, as we here know it, would none the less in literal strictness be the function of the brain. The brain would be the independent variable, the mind would vary dependently on it. But such dependence on the brain for this natural life would in no wise make immortal life impossible — it might be quite compatible with supernatural life behind the veil hereafter.

As I said, then, the fatal consequence is not coercive, the conclusion which materialism draws being due solely to its one-sided way of taking the word 'function.' And, whether we care or not for immortality in itself, we ought, as mere critics doing police duty among the vagaries of mankind, to insist on the illogicality of a denial based on the flat ignoring of a palpable alternative. How much more ought we to insist, as lovers of truth, when the denial is that of such a vital hope of mankind!

In strict logic, then, the fangs of cerebralistic materialism are drawn. My words ought consequently already to exert a releasing function on your hopes. You *may* believe henceforward, whether you care to profit by the permission or not. But, as this is a very abstract argument, I think it will help its effect to say a word or two about the more concrete conditions of the case.

All abstract hypotheses sound unreal; and the abstract notion that our brains are colored lenses in the wall of nature, admitting light from the super-solar source, but at the same time tingeing and restricting it, has a thoroughly fantastic sound. What is it, you may ask, but a foolish metaphor? And how can such a function be imagined? Isn't the common materialistic notion vastly simpler? Is not consciousness really more comparable to a sort of steam, or perfume, or electricity, or nerve-glow, generated on the spot in its own peculiar vessel? Is it not more rigorously scientific to treat the brain's function as function of production?

The immediate reply is, that, if we are talking of science positively understood, function can mean nothing more than bare concomitant variation. When the brain-activities change in one way, consciousness changes in another; when the currents pour through the occipital lobes, consciousness *sees* things; when through the lower frontal region, consciousness *says* things to itself; when they stop, she goes to sleep, etc. In strict science, we can only write down the bare fact of concomitance; and all talk about either production or transmission, as the mode of taking place, is pure superadded hypothesis, and metaphysical hypothesis at that, for we can frame no more notion of the details on the one alternative than on the other. Ask for any indication of the exact process either of transmission or of production, and Science confesses her imagination to be bankrupt. She has, so far, not the least glimmer of a conjecture or suggestion — not even a bad verbal metaphor or pun to offer. *Ignoramus, ignorabimus*, is what most physiologists, in the words of one of their number, will say here. The production of such a thing as consciousness in the brain, they will reply with the late Berlin professor of physiology, is the absolute world-enigma — something so paradoxical and abnormal as to be a stumbling block to Nature, and almost a self-contradiction. Into the mode of production of steam in a tea-kettle we have conjectural insight, for the terms that change are physically homogeneous one with another, and we can easily imagine the case to consist of nothing but alterations of molecular motion. But in the production of consciousness by the brain, the terms are heterogeneous natures altogether; and as far as our understanding goes, it is as great a miracle as if we said, Thought is 'spontaneously generated,' or 'created out of nothing.'

The theory of production is therefore not a jot more simple or credible in itself than any other conceivable theory. It is only a little more popular. All that one need do, therefore, if the ordinary materialist should challenge one to explain how the brain *can* be an organ for limiting and determining to a certain form a consciousness elsewhere produced, is to retort with a *tu quoque*, asking him in turn to explain how it can be an organ for producing consciousness out of whole cloth. For polemic purposes, the two theories are thus exactly on a par.

But if we consider the theory of transmission in a wider way, we see that it has certain positive superiorities, quite apart from its connection with the immortality question.

Just how the process of transmission may be carried on, is indeed unimaginable; but the outer relations, so to speak, of the process, encourage our belief. Consciousness in this process does not have to be generated *de novo* in a vast number of places. It exists already, behind the scenes, coeval with the world. The transmission-theory not only avoids in this way multiplying miracles, but it puts itself in touch with general idealistic philosophy better than the production-theory does. It should always be reckoned a good thing when science and philosophy thus meet.

It puts itself also in touch with the conception of a 'threshold' — a word with which, since Fechner wrote his book called 'Psychophysik,' the so-called 'new Psychology' has rung. Fechner imagines as the condition of consciousness a certain kind of psycho-physical movement, as he terms it. Before consciousness can come, a certain degree of activity in the movement must be reached. This requisite degree is called the 'threshold'; but the height of the threshold varies under different circumstances: it may rise or fall. When it falls, as in states of great lucidity, we grow conscious of things of which we should be unconscious at other times; when it rises, as in drowsiness, consciousness sinks in amount. This rising and lowering of a psycho-physical threshold exactly conforms to our notion of a permanent obstruction to the transmission of consciousness, which obstruction may, in our brains, grow alternately greater or less.

The transmission-theory also puts itself in touch with a whole class of experiences that are with difficulty explained by the production-theory. I refer to those obscure and exceptional phenomena reported at all times throughout human history, which the 'psychical-researchers,' with Mr. Frederic Myers at their head, are doing so much to rehabilitate; such phenomena, namely, as religious conversions, providential leadings in answer to prayer, instantaneous healings, premonitions, apparitions at time of death, clairvoyant visions or impressions, and the whole range of mediumistic capacities, to say nothing of still more exceptional and incomprehensible things. If all our human thought be a function of the brain, then of course, if any of these things are facts — and to my own mind some of them are facts — we may not suppose that they can occur without preliminary brain-action. But the ordinary production-theory of consciousness is knit up with a peculiar notion of how brain-action *can* occur — that notion being that all brain-action, without exception, is due to a prior action, immediate or remote, of the bodily sense-organs *on* the brain. Such action makes the brain produce sensations and mental images, and out of the sensations and images the higher forms of thought and knowledge in their turn are framed. As transmissionists, we also must admit this to be the condition of all our usual thought. Sense-action is what lowers the brain-barrier. My voice and aspect, for instance, strike upon your ears and eyes; your brain thereupon becomes more pervious, and an awareness on your part of what I say and who I am slips into this world from the world behind the veil. But, in the mysterious phenomena to which I allude, it is often hard to see where the sense-organs can come in. A medium, for example, will show knowledge of his sitter's private affairs which it seems impossible he should have acquired through sight or hearing, or inference therefrom. Or you will have an apparition of some one who is now dying hundreds of miles away. On the production-theory one does not see from what sensations such odd bits of knowledge are produced. On the transmission-theory, they don't have to be 'produced' — they exist ready-made in the transcendental world, and all that is needed is an abnormal lowering of the brain-threshold to let them through. In cases of conversion, in providential leadings, sudden mental healings, etc., it seems to the subjects themselves of the experience as if a power from without, quite different from the ordinary action of the senses or of the sense-led mind, came into their life, as if the latter suddenly opened into that greater life in which it has its source. The word 'influx,' used in Swedenborgian circles, well describes this impression of new insight, or new willingness, sweeping over us like a tide. All such experiences, quite paradoxical and meaningless on the production-theory, fall very naturally into place on the other theory. We need only suppose the continuity of our consciousness with a mother sea, to allow for exceptional waves occasionally pouring over the dam. Of course the causes of these odd lowerings of the brain's threshold still remain a mystery on any terms.

Add, then, this advantage to the transmission-theory — an advantage which I am well aware that some of you will not rate very high — and also, add the advantage of not conflicting with a life hereafter, and I hope you will agree with me that it has many points of superiority over the more familiar theory.

CAPITALISM VS. SOCIALISM:

A DEBATE[1]

PROPOSITION: *Resolved*, that Capitalism has more to offer to the workers of the United States than has Socialism.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In beginning a debate of this magnitude, it is pertinent to inquire what the words mean. What do we really understand by capitalism and what by socialism? Unless we are clear about that, we are wandering in a maze of uncertainty. Now, by capitalism, I think that we may understand that form of industrial organization where the means of production — and by that, I mean primarily under modern technological conditions the machine and the funds required to work the machine, are in the control of private individuals. The difficulty of defining socialism is that while capitalism is an institution, socialism is only a theory, unless indeed we accept the sporadic examples that we find in the middle of the nineteenth century in this country, and unless we also accept the gigantic enterprise that is now being conducted by Soviet Russia. There are all manner of forms of socialism and socialistic theory. There is the anarchistic socialism. There is the state socialism. There is the sentimental and scientific socialism. And finally there is the guild socialism. What is worse, the socialists themselves are by no means in agreement. The scientific socialist, the Marxist, scorns the sentimental socialist. The Marxian socialism is supposed to be interpreted by the Menshevik socialist, but the Menshevik is put by the Bolshevik socialist in the ranks of the bourgeois. So that you have your choice of the different brands of socialism as a theory. But as an organization, as an industrial form, all these various forms and kinds of socialism are permeated by one common idea. That is, that the control of the methods of production, that the control of capital — for, of course, socialists like everyone else concede the necessity of capital — that the control of capital shall be in the hands of the group and that there shall be no room for private rent, private interest, or private profits.

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[1] By permission of Professor Seligman and Professor Nearing.

Having thus defined those two opposing ideas, the next point that I desire to make is that while there are all forms and kinds of capitalists, just as there are all kinds and manner of human beings, there are reactionary or stand-pat capitalists and forward-looking, progressive capitalists. While that is true, my contention is that there is only one form of capitalism and that is progressive capitalism. Every form of industrial organization is progressive. Slavery in the early centuries was very different from slavery in the later centuries. Serfdom at the beginning was very different from serfdom at the end. Feudalism at its inception was quite contrary perhaps in many respects, to feudalism at the end. Capitalism is in the very earliest stages of its development and there are still huge portions of the world which have not yet entered upon capitalism, like parts of China, like Africa, like many other portions of the world. My contention, therefore, is that by capitalism we mean a progressive form of industrial society.

The next point that I desire to make is that capitalism must not be misunderstood. Our debate relates to the welfare of the laborer under capitalism. Now, it depends not alone upon the direct results so far as the laborer is concerned, what he gets in the way of food and remuneration for his services, etc., but it depends also upon the indirect results. Therefore, the problem is not simply an analysis of the better distribution of wealth, but it is also the far more important problem of the production of wealth. We must consider the two forms of industrial organization from both these points of view.

And finally, before we proceed to come to close grips with the subject itself, let me call attention to the fact that while I do not intend to discuss the theories of socialism nor the ideal framework of society as elaborated by Karl Marx, I do wish to point out that among his many fundamental doctrines, two at least and those most germane to our discussion are no longer upheld and maintained by many of the socialists themselves. The ordinary socialist will say to you that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. That is simply putting into common language, the pauperization theory of society as outlined by Karl Marx. We all know, however, that the facts have given the lie to this statement, and while it is true that the rich have gotten richer, it is also true that the poor are no longer so poor as they were. This has led no less important socialists than Bernstein in Germany and Tugan Baronowsky in Russia to say, "Let us abandon that argument for socialism." The other argument which is germane to our discussion is the cataclysm theory of society, the argument of Marx that owing to the accumulation of capital, crises occur every few years, that these crises and panics go from worse to worse until finally they become so overwhelming in their nature that a catastrophic cataclysm of society will occur, and socialism will come in. Marx wrote in the fifties and sixties, and indeed in the early period of capitalist society, it seemed as if his theory were being borne out by the facts. The panic of 1837 was worse than that of 1818; that of 1857 was still worse; that of 1873, the world-wide crisis, the worst of all. But, then, and for reasons that I shall mention, came a change. We had gotten over the top and in 1884 the panic was not quite so bad as in 1873 and in 1894 it was not so bad as it was in 1884, and in 1907 it was markedly less bad than in 1894 and to-day where we are again at the beginning of a period of depression and bad business and unemployment, we are no longer confronted by even the prospect of anything like what happened in the nineteenth century. And what is still more true, we find that where socialism has been adopted as it has been adopted in Russia to-day, the lie again is given to the Marxian theory because the revolution has come, not in a country where capitalism has been most developed, but in the country where capitalism has been least developed.

Now, then, taking up the points in order, I want first to call attention to the achievements of capitalism. We are now not discussing what might have been attained under other conditions but simply what has been attained. What are the actual facts and achievements of capitalism? I should sum them up as follows: first and foremost, I should say that we must recognize the accumulation of wealth irrespective of where it is and in whose hands it is — the cheapening of production and the accumulation of wealth — because it is undeniable that certain advantages from this accumulation of capital and wealth accrue to the worker. Take as an example the railway system of this country with its twenty billions of capital, which would have been impossible in any preceding order of society and consider its benefits in taking the laborer to and from his work every day; take the accumulation of wealth as typified in this city in our Public Libraries, in our Natural Museum of History, in our Museum of Art and in all other things which make for the convenience and pleasure of life. None of these things would have been possible nor have they ever been possible in a state of society where there has not been an accumulation of capital. For while civilization indeed has its spiritual and indubitable ethical and religious ends, there is no doubt that civilization as we know it, even on the spiritual side must needs be built up on a certain material basis and sub-structure. The accumulation of capital itself is an undoubted achievement.

In the second place, I should put the diversification of consumption. Compare the world to-day with what it was in all previous ages and consider what the laborer — even though he be the most poorly paid of all laborers — eats and what he wears and what he has with which to shelter himself. All of this is the result of the capitalist system. The bread which he eats comes from the wheat grown on the farms of North Dakota, and milled in the great mills of Minneapolis and brought here by the railway. The meat which he consumes comes from the far west of this country or perhaps from the pampas of Argentine. The tea which his family occasionally drinks is brought from far off Cathay and the sugar with which he sweetens the cup comes from all parts of the world, from Cuba or the far east. Even the tobacco with which he solaces his leisure hours may for all he knows come from Sumatra or from other portions of the Orient. And so it is with what he wears. His shoe is made of leather, tanned from the hides brought from the wilds of Siberia, the steppes of Russia or the plains of South America. The wool which makes his suit may come for all he knows from Australia and even the soap with which he occasionally washes himself in all probability comes from the palm or the cocoa oil of Africa; while the trolley with which he goes to his work is built very largely of iron produced in the mills of Pittsburgh from the raw material from all parts of the west. This gigantic capitalist machine has rendered possible a diversification of consumption which has been unknown heretofore in the history of the world.

In the third place, capitalism is responsible for democracy. The democracy of classic antiquity was one based on sham, a pseudo-democracy resting upon slavery. The democracy even of our forefathers, when we declared our independence of England, was not a real democracy. It was an aristocracy. The policies of New Yorkers as late as 1800 at the time of Hamilton and Burr were run by the great families precisely as in England, and it is false to claim as many have claimed that it is the frontier that has given us our democracy. We had a frontier in the eighteenth century, but we had no democracy. England has no frontier in the British Isles to-day and has produced a democracy. What has brought about democracy is the Industrial Revolution or modern capitalism, and that means a public opinion which has never existed before in the history of the world. As a result, every workman, no matter how humble he be, to-day has democracy and enjoys a voice in influencing even to a small extent the management of the affairs of the states under which he lives.

In the fourth place, I should put as one of the achievements of capitalism, liberty of movement. In the Middle Ages, there was no liberty. The serf was bound to the soil and it is only since capitalism has developed that we have the modern liberty of movement, carrying with it as a result the liberty of production as well as the liberty of consumption.

And finally, to cap the climax, modern capitalism is responsible for education and for science. Never before in the history of the world have we had a form of public instruction comparable to our own. Weak though it be, the amounts of money that are spent to-day in every modern capitalistic society for the public schools, for the education that goes down into the kindergarten and up into the State University is something that the world before has never known. And science also is a direct product of capitalism. There was, indeed, a certain form of science among the Greeks, among the Arabs, etc. But science, by which we mean the unlocking of the secrets of nature, is distinctly a modern product. It began only with the introduction of modern capitalism and it is most strongly developed and progressive in the home of modern capitalism. And you all see why that is — because the modern business man in order to succeed must know the secrets of nature. He must secure the proof and in order to get the proof he must employ and utilize those forms of organized investigation which we call science.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, those are great achievements. Never before in the several hundred thousands or millions of years that man has been upon the earth have such things been accomplished.

I do not deny, indeed, that there is a dark side as well and to that I now come to address myself for a few minutes. What are the weaknesses and excrescences of capitalism? My point is that since capitalism is a progressive form of society, these weaknesses are remedial and these excrescences are being lopped off. What are those weaknesses? In the first place, we have unfair competition between businesses and human beings. But we all realize that this is being gradually done away with. A Jay Gould or Jim Fisk would be unthinkable in modern times; and even though in the railways we may still hear of the Rock Island or the Atchison or the New Haven and Hartford, we must remember that now for the first time in the history of our country their forces are being harnessed up and that the Interstate Commerce Commission is now regulating the issue of securities which will render such things impossible in the future. What President Roosevelt did, among all his many accomplishments, was to so change certain forms of unfair competition as to make them more difficult. Society under modern capitalism, is gradually rendering competition more and more fair.

In the second place, we have as one of these sad results, the fact that unjust privileges still continue and that certain forms of integrated organization known as potential monopolies sometimes make their appearance. But we find also that as soon as those evils are recognized they are being counteracted and we have to-day in our trade commission and in many other forms of organization a powerful counter-agent which is gradually doing away with many forms of privilege.

In the third place, I should say that modern capitalism does result in exaggerated fortunes. The development of a leisure class has its bad sides at a time when every one ought to be working. But what has society under modern capitalism done? A generation ago, I wrote a book on *Progressive Taxation*, and I was attacked on all sides by the reactionary and the standpatter on the ground that I was preaching confiscation. Nowadays, everyone, the capitalist like the others, not only believes in, but argues for, progressive taxation. We have to-day gone further in this country than in any other — perhaps as some of us think, even too far — with a system that takes up to 69–73 per cent of a man's income and in some cases even more. Progressive taxation is a sign of what modern capitalism is doing to restrict some of its own evils.

Now, when you come to the laborer there are of course some very great evils, but they also are gradually being overcome. Take the conditions of work and the hours of work. Many years ago, the reform movement was for twelve hours a day. I remember the ten-hour-day movement. Then there came the great fight for the eight-hour day, and now some of our factory laws even permit only a six-hour day in certain industries. Capitalism itself is gradually changing those conditions — capitalism is changing those conditions not because it likes to do it but because it is compelled to do it by the letting loose of those very forces which are implicit in modern forms of capitalism. As it is with the hours, so with the wages. Wages are by no means what they ought to be. Wages are certainly far less than they should be. But wages have been growing during the last hundred years indubitably, and starting in Australia, going on to England, and now proceeding in this country, we have the great minimum wage movement which is gradually improving these conditions.

And finally we come to the two great indictments of our present system: first, the insecurity of employment for the workman — that very great evil which is being attacked and which is entirely susceptible of being eradicated by the application of the same principle that we have applied to accidents, that we have applied to many other evils, namely, the insurance principle. There is no reason why the workman should be made to bear as he does to-day, the burden of unemployment and of insecurity of tenure.

We have already to-day in the unemployment insurance law of England the faint beginnings of a movement which I am convinced will spread within the next three or four decades like wildfire throughout the world. The regularization of industry must be brought about by industry itself with the aid of the state and it is being brought about under modern methods.

And finally, the last point, the joylessness of life. That to a certain extent must continue under any form of industrial government as long as we have the machine. Machines will be needed under socialism as under capitalism. But the real joylessness of the machine tender can be diminished and can be partially done away with by giving him more of a participation in the industry itself, as we are gradually doing through what we call industrial democracy. By giving him more hours of leisure as we are gradually doing, we are giving him the time in which he can regain the joy which he loses in his work. The joylessness of industry is not so much the indictment of capitalism as it is the indictment of machinery. We must meet it and fight it and counter it wherever we can.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, in the few minutes that are left, I want to say a word to explain why, with all these reservations, I am not a socialist. And I should put it in this way. In the first place, as regards the remuneration of labor, socialism preaches equal pay. A bonus, Lenine told us, was something only for bourgeois society. Equal pay means payment according to need. But unfortunately it is not payment according to need, but rather according to efficient work that is really productive. Even in Russia to-day, they have been compelled to give up their original plans of payment according to need and they now have developed the bonus system to a point even unheard of in the United States.

In the second place, let us deal with the other side of it, the man at the top. If society has progressed at all events in some respects, it is due above all to the man who has been the leader — the leader in industry. Leaders are rare in industry. And while I am perfectly well aware of the new Psychology which shows us the fallacy of the old economic man of Ricardo, it remains none the less true that the real impulses and tendencies of human nature, the desire for distinction, for self-expression, for mastery, that all these things after all center themselves in the effort to do a little better than one's neighbor. We may not believe as our great Emerson said, that we are all as lazy as we dare to be, but it is true that the race-horse does best when he has a pace-maker and even we who sometimes play golf, don't play as well alone as when we play against a partner.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, under socialism, the possibilities of leadership would be restricted for two reasons: first, you would not have the incentive that you have now and in the second place, the risk would be far more limited. Nowadays people who get to the top through the selective process do so because they are willing and able to take risks. Under any form of socialistic government, the risk could not, would not be taken because they could not afford to take it. These two points, the selective process of the modern competitive system and the restriction of the risk function in modern society are to my mind the chief indictments against socialism. Then we finally come to the restriction of liberty. I need only allude to certain socialists themselves who tell us what the other kinds of socialism would do in restraining liberty. But of that point we shall speak later. At all events, you see why I am not a socialist.

Professor Nearing

Professor Seligman has given us what I consider two very satisfactory definitions of the issue before us this afternoon. He has defined capitalism as that form of industrial organization where the means of production, primarily the machines, are in the control of private individuals. He has defined socialism as the control of capital in the hands of the group and under it there shall be no room for private rent, interest or profit. Beginning as he does with these two definitions, I reach a somewhat dissimilar conclusion. I do not see capitalism in so rosy a light as does Professor Seligman and I want to try to explain to you in the brief time that I have why not, and what the socialists propose to put in its place, and I want to explain them under three headings: first, the ownership of the machinery of production, second, the control arising out of such ownership, third, the direction resulting from such control. And I want to try to demonstrate to you that under capitalism the worker has to accept, first, intermittent starvation, second, slavery, and third, war.

Professor Seligman says that capitalism is progressive. So are some diseases. Under the present system of society, a little group of people own resources, machines, capital, all of the machinery upon which forty million workers depend for their living. That is, the capitalist owns the job. The capitalist owns the job without which the worker dies of starvation. The worker, therefore, must go to the capitalist and ask for permission to work. To what extent has this ownership been concentrated in the United States? I wish that I could answer that intelligently, but the best that I can do is to cite you the 1918 income tax returns. In that year, 1918, you remember that prices were about what they are now. In that year two hundred dollars a week was not a fortune by any means. Two hundred dollars a week was not much wealth in 1918. But there were only 160,000 people in this whole United States who reported incomes of as much as two hundred dollars a week. That is, fourteen persons in every thousand of the population, four persons for every thousand, gainfully employed, one family for every five hundred families in the land, with incomes of ten thousand dollars a year, two hundred dollars a week. They tell us that Rome and Assyria and Babylon and those old countries reached a point of concentration where one per cent of the people owned the wealth of the Empires. I say to you in America, 1918, four in every thousand of those gainfully employed earned two hundred dollars a week. I wish I could give you the figures of ownership, but I could not collect them. Senator Pettigrew in 1890 had the census take an estimate of wealth and since 1890 every census has specifically excluded any estimate of wealth ownership in the United States. Be that as it may, I need not stress the point. The facts speak for themselves. We have in America a little handful of persons owning the railroads, the banks, manufactories, mining and other establishments and to them go tens of millions of men and women asking for jobs, for the right to make a living. But the master, the owner replies "in order to have a job you must produce — produce something for yourself and something for me and the interest, dividends, profits, returns, for which I do not labor." Said Abraham Lincoln in 1858: "A slave society is one in which one class says to another class, 'You work and toil and earn bread and we will eat it.'" These owners of American capital, these stock and bond holders say to the American worker, "You work and toil and earn bread and we will eat it." How much do they get of the bread produced by the workers? Get a copy of Senate Document 259. You cannot get a copy because they were not distributed. Get a copy of that document of profiteering and find out how much they made in 1917 — hundreds, thousands of per cent of profit in a single year — in America, the richest of rich countries! In America, the center of the greatest empire on earth, we report twenty-six per cent of our school children underfed in the schools. We reported that before the present economic unpleasantness began. We reported that while we were still urging the worker to produce and while he was turning out not only enough for his own daily sustenance, but in addition enough to provide the capitalist with a surplus, and that surplus went to the front and we burned it in Europe, and when the war was over we burned a bit of it here at home and the burning got too expensive. The worker received less in wages than he had created in product. He could not buy back the volume that he had produced. The capitalist, the owner of the shop did not need to use what had been produced and given to him as surplus. He wanted to dispose of it. The war gave him a chance. Exports gave him some chance, but then that chance was ended, and the capitalist said to the worker last April, last May, last June, the capitalist said to the worker, "There will be no more work." And in textiles, boots and shoes, automobiles, and now later in steel and other industries, they are laying them off. I got a report from the New York State Industrial Commission this week: 643,000 men and women out of work in New York State. What have they done? Why, they cannot have work. But what have they done? Why, they have produced too much. They have created too great a surplus. They must wait to produce more until this surplus is consumed. Can they consume it? No! because they did not receive enough wages to buy it back. And so in this country to-day, three million people are out of work. You do not see these figures stated in the newspapers.

In the first six months of 1920, the average number of commercial failures per month was 500; in July, 598; August, 633; September, 661; October, 802; November, 892; December, 1854; the first three weeks of January, 1482, and so the number mounts. Professor Seligman has already referred to this. I have a book here called *A History of Panics in the United States*, written by a Frenchman, translated by an American business man, and this book gives a record of the panics that we have had under capitalism: "1814, 1818, 1826, 1837, 1848, 1857, 1864, 1873, 1884, 1897, 1903, 1907, 1913"— and 1921. That book contains one of the most damning indictments that was ever written on capitalism. "Capitalism," says the author, "consists of three phases: prosperity, panic, and liquidation." Prosperity is the period when the dinner pail is full and the hopes are high, when the little man drops his tools and leaves his bench, borrows his capital, buys a machine and goes into business. Panic is the period when the little fellows get the tools and the machines shaken out of their hands and start back for the bench, and liquidation is the period when the big fellows pick up what is around loose, put it in their pockets and go off richer than they were before. "Progressive," says Seligman. I say "No! Successive." And as long as capitalism lasts, so long will men and women by the millions walk the streets looking for work and so long will their gas bills be paid and their children starve — successive starvation, successive periods of physical misery and death from lack of physical means in the center of the greatest wealth that the world knows. That is what capitalism has to offer the world.

What do we socialists want? Why, we want to own these things ourselves. As we own the harbor of New York, so we want to own the coal mines, the railroads, the factories in order that no surplus may be produced, in order that the value of a product shall be represented by the value paid to a consumer. So that he who creates can buy back the value that he creates. Quite simple and quite inevitable in the long run.

But I don't stress that point. It is not essential. It is my second point about which I wish to talk — about slavery. "Whenever a man says to another man, 'You go and work and earn bread and I will eat it,'" said Lincoln, "it is slavery." That is capitalism and that is my chief charge against capitalism and that is the thing that we socialists set up as our highest hope in socialism, not that it will give us steadier bread, more regular bread, more bread, and not that we will get more to eat out of socialism but that we will get more liberty. That is where we place our hope and I want to explain the contrast because it is fundamental. The United States I said was owned by capitalists — worse than that, owned by capitalist corporations, owned impersonally, not by individuals who have made their pile and bought their machinery — owned by trusts, owned by great organizations with their stocks and their bonds and their big business mechanisms. I wish I had time to read you this last report of the National City Bank to show you how the ownership works out. Here is a list of the board of directors. This is the biggest bank in North America. Here is a list of the board of directors: Percy A. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, J. Ogden Armour, Nicholas F. Brady of the New York Edison Company, Cleveland H. Dodge, Philip A. S. Franklin, etc. What is the National City Bank? Why, it is the center of a great web of economic power. Here is the report issued by the Pujo Committee. At the center of the spider's web, they put in a great banking concern, J. P. Morgan & Company, and around that banking concern, they group railroads, public utilities, industries, mines, and other forms of industrial enterprise. At the center of the power lies the strength and the weakness of the system, lies the banker. I have not time to dwell on that further than to call your attention to this fact that the Federal Reserve System with its thirty thousand banks and its board of directors sitting in one place around the table, has more power than any single institution on the face of the civilized earth, and that Federal Reserve System is in private hands. It is privately owned practically. It is under government supervision, yes, but the Federal Reserve System is the nerve center, the center of authority, the center of power, and what are they going to do with this control that they exercise through their banking machine? I want to read you a paragraph from a weekly letter sent by one business house to its clients. "The war taught employing classes in America the secret and power of widespread propaganda. Now, when we have anything to sell to the American people, we know how to sell it. We have learned. We have the schools, we have the pulpit." The employing class owns the Press, the economic power centering in the banks, schools, pulpit, press, movie screen, all the power of widespread propaganda now. "When we have something to sell to the American people, we know how to sell it." Slavery — going to the boss and asking for the privilege of a job — slavery — sending your child to school and having him pumped full of virulent propaganda in favor of the present system. Slavery in every phase of life all tied up under this one bank's control. Is it true that no man is good enough to rule another man without that man's consent? Is that still true in America or in the world? If that be true, every worker in the shop shall have the right to say who shall exercise authority over him in the shop. Every worker in an industry has the right to pick or help pick these members as board of directors. Do you suppose the workers in the National City Bank elected William Rockefeller and Percy Rockefeller and J. Ogden Armour? In the United States, a worker goes to work on a machine owned by the boss. He works on materials owned by the boss. He lives in a country where the organized power of the boss concentrated in the banking system is supreme over every phase of life. He is a slave — industrial slave — because he cannot call one economic right his own, and we socialists want to have industry not only owned by those who participate in it, but we want to have those who participate in industry direct the industry in which they participate. Industrial self-control, self-government in industry as Mr. Cole has put it — that is all — simple ideas — ownership by the worker of his own job, the control by a man of his own economic life.

And third, I spoke about the direction of industry. I read you the report of the last annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation. At this meeting, according to the *New York Times*, there was voted two million and one-quarter shares of common and one and one-half million shares of preferred stock. Stockholders who attended the meeting represented three hundred and forty shares of preferred stock and four thousand shares of common and the rest were voted by proxy — so many million shares on this side, so many million shares on this side, and the policy of the United States Steel Corporation is formed and unionism is crushed out and this or that line of industrial policy pursued by a little handful of men and women who have nothing better to do with their leisure than to go and sit through a meeting of the United States Steel Corporation stockholders — that is the biggest corporation in America — direction not only by absentee ownership, but direction by little cliques of lawyers holding proxies in their hands, by executives of great industries speaking in the name of stockholders. And what did they do? Last year, in the United States — that is, in 1919 — they floated twelve thousand millions of new capital stock and bonds; 1920 they floated fourteen thousand millions of new capital stocks and bonds. Did you have any say in that? Does the worker speak when it is decided to put these twenty-five billions into new capital under circumstances when it is almost certain that it cannot function? Does the worker speak? No, it was done by voting shares. They go out in Thrace. They support General Wrangel. They go down into Mexico. They follow into Haiti. And then what happens? Other stockholders in other countries, Royal Dutch Shell stockholders, British stockholders, voting policy against Standard Oil; Standard Oil stockholders, if they vote, voting against Royal Dutch Shell; and you hear the echoes of the conflict over the markets of France and you hear the echoes of their conflict for the rights in Central Europe. What is going to be the result? When will it be necessary to put the war paint on the battleships? When will it be necessary to call out the battalions and send them? In 1914 Great Britain had a highway to the sea. Germany wanted it. A pistol shot sounds in Central Europe and ten million men go to their graves to decide that Great Britain shall hold Bagdad and that Germany shall pay what she can.

In 1914, there was not a socialist state in Europe — capitalist Germany, capitalist France, capitalist Russia, capitalist Italy, capitalist Britain — all of the great group of capitalist empires grabbing the world to rob it and fighting one another to the death to determine who should have the right to do the plundering. They produced a surplus as I said. They could not spend it at home. They took it abroad and in the course of taking it abroad they had to make war — capitalist war — and working-men went and fought and died in that capitalistic war which they told us through their propaganda machinery was a war for democracy. What does the worker want? Why, he wants to keep the strings of economic life himself. Capitalism offers him intermittent starvation, industrial slavery, recurring war. Socialism offers him subsistence, economic self-government, a basis for peace.

And I would like to ask Professor Seligman if he and I were miners up in Panther Creek, in the Philadelphia Reading Coal and Iron Company, whether he would be an ardent supporter of the present economic system. And I want to ask him this further question, whether, under those circumstances, he would put any obstacle in the way of the coming of such a system as I have described to you.

Professor Seligman

If I were the coal miner in Pennsylvania — I think that was the miner that was mentioned — I should say that the answer had already been given by Mr. Nearing. Mr. Nearing said that he wanted socialism in order that no surplus shall be produced. That is my objection to socialism. The world has progressed in civilization only because every generation did not consume all that it produced, but that it laid by a surplus. Under socialism, ladies and gentlemen, not alone will no surplus be laid by, but from my point of view, the conditions of production will be so far inferior that even the amount available for consumption on the part of the laborer will be less than it is to-day. If I were, therefore, an intelligent coal miner, I would say I should rather live in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, with a chance, at all events, once in a while of getting something to eat, rather than to live under a condition let us say like that of China to-day, where, without capitalism, starvation is not alone intermittent, but almost continuous.

Now, the second point; we have heard the old story retold to us that life is impossible for the working-man because the capitalist owns the job and does not need the working-man. How long would the shareholders of the United States Steel Corporation if that were all they had to live on — how long would they continue to enjoy their luxuries if the workmen all stopped work permanently? Does the workman need the job-giver any more than the job-giver needs the workman? And my point is where you have those conditions under which leadership can develop to create new jobs, the workman will be far better off than where he has control alone of his own job. Don't mistake me. One point in which Mr. Nearing did not meet me at all, but which I trust he will meet in his rebuttal, is this: that while we may be entirely favorable to the aspirations and the hopes and the desires of the great mass of the working population, he must prove that forces are not at work under capitalism which will meet and realize those hopes and those aspirations. Now, Mr. Nearing says, "I put my chief argument on the score of liberty." Let us see what we can make of that. We have at the present time a form of socialism in operation, the only realization of a practical socialism on a large scale with which the world has ever been confronted. How does the workman fare there with liberty? By chance, I happen to have in my possession a reprint of some of the official documents and statements issued during the last few months in Russia, and I shall take up part of my time by reading how it stands with liberty under socialism. First, I have the resolution of the Petrograd government printing office workers of two months ago. "Our work to-day lasts twelve hours. We are compelled to work in two shifts in the paper department of our factory and we have to work both Saturdays and Sundays. No exception is made with regard to women; since August 15th, overtime work has become compulsory."

There you have liberty. In the second place, I have extracts from *The Metallurgist*, an organ of the metallurgical workers. "At our factory, absolute submission to the administration of the plant has been established. No arguments or interference with its orders on the part of the workers are tolerated. At our factory, failure to report for work without permission is punishable by forfeiture of extra food. The same punishment is meted out for refusal to do compulsory overtime work. For being late on the job, two days' food are deducted." And here comes the resolution of all the Petrograd workers on September 5th, as a result of the liberty of socialism: "We feel as if we were hard labor convicts where everything has been subject to iron rules. We have become lost as human beings and have been turned into slaves." There is your socialistic liberty. And how does socialism deal with the strike? Let me read you the report of the decision of the Commissar of the special commission at the railway works. "All active strikers shall be turned over to the Extraordinary Commission for the purpose of sending them to forced labor." And what does the commission do? Here is the report. "The strike at our works ended, thanks to numerous arrests among the strikers. Concerning the fate of twelve of our workers, we have no news. The Extraordinary Commission refuses all information about them. As far as we can learn they have been shot." There is liberty under socialism.

And finally, the last extract I shall read to you is the report of the President of the Petrograd Commune to a delegation from the workers of a certain city who complained of being starved and not getting enough to eat. "Yes, we do admit," he says, "that the food allowance is insufficient, but at the same time we know full well — this has been taught by real life — that as long as the worker or plain citizen is busy obtaining food he takes no interest in politics. Just give the working-man enough to eat to-day and you will hear him cry to-morrow for civic liberties. Our object," says the socialistic government, "is to keep the workers just from dying." What is the use of prating about these beautiful ideals, the fabric of the imagination? As soon as you get socialism into practice — and mind you, Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky would be very wroth if you accused them of being anything else but socialists — as soon as you get socialism into practice, you get the very same result that you will get whenever a body of determined and intolerant men attempt to realize their misguided ideal. Now, then, I think I have disposed of liberty under socialism, to my satisfaction at least — mind you, furthermore, what I have read is borne out by the socialist writers themselves. Take Mr. Cole, who has just been mentioned. To quote from one of his works, he says that "State socialism is a bureaucratic and Prussianizing movement." His substitute is the milk-and-water guild socialism which has made little progress even among our parlor socialists in this country. It scarcely deserves a refutation because it is bound to be so inefficient, bound as even its latest advocates tell us, to result in all sorts of competition between the guilds, and bound to result in this very absurd state of affairs where you will have an industrial Parliament and State and then some super-monstrosity on top of it. It scarcely deserves the discussion of intelligent people. The real socialism with which we have to cope is the socialism of which Mr. Nearing speaks, the socialism of Lenine, the socialism of Trotzky, the socialism of those who start out with beautiful ideals and who are compelled by the grim facts of everyday life to seek to do away with starvation through tyranny.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, another point to which Mr. Nearing did not reply, is the progressive character, not of the disease, but of the remuneration to the workers. Mr. Nearing himself is responsible for a book on wages, and from the same statistics which he utilizes, another writer, Professor King, has constructed a book which sums up the matter very much better, perhaps, than in almost any other production.

In 1850 the average wages were $204. In 1910, the average wage — mind you, the average wage of the average workman, taking the low and the high altogether, had gone up to $507. Allowing for the difference in the purchasing power of money, wages had risen from 1850, $147 up to 1910, $401. Now, gentlemen, I ask Mr. Nearing whether he denies these facts, and if not, how he explains that there is not a progressive tendency in capitalism.

Now, let us come to another point that he makes. He said that a great deal is gotten by individuals for which they do not labor. All that is produced by the worker, practically all is filched from him by the recipient of profits and interest. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think many of you know of some of the things that have been accomplished in this country. When Mr. James J. Hill, the great empire-builder, built one of the transcontinental railroads which have brought about the cheapening of products and the diversification of consumption of which I spoke, did he not contribute to production? When Mr. McCormick invented and finally utilized the reaper and the thresher and the mower, which have revolutionized the work of the farmer and the whole life of the community and built up a fortune, did he not contribute to production? When Mr. Westinghouse invented the air brake and finally reaped a fortune by utilizing it in the uttermost parts of the world, did he not contribute to production? And when our friend Mr. Ford, with whose general philosophy perhaps I am not in entire accord, when he brought down the price of automobiles that are used by the workmen all over this country in going to and from their daily work — I passed by a factory the other day and found that there were 550 automobiles. They did not happen to be all Ford automobiles — and I stepped in and said: "To whom do they belong?" And I was told: "Each one of these belongs to a workman in this factory. They come every morning and go back every evening." Now, then, could those fortunate workmen say that Mr. Ford has been able to heap his millions by simply taking them, filching them, stealing them, from the men in his employ? Ladies and gentlemen, there we come to the real inwardness of the whole situation. I do not deny that there is theft. I do deny that there is robbery. I do not deny that there are bad people as well as good people, but I do say that the essence of the capitalist system to-day, of legitimate profits, is not theft, but service, and that people in the long run cannot under modern conditions, in the long run and under normal conditions, make great profits unless they really do service for the community. The distinction that is sought to be made by the socialist, that the private capitalist is a thief and that the socialist community alone gives service, flies in the face of all the progress that has been made during the last few decades.

And finally we come to Mr. Nearing's reference to war. I do not deny that war has been due to all manner of causes. We have had dynastic wars. We have had personal wars. We have had religious wars. We have had trade wars. We have had capitalistic wars. But that is no reason for ascribing all wars to capitalism or for saying that if we were to have socialism, war would come to an end. And, moreover, so far as capitalism is concerned, mark again these progressive symptoms and manifestations. We are a capitalistic nation. What have we done with Cuba? What have we done with the Philippines? What we have done is to educate them, to develop their economic resources, to put them in the position where they are almost ready, and will soon be entirely ready for self-government. I maintain that a capitalistic community which is able to say that it can deal with its colonies, in the spirit of what I call progressiveness, that such a community is not entirely destitute of hope.

And now, finally, I want to ask Mr. Nearing two questions: First, if he is a socialist, does he believe in Lenine and Trotzky; and second, if he believes in Lenine and Trotzky, does he think that the kind of liberty that is given under that socialism is symptomatic of socialism in general?

Professor Nearing

"Is there any," says Professor Seligman, "progressive tendency in capitalism?" Yes, I think so. I think he has a little overdone it in assuming all of the virtues of the Industrial Revolution as the sole right and sole property of capitalism. All of the advantages of the machine will not accrue solely to capitalism. He told you that wages had risen since 1840 I think, production has increased, locomotives have been brought in, incandescent lights have been put up — all of these things during the capitalist era. Would they have been done if there had been no capitalism? I cannot answer that. But I want to assure you that these railroads and these same incandescent lights will be installed all over Europe, all over Asia and Africa, before we get through with it, whether under capitalism or under socialism. The product of the machine is a heritage of the race now; and not a peculiar product of capitalism; nor can it be claimed to-day by any particular social scheme.

Do I regard capitalism as progressive? Yes. We have had progressive panics — I call them successive panics — ever since 1814, and I defy Professor Seligman to show that under the capitalist method of one man owning the job, another man working it, and the job-owner getting a part of the product of the worker in the form of a surplus — I defy Professor Seligman to show you under these circumstances there will not be successive panics. That is, under capitalism intermittent starvation will be the lot of the worker, and tinkering with the capitalist system will not stop it. Under capitalism industrial slavery is progressive. In the early days of capitalism any man could get a job by going out to the frontier and taking a farm. The frontier is gone. Capital is required in large quantities. If you want to open a successful business, it needs tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars. Only a few can start in business. Most of us remain workers. The old factory was a little two-by-four concern. The modern factory employs you with a thousand or five thousand others. It locks you in a great city. It shoots you back and forth, not in Ford cars, but in subways, elevators, and other similar means of transportation. You have become a part of a mechanism that is growing continually harder, more set, more firmly established, where the chance to rise out of the ranks of the workers is diminishing.

That is progressive also. There is no doubt that capitalism is progressive, and, as I said at the beginning, that industrial slavery is progressing faster than anything else. Among other things, thirty-five States have now established peace-time espionage acts.

Then there is another thing that is progressive under capitalism. I refer to war. I have a little article here called "An Economic Interpretation of the War," written by Professor Seligman. He found an author on "Wages" that did better than I did, but I have not found anybody on the war that has been better than Professor Seligman. So I am going to quote what he has to say.

"While economic considerations, indeed, do not by any means explain all national rivalry, they often illumine the dark recesses of history and afford on the whole the most weighty and satisfactory interpretation of modern national contests which are not clearly referable to purely racial antagonisms alone."

And then he goes ahead to develop the idea of the struggle for trade, the idea of the struggle for markets, progressing up through the various stages of modern industrial society.

"The most important phase of modern industrial capitalism still remains to be explained. After national industry has been built up through a period of protection, and after the developed industrial countries have replaced the export of raw material by the export of manufactured commodities, there comes a time when the accumulation of industrial and commercial profits is such that a more lucrative use of the surplus can be made abroad in the less developed countries than at home with the lower rates usually found in an older industrial system. In other words, the emphasis is now transferred from the export of goods to the export of capital."

That, says Professor Seligman, was the stage of Britain before this war. Germany had just reached the stage. With what result?

"To say, then, that either Great Britain or Germany is responsible for the present war, seems to involve a curiously short-sighted view of the situation. Both countries, nay, all the countries of the world, are subject to the sweep of these mighty forces over which they have but slight control, and by which they are one and all pushed on with an inevitable fatality."

The war is over. Germany is gone. But Japan and Great Britain and the United States each have tens of billions of surplus accumulation capital that must be exported, and those great forces that swept Europe into the catastrophe of 1914, as Professor Seligman says, are now sweeping Japan, Great Britain, and the United States into even a greater disaster — those same progressive forces of capitalism. Yes, it is progressive. It goes right on building up intermittent starvation, industrial slavery, war. They are in the system and they are a part of it.

There is also a progressive tendency in socialism. I spent last summer in Europe. It is like going from — well, shall I say it is like going in hot summer time from a hot basement room into a refrigerating plant. You get a breath that makes you stand up and feel almost at home again. All over Europe is growing the spirit of solidarity among the workers. Why, last summer when they tried to make a war between Russia on the one hand and England and France on the other, the workers of France organized — ex-soldiers, socialists, labor unionists, all got together with the slogan, "Not a man, not a sou, not a shell for imperial Poland against working-class Russia." In Great Britain seven million men appointed a Council of Action, and they said to the British Cabinet, "If you inaugurate a war with Soviet Russia within twenty-four hours, every wheel of every basic industry on the British Isles will stop turning"— solidarity growing all over Europe. The miners met, the transportation workers met, the metal workers met, the railway workers met during the crisis last August, and one and all passed resolutions declaring that if they tried to make a war on Russia they would not transport, they would not manufacture, they would not ship, they would not handle war products of any kind — solidarity growing, the sense of solidarity everywhere. Even here in the United States it is growing. It cannot show its head now and then, but it is growing everywhere among the working people. The Russian revolution came in 1917, came almost out of a clear sky, came because the old system in Russia had broken down under three years of war, and the Russian workers, ill-prepared, without technical experience, lacking transportation, unequipped with machinery — the Russian workers undertook to set up a new social order. The old order had been the order of the Czar. The new order was based on this section of their Constitution — "He that will not work shall not eat" — a phrase that runs back at least two thousand years. That is the idea they set out on, that the workers should be the basis of this new order of society. In the Russia of the Czars the basis of power had been the loafers, the professional aristocrats. In the new society, said the Constitution of the Soviets, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat nor vote." That was the new order they tried to set up. Well, what happened? They made a sanitary cordon about Russia. They inaugurated a blockade. Japan, France, and the United States sent in their armies and they made war on Russia. We sent our army to save the Russian people from the Bolsheviki. Our soldiers were not cordially received. Neither were the other Allied troops. They fell down because the soldiers of Allied Europe would not go there to fight. And then we tried another stunt. There was Yudenitch, there was Denikin, there was Kolchak, and there were all these other adventurers making civil war. And we gave them money, supplies, munitions, furnished them with equipment, and said, "Go to it, boys. Stir up as much trouble as you can." And that did not work. They had just gotten rid of Mr. Wrangel over in Russia. And then we financed all the little countries. Why, last summer French officers were directing the Polish army, and the *New York Times* published a picture of a brigade of Polish soldiers equipped with American, British, and French uniforms and equipment. For three years we denied them medicine. For three years we denied them food. For three years we starved their women and children while we supported insurrection at home and made war on them abroad — for three years after they had already had three years of war! And now Professor Seligman wants to know whether that is a fair example of what socialism can do.

Professor Seligman wants to know what I think of Lenine and Trotzky. Now I will tell him if I can, and in a word. I think that, when the history of this period comes to be written, there is not a man nor a woman in this hall this afternoon whose name will stand that high [indicating] with the names of Lenine and Trotzky in this period. There are not two braver men in the world to-day, men who have stood up in the face of great opposition and steadily have worked for the end in which they believe. Do I agree with their theories? With some of them I agree, and with some of them I don't. You could not agree with both Lenine and Trotzky because they don't agree with one another. But just as I regard the Russian revolution as the greatest event in history since 1776, just as I regard it as the epoch-making event, the dividing line between capitalism and socialism, so I regard these two men as two of those whose names will go down as having played mighty rôles in that page — the great page of our modern history.

I'd like to tell you something further. I said that socialism was progressive as well as capitalism. Now you think over here because of what you read in the *New York Times* that the Russian revolution is not very popular perhaps in Europe. I want to tell you that you cannot go to Europe to-day even in the mercenary little countries built up around Russia by the treaty, you cannot go in and raise a real, respectable army of working men to fight against Russia because now — I have only two more minutes — because the workers of Europe believe in Russia. The workers of Italy have started to make their revolution. The workers all over Central Europe have started to make their revolution. There is not a country of any considerable size in Europe where the workers are not to-day busy preparing the foundations of the new socialist state.

Is Russian liberty, says Professor Seligman, symptomatic of liberty in general? No. Civil war, blockades, all of the horrors that we have added to their period of transformation, all of those things are non-symptomatic of socialism in general. But in Russia they have taken over the resources, they have taken over transportation, machinery, they have taken over the factories; the community owns the means of its own livelihood. And they have appointed a Supreme Council of National Economy, and they are going to organize the nation as an economic unit on economic lines. It is the first time in history that it has ever been attempted. If it does not succeed in Russia it will succeed somewhere else, maybe here, because that is symptomatic of socialism — the application of modern organized intelligence to the problem of getting a living.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN

Mr. Nearing tells us that Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky have been true to the old adage — "He who shall not work, neither shall he eat" — a noble sentiment. My interpretation of what Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky are doing would be this — "He who shall work or not, he shall not eat." That is what is happening in Russia to-day and it is not due to the blockade, it is not due simply to the results of war, because the conditions are getting worse and worse, because Russia has been able to live on the results of the past accumulation of capitalism. Socialism is bringing about a situation, the most horrible, the most frightful, the most hideous that the world has ever seen — the disappearance of culture, the disappearance of cities, the disappearance of civilization, and the rapid progression of universal starvation among the workers themselves. That is socialism in practice.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, in the few minutes that are left I want to make the point that my respected antagonist has not met the arguments, weak arguments though they be, which I have attempted to put forward. He has not shown that the capitalist and the recipient of private interest, rent and profits — he has not shown that such a man does not contribute and contribute largely to the result, and that his disappearance will mean a diminution of production and, therefore, an increase of misery. He has not disproved in the second place, the point that I made at the beginning, that ever since 1873 our panics and what he calls the intermittent starvation have become less and less owing to the integration and development of capitalism itself. He must meet that point in order to win his case as an argument. In the third place, he has not shown that all the beautiful results, desirable as they are, which he thinks can alone be achieved by socialism, cannot be accomplished under what I would call progressive capitalism.

My program of social reform is this. I will put it shortly under these seven heads, and not one of them needs socialism: equality of opportunity through increase of education and the disappearance of unjust privileges; second, the raising of the level of competition by law and public opinion; third, increasing the participation in industry through what is called industrial democracy and what is rapidly going on under representative government to-day; fourth, diminution of the instability of employment through the application of the principle of insurance which we have already applied to accidents and which we are beginning to apply elsewhere; fifth, conservation of national resources in order to prevent the waste which is responsible for much of the present-day trouble; sixth, social control of potential monopoly which has been proceeding apace and which has even reached unheard of lengths in some modern countries; finally, the resumption for the community of swollen and unduly large fortunes through the use of taxation which must go, however, only to that point of not stifling and killing the spirit of enterprise which socialism would bring about.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, every one of these points is what I call a mark of progressive capitalism and not one of them needs socialism. Socialism is a beautiful theory, although the theorists are fighting among each other, as they did yesterday in France and the day before in Italy. Lenine and Trotzky don't agree with each other and few other socialists would agree with either. But the practical point is that when socialism is put into operation it liberates certain forces which automatically reduce the production of wealth and which when pushed to their utmost extreme, will gradually undo the chief work that civilization has accomplished. I maintain, ladies and gentlemen, that socialism is not practicable because it misconceives the real nature of human beings, that it is not desirable because it will ultimately land us in a tyranny, or if not a tyranny then in an unspeakable inefficiency. And I maintain that socialism is not inevitable because it is based upon a misunderstanding of the real forces, the ultimate forces, the progressive forces that are at work under capitalism. Let us not forget, ladies and gentlemen, that our modern civilization, imperfect though it be, has been the result of a piecemeal and laborious upbuilding, and that it is not the mark of either wisdom or statesmanship to think that it can be rebuilt at once. Let us not throw away the fruits of all modern achievements and take a leap in the dark which may land us in the abyss of impotence. I claim, ladies and gentlemen, that what we need is the patience, the wise and large patience that is born of long experience and of ripe wisdom. We must remember that nothing in the world has ever been built up simply by bitterness and by negation, and that if we create anything at all we must build not on the shifting sands of an unreal and untrue psychology of human nature, but that we must build on the solid foundation of actual fact. It is much easier to promise a new heaven and a new earth than to set resolutely to work and improve that little bit of our earth which is nearest to us. We do, indeed, ladies and gentlemen, need idealism. But we want an idealism that is tempered with moderation and that is transfused with practicability. If we are idealists in this sense, then, and then alone I claim we can look forward to a future of industrial society which will preserve the old, while gaining the new, and which will show that it is pregnant with the seeds of real progress, ever renewing itself and ultimately achieving the much desired harmony and social justice.

PROFESSOR NEARING

There is one point of fact that I should like to clear up, if I can, and that is about the intensity of panics. In the panic of 1873: the largest number of failures in 1873 was 5,183 failures; 1893: the largest number of failures in 1893 was 15,242, or three times the number for 1873. We come on down to the next great panic, 1913, when the total number of commercial failures was 22,156, or 50 per cent more than those of the preceding panic.

(*A Lady:* How about the proportions?)

Professor Nearing: Yes, there is something in that. You would compare that with the population and the total volume of business.

Now, I want to speak another word of fact. Professor Seligman says that the situation in Russia is bad. Yes, I'd like to read him a sentence or two from the January letter of the National City Bank, the largest in America:

"The second year following the armistice did not bring the degree of industrial recovery and social recuperation among the peoples of Europe which had been hoped for. Conditions over the greater part of the continent are still in great confusion, and over much of it even more distressing than a year ago."

"Poland. The industrial and financial situation is very bad, with the currency depreciated almost to the vanishing point by the enormous issues of the past year." — All over Europe, this thing that is harming Russia — in Poland conditions are deplorable. There is no socialism on the surface in Poland. What is the trouble with Europe? Why she has just spent twenty-five millions of wealth on a grand jamboree called the world war, and she has not come through the result. She has not come through the after effects. Europe is suffering a war, not socialism. Russia has had six years of war, and she is suffering a war like the rest of Europe. Give Russia and the other socialist countries of Europe — well, be generous with them — give them twenty years. You remember how long it took us to come out of our four years of civil war? Give Russia twenty years and the other countries of Europe twenty years before passing judgment.

Really, however, the issue between Professor Seligman and myself is very simple. He doesn't think the people can handle their own economic affairs, and I do. Back in 1776 they told the American people that they could not handle their own political affairs, and the American people went ahead and tried it anyway. Well, they have not done a one hundred per cent job. But then, on the whole, the result has been better than if we had let George III and his descendants do the job for us. I don't mean that the workers anywhere in the world can do a one hundred per cent job in handling their economic lives, but I do mean this, that people learn by trying. That is the great thing about the Russian revolution. You look at the failures of Russia, but you don't go into a laboratory where chemists are working and say, "Show me your latest failure." I could take any newspaper man in the hall into the Edison laboratory down here to Orange, and I could show him enough failures to write a full-page story that would show the Edison laboratory up as the worst calamity in New Jersey. It is not because people fail. It is because they don't try. That is the trouble with the people of America. What was it that we admired about our ancestors? Was it because they succeeded? No, because they had the nerve to stand up and try for themselves. And that is what we admire to-day about the people of Russia. Of all the people in Europe, when this catastrophe struck them, they struggled out from under it, got on their feet a little bit and started out to try for themselves. Now, this is an example that has thrilled the world. This doesn't have to succeed. They don't have to make good a single one of their endeavors. Just to have tried when everyone else was failing — that was something. And that is what Russia did. She tried. And that is what I want to see the workers of the United States do. I want to see them try. Professor Seligman thinks we can tinker up the old machine. I believe that no house divided against itself can stand. Where you get a country split, as our country is split, between men who live without working, on the labor of others, and great masses who labor when they get a chance and get only a part of the product of their work, when you get that kind of a fundamental economic division you have begun to build classes and that country will never again be at peace until that economic division is ironed out. There are two things before us: one to be a plutocracy where wealth rules absolutely, and where men and women are stepped on like the dirt of the street; and the other is to set up self-government in economic life where men and women handle their own economic affairs just as now they try to handle their own political affairs. Professor Seligman wants to see the plutocracy progress a little further. I'd like to see a bit of the socialism showing its head here and there now.

ANALYSIS OF SUBJECT-MATTER

INCLUDING DISCUSSIONS AND STIMULANTS TO DISCUSSION

Education

Frisco, the Tramp Royal
The Strangest Serenade
The Paradox of Oxford
A Liberal Education

Literary Practice

Poetic People
The Daily Theme Eye
On Jargon

Literary Appreciation and Criticism

Father and Son
The Obviousness of Dickens
Romance
Classic, Romantic, and Realistic
The Poetry of Barbarism
The Miracles of Our Lady
Progress and Poverty
Nordau's "Degeneration"

Physical Science and Nature Study

A Glacier Meadow
Semaphore
Father and Son
Progress through Chemistry
Four Kinds of Thinking
The Incandescent Lamp
The Winter Wren
What Keeps You Safe in the Subway Rush
Inside the Earth and Out

Politics and International Relations

Fighting the Beast
To an Anxious Friend
The Seven Lamps of Politics

Marco Polo
Irish and American Independence
Is America Fit to Join the League?
The Indictment Against Christianity

ECONOMICS

The Rich Bum vs. the Poor Bum
Progress and Poverty
Did Mooney Plant the Bomb?
The Comedy of Coal
Capitalism vs. Socialism

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Modern Gallantry
The Portable Park
Greeks, Girls, and 1944
What Kind of Marriage?
"Gentleman"
Delusions regarding the American Character
"Placing" Students in Colonial Days
The Population Question

PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY

Pulvis et Umbra
Four Kinds of Thinking
The Poetry of Barbarism (contrast with Poetic People)
The Mental Age of Americans
Human Immortality

RELIGION

Father and Son
Grace before Meat
The Canon of the New Testament
The Miracles of Our Lady
The Indictment against Christianity

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